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BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND OTHER ESSAYS

EARLY MEMORIES

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

A FRONTIER TOWN, AND OTHER ESSAYS

A FIGHTING FRIGATE, AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

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BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE

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TO

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES,

VICTORS OF

MANILA, SANTIAGO AND PORTO RICO,

WORTHY SUCCESSORS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

WHO UNDER THE LEAD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

WON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

THIS STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

IS DEDICATED

2221- 35

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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST STEP

IN 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American Colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States to-day 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants.[1] Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. This was not the case in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city. Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted, and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was well built and thriving. Business was active and the people, who were thrifty and prosperous, lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities, we must make an effort of the

[1] 1898.

imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to the pace of to-day. There in Philadelphia was the centre of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail-coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unequalled time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the South. Vessels of the coastwise traffic, or from beyond seas, came into port at uncertain times, and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so uneventful that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.

In this thriving, well-conditioned, prosperous colonial town, strangers, like events, were not common, and their appearance was sure to attract notice, especially if they gave evidence of distinction or were known to come with an important purpose. We can guess easily, therefore, at the interest which was felt by the people of Philadelphia in the strangers from other colonies who began to appear on their streets in the late summer of 1774, although these visitors were neither unexpected nor uninvited. They were received, too, with the utmost kindness and with open arms. We can read in the diary of John Adams how he and his companions from Massachusetts were fêted and dined, and we can learn from the same authority how generous were the tables and how much richer was the living among the followers of William Penn than among the descendants of the Puritans.

But these men from Massachusetts and from the other colonies had not travelled over rough roads and

long distances simply to try the liberal hospitality of the Quakers of Philadelphia. They had come there on far more serious business and with a grave responsibility resting upon them. On September 5th they assembled at the City Tavern, and went thence together to the hall of the Carpenters, where they determined to hold their meetings. We can readily imagine how the little town was stirred and interested as these men passed along its streets that September morning from the tavern to the hall. The bystanders who were watching them as they walked by were trying, no doubt, after the fashion of human nature, to pick out and identify those whose names were already familiar. We may be sure that they noticed Christopher Gadsden and the two Rutledges from South Carolina; they must have marked John Jay's calm, high-bred face, and the venerable figure of Hopkins of Rhode Island, while Roger Sherman of Connecticut, tall, grave, impressive, with his strong, handsome features, could have been readily identified. They certainly looked with especial eagerness for the Massachusetts delegates, their curiosity, we may believe, mingled with something of the suspicion and dread which these particular men then inspired in slow-moving, conservative Pennsylvania. When the Boston men came along, there must have been plenty of people to point out a short, sturdy, full-blooded man, clearly of a restless, impetuous, and ardent temperament, and to tell each other that there was John Adams, the distinguished lawyer and brilliant debater, whose fame in the last few years had spread far from his native town. With him was to be seen an older man, one still better known, and regarded as still more dangerous, whose fame had

gone even across the water to England, Samuel Adams of Boston. He was taller than his cousin, with a somewhat stern, set face of the Puritan type. He was plainly dressed, very likely in dark-brown cloth, as Copley painted him, and yet his friends had almost by force fitted him out with clothes suitable for this occasion, simple as they were, for if left to himself he would have come as carelessly and roughly clad as was his habit at home. A man not much given to speech, an organizer, a manager and master of men, relentless in purpose, a planner of revolution, with schemes and outlooks far beyond most of those about him. Yes, on the whole, here was a man dangerous to people in high places whom he meant to disturb or oppose.

And after the bystanders had watched curiously the New England group, they looked next for those who came from the great colony of Virginia, which, with Massachusetts, was to sway the Congress and carry it forward to stronger measures than the other colonies then desired. Conspicuous among the Virginians they saw an eminent member of the Randolph family, and those who were well informed no doubt wondered why they did not see by Randolph's side the slight figure and keen face of Richard Henry Lee, a fit representative of the great Virginian name, who had come to Philadelphia, but did not appear in Congress until the second day. All these Virginian delegates, indeed, were well known, by reputation at least, and there could have been no difficulty in singling out among them the man whose fiery eloquence had brought the cry of "Treason" ringing about his ears in the House of Burgesses. The name of Patrick Henry had been sent across the water, like that of Samuel Adams,

and we may be sure that the crowd was looking with intense curiosity for a sight of the already famous orator. When they found him they saw a tall, spare man, nearly forty years of age, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a strong, well-cut face, and keen, penetrating eyes deeply set beneath a broad high forehead on which the furrows of thought had already come. They must have noted, too, that he was negligently dressed, and that he had a very grave, almost severe, look, until a smile came, which lighted up his face and showed all the kindliness and sympathy of an emotional nature.

The names of Henry and of Adams were more familiar just at that moment than those of any others. They were the men who by speech and pen had done more than anyone else to touch the heart and imagination of the people in the progress of those events which had caused this gathering in Philadelphia. Yet there was one man there that day who had made no speeches and drawn no resolutions, but who, nevertheless, was better known than any of them, and who, alone, among them all, had a soldier's fame won on hard-fought fields. There was not much need to point him out, for he was the type of man that commands attention and does not need identification. Very tall and large, admirably proportioned, with every sign of great physical strength; a fine head and face of power, with a strong jaw and a mouth accurately closed; calm and silent with a dignity which impressed everyone who ever entered his presence, there was no need to tell the onlookers that here was Colonel Washington. What he had done they knew. What he was yet to do no one dreamed, but such was the impression he made upon

all who came near him that we may easily believe that the people who gazed at him in the streets felt dumbly what Patrick Henry said for those who met him in the Congress: "Washington is unquestionably the greatest of them all." Thus he came to the opening scene of the Revolution as he went back to Mount Vernon at the war's close, quietly and silently, the great figure of the time, the doer of deeds to whom Congress and people turned as by instinct. On the way to Philadelphia, Pendleton and Henry had joined him at Mount Vernon and passed the night there, hospitably received in the Virginian fashion both by their host and by Mrs. Washington, who was a woman of pronounced views and had the full courage of her convictions. To Pendleton and Henry she said: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will." It is a delightful speech to have been spared to us through the century, with its knowledge of her husband's character and its touch of wifely command. Only a few years before, a mother across the water had been saying to her son, "George, be a king," and the worthy, stubborn man with his limited intelligence was trying now to obey that mother in his own blundering fashion. How far apart they seem, the German Princess and the Virginian lady, with their commands to husband and to son. And yet the great forces of the time were bringing the two men steadily together in a conflict which was to settle the fate of a nation. They were beginning to draw very near to each other on that September morning; the king by accident of birth, and the king who would never wear a crown, but who was appointed to lead men by the divine right of the greatness of mind and will which was in him.

George Washington, ascending the steps of Carpenter's Hall, knew all about the other George, and had been proud to call himself the loyal subject of his namesake. The British George, with no English blood in his veins, except the little drop which came to him from the poor Winter Queen, had probably never heard even the name of the American soldier, although he was destined to learn a great deal about him in the next few years. Yet Washington was much the best-known man in America, with the single exception of Franklin, whose scientific work and whose missions to England had given him a European reputation. Washington had commanded the troops in that little action in the wilderness when the first shot of the Seven Years' War was fired, a war in which Frederick of Prussia had made certain famous campaigns and which had cost France her hold on North America. Later he had saved the wretched remnants of Braddock's army, his name had figured in gazettes, and had been embalmed in Horace Walpole's letters. That, however, was all twenty years before, and was probably quite forgotten in 1774 outside America. Samuel Adams was known in England, as Percy was known to the Prince of Wales, for a "very valiant rebel of that name." Possibly John Adams and Patrick Henry had been heard of in similar fashion. But as a whole, the members of the first American Congress were unknown outside the colonies, and many of them were not known beyond the limits of the particular colony they represented. To England and her ministers and people these forty or fifty grave gentlemen, lawyers, merchants, and planters, were merely a body of obscure colonial persons who were meeting in an unauthorized manner for

distinctly treasonable and objectionable purposes. To the courts of Europe, engaged at the moment in meaningless intrigues, either foreign or domestic, and all alike grown quite dim now, this Colonial Congress was not even obscure, it was not visible at all. Yet, thoughtfully regarded, it deserved consideration much better than anything which just then engaged the attention of Europe. Fifteen years later its utterances were to be quoted as authority, and its example emulated in Paris when an ancient monarchy was tottering to its fall. It was the start of a great movement which was to sweep on until checked at Waterloo. This same movement was to begin its march again in 1830 in the streets of Paris and carry the reform of the British Parliament two years later. It was to break forth once more in 1848 and keep steadily on advancing and conquering, although its work is still incomplete even among the nations of Western civilization. Yet, no one in Europe heeded it at the moment, and they failed to see that it meant not simply a colonial quarrel, not merely the coming of a new nation, but the rising of the people to take their share in the governments of the earth. It was in fact the first step in the great democratic movement which has made history ever since. The columns were even then beginning to move, and the beat of the drums could be heard faintly in the quiet Philadelphia streets. They were still distant, but they were ever drawing nearer, and their roll went on rising louder and louder, until at last they sounded in the ears of men from Concord Bridge to Moscow.

Why did this come about? Why was it that the first step in a world Revolution destined to wrest her colonies from England, bring a reign of terror to

France, and make over the map of Europe before it passed away, was taken in the peaceful town of Philadelphia? There was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution, considered by itself. The colonies were very loyal, very proud to be a part of the great British Empire. If the second-rate men who governed England at that time had held to the maxim of their great predecessor, Sir Robert Walpole, *quieta non movere,* and like him had let the colonies carefully alone; or if they had been ruled by the genius of Pitt and had called upon the colonies as part of the empire to share in its glories and add to its greatness, there would have been no American Revolution. But they insisted on meddling, and so the trouble began with the abandonment of Walpole's policy. They added to this blunder by abusing and sneering at the colonists instead of appealing, like Pitt, to their loyalty and patriotism. Even then, after all their mistakes, they still might have saved the situation which they had themselves created. A few concessions, a return to the old policies, and all would have been well. They made every concession finally, but each one came just too late, and so the colonies were lost by sheer stupidity and blundering on the part of the king and his ministers.

From this point of view, then, there was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution. It was created by a series of ministerial mistakes, each one of which could have been easily avoided. From another point of view, however, it was absolutely inevitable, the inexorable result of the great social and political forces which had long been gathering and now were beginning to move forward. The first resistance to the personal monarchies which grew up from the ruins

of the feudal system came in England, the freest and best-governed country in the world of the seventeenth century. The people rose and destroyed the personal government which Charles I. tried to set up, not because they were oppressed and crushed by tyranny, nor because they had grievances too heavy to be borne, but because they were a free people, jealous of their rights, with the instinct of liberty strong within them. In the same way when the great democratic movement started, at the close of the eighteenth century, it began in England, where there was no despotic personal monarchy, where personal liberty was most assured, and where freedom existed in the largest measure. The abuses of aristocracy and monarchy in England were as nothing to what they were on the continent. The subjects of George III. were not ground down by taxes, were not sold to military service, were not trampled on by an aristocracy and crushed by their king. They were the freest, best-governed people on earth, faulty as their government no doubt was in many respects. Yet it was among the English-speaking people that we detect the first signs of the democratic movement, for, as they were the least oppressed, so they were the most sensitive to any abuse or to any infringement upon the liberties they both prized and understood. The entire English people, both at home and abroad, were thus affected. The Middlesex elections, the career of Wilkes, the letters of Junius, the resolution of Burke against the increasing power of the Crown, the rising demand for Parliamentary reform, the growing hostility to the corrupt system of bargain and intrigue, by which the great families parcelled out offices and seats and controlled Parliament, all pointed in the same di-

rection, all were signs of an approaching storm. If the revolution had not come in the American colonies, it would have come in England itself. The storm broke in the colonies for the same reason which had made the English strike down at its very inception the personal monarchy of the seventeenth century, and which forced them to be the first to exhibit signs of deep political unrest in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The colonies were the least-governed, the best-governed, and the freest part of the dominion of Great Britain. A people who for a hundred and fifty years had practically governed themselves, and who, like all other English-speaking people, understood the value of their liberties, were the quickest to feel and to resent any change which seemed to signify a loss of absolute freedom, and were sure to be the most jealous of anything like outside interference. America rebelled, not because the colonies were oppressed, but because their inhabitants were the freest people then in the world, and did not mean to suffer oppression. They did not enter upon resistance to England to redress intolerable grievances, but because they saw a policy adopted which they rightly believed threatened the freedom they possessed. As Burke said, they judged "the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle," and "snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." They were the most dangerous people in the world to meddle with, because they were ready to fight, not to avenge wrongs which indeed they had not suffered, but to maintain principles upon which their rights and liberty rested. The English ministry had begun to assail those principles; they were making clumsy and hesitating attempts to take

money from the colonies without leave of the people; and George, in a belated way, was trying to be a king and revive an image of the dead and gone personal monarchy of Charles I. Hence came resistance, very acute in one colony, shared more or less by all. Hence the Congress in Philadelphia and the great popular movement starting as if inevitably in that quiet colonial town among the freest portion of the liberty-loving English race.

It was these great forces which, moving silently and irresistibly, had brought these English colonists from their plantations and offices, and sent them along the streets of Philadelphia to Carpenter's Hall. The deepest causes of the movement, stretching far out among the nations of the West, were quite unrecognized then, but nevertheless the men were there to carry on the work, forty-four of them in all, and representing eleven colonies. In a few days North Carolina's delegates appeared, and one by one others who had been delayed, until fifty-five members were present, and all the colonies represented but Georgia. They went to work after the orderly fashion of their race, elected Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President, and Charles Thomson, a patriotic citizen of Philadelphia, Secretary. Then they turned to the practical and very far-reaching question of how they should vote, whether by colonies or by population. "A little colony," said John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake as well as a great one." "Let us rest on a representation of men," said Henry. "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not

a Virginian, but an American." Two contending principles on which American history was to turn were thus announced at the very outset. Sullivan's was the voice of the time, of separation and State rights. Henry's was the voice of the distant future, of union and of nationality. It took more than eighty years of union, and a great civil war, to establish the new principle proclaimed by Henry. At the moment it had no chance, and the doctrine of Sullivan, in harmony with every prejudice as well as every habit of thought, prevailed and they decided to vote by colonies, each colony having one vote.

Then they appointed committees and fell to work. There was much debate, much discussion, many wide differences of opinion, but these lovers of freedom sat with closed doors, and the result, which alone reached the world, went forth with all the force of unanimous action. We know now what the debates and the differences were, and they are not of much moment. The results are the important things, as the Congress wisely thought at the time. True to the traditions and instincts of their race, they decided to rest their case upon historic rather than natural rights. They adopted a Declaration of Rights, an address to the people of Great Britain drawn by Jay, and an address to the King by John Dickinson. Both Jay and Dickinson were moderate men, and the tone of the addresses was fair and conciliatory. On the motion of the dangerous John Adams, they conceded the right of the mother-country to regulate their external trade, while at the same time they firmly denied the right to tax them without their consent, or to change their form of government. The case was argued with great force and abil-

ity. It appeared when all was done and the arguments published to the world, that these obscure colonial persons, whose names were unknown in the courts of Europe, had produced some remarkable state papers. "When your lordships," said Chatham, "look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that in all my reading—and I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—for solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it, and all attempts to impose servitude on such a mighty continental nation must be in vain. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract when we can; not when we must." Pregnant words! The man who had led England to the greatest heights of glory detected a deep meaning in this little American Congress at Philadelphia. He saw that they had left the door wide open to a settlement and adjustment of all difficulties, that they wished to avert and not gain independence, that their cause was strong and the conquest of a continent impossible, and so he pleaded with England to look and learn. But Chatham had the eye of a great statesman, while the King and ministry were dull and blind. He spoke in vain; he read the writing on the wall to deaf ears. The rulers of England neither saw the open door of reconciliation nor comprehended the dangers which lurked behind. They paid no heed to arguments and pleas; they felt

only irritation at the measures which went with the words of the addresses. For Congress had not only spoken but acted. Before they adjourned on October 26th, they had passed a resolve against the slave-trade; they had signed agreements to neither import nor export, exempting rice alone from the prohibition of trade with England; they appointed a second Congress, and they voted to sustain Massachusetts, where the conflict had begun and was now fast culminating, in her resistance to England. Not at all palatable this last vote to an honest gentleman of German parentage who was trying to be a king. It is to be feared that it had more effect on the royal mind than all the loyal addresses ever penned. George did not like people who favored resistance of any kind to what he wanted, and his ministers were engaged in sharing his likes and dislikes at that period for personal reasons very obvious to themselves. Highly offensive too was the proposition to have another Congress, inasmuch as the very existence of a Continental Congress meant union, and the ministry relied on disunion among the colonies for success. Arranging for a second Congress looked unpleasantly like a determination to persist, and as if these men were so satisfied of the goodness of their cause that they were bent on having what they wanted, even at some little cost. In that purpose, unfortunately, they were somewhat like the King himself. Yet to all men now, and to many intelligent men then, it seemed a pity to lose these great colonies, so anxious to remain loyal and to continue part of the British Empire, merely for the sake of taxing them against their will. All England had heard Chatham, and all England knew from him what this Congress meant.

After he had spoken no one could plead ignorance. It only remained to see what England's rulers would do, and it soon became clear that England's rulers would do nothing except persist in their policy of force. Meantime the Congress dispersed and the members scattered to their homes to wait upon events. They had not long to wait, for they had begun the American Revolution, loyal, peaceful, and anxious for reconciliation as they were.

The English ministry it is certain did not comprehend at all what this Congress meant. They were engaged in the congenial task of undertaking to rule a continental empire as if it were a village. This method was well adapted to their own mental calibre, but was not suited to the merciless realities of the case. Therefore they regarded the Congress as merely an audacious performance which was to be frowned upon, punished, and put down. The members of the Congress themselves took a much graver and juster view of what had happened. They realized that the mere fact of a Congress was itself of great moment, that it meant union, and that union was the first step toward an American nation which could come only from the breaking down of local barriers and the fusion of all the colonies for a common purpose. They were against independence, and yet they saw, what the King and his ministers could not understand, that it was a very near possibility if the existing situation was continued. But it is also clear that they failed to see behind the possibility of independence the deeper significance of the work in which they were engaged. This was only natural, for they were properly absorbed in the practical and pressing questions with which they were called

to deal. They could not be expected to grasp and formulate the fact that they were beginning the battle of the people everywhere to secure control of their own governments for which they paid and fought. Yet the doctrine had been laid down for them twelve years before. In 1762 James Otis, with one of those flashes of deep insight which made him one of the most remarkable of all the men who led the way to revolution, had declared in a pamphlet that "Kings were made for the good of the people, and not the people for them." This was one of the propositions on which he rested his argument. Forgotten in the passage of time, and lost in the hurly-burly of events, here was a declaration which went far beyond any question of colonial rights or even of American independence. Here was a doctrine subversive of all existing systems in the eighteenth century, and as applicable to Europe as to America. Now in 1774 a Congress had met and had acted unconsciously, but none the less efficiently, upon Otis's proposition. For, stripped of all disguises and all temporary questions, this was what the Congress meant: that the people of America did not propose to have Great Britain govern them, except as they pleased, and that they intended to control their own governments and govern themselves. Congress had taken the first step along this new road. They could still turn back. The English ministry had still time to yield. But the irrevocable decision was to be made elsewhere, not in London nor in Philadelphia, not among ministers or members of Congress, but by certain plain men with arms in their hands, far away to the North, whose action would put it beyond the power of Congress to retreat, even if they had desired to do so.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST BLOW

IN Philadelphia, then, Congress took the first step in the Revolution, and set forth, in firm and able fashion, the arguments on which they rested their case and by which they still hoped to convince the reason and appeal to the affection of the English people and the English King. They were far from convinced that they would not succeed in securing a change of the British policy which they were resolved to resist, as they had already done in the case of the Stamp Act, ten years before. They could not even yet believe that the series of measures directed against Boston and Massachusetts showed a settled determination on the part of the rulers of England to make them subject to an irresponsible government, which they never had endured and to which they never would submit.

When Congress adjourned, on October 26th, much had been done, but the question was not to be settled in the field of debate. The dread appeal from Parliaments and Ministries and Congresses was to be taken elsewhere, taken under the pressure of inexorable circumstances by the people themselves. Among those men whose ancestors had followed Pym and Hampden and Cromwell when they crushed crown and church in one common ruin; whose forefathers, a hundred years

before, defying Charles II., had sent his commissioners, beaten and helpless, home, and later, had imprisoned and banished James II.'s governor, this new resistance to England first took on form and substance. There, in Massachusetts, that resistance had grown and culminated since the days of the Stamp Act. In that colony there was a powerful clergy determined to prevent the overthrow of the Puritan churches and the setting up of the Church of England. In the streets of Boston there had been rioting and bloodshed, and Americans had been killed by the fire of British troops. On that devoted town had fallen the punishment of an angry ministry, and her closed harbor told the story of a struggle which had already passed from words to deeds. There feeling was tense and strained, arguments were worn out, an independent provincial government was facing that of the King, and popular leaders were in danger of arrest and death. Such a situation could not last long. The only question was, when and where the break would come. When would the power of England make a move which would cause the democracy of America to strike at it with the armed hand? That once done, all would be done. Congress would then cease to argue and begin to govern, and the sword would decide whether the old forces or the new were to rule in America.

Looking at the situation now it is clear enough that the break was destined to come from some attempt by the British authorities in Massachusetts to stop military preparations on the part of the colonists by seizing their stores and munitions of war, or by arresting their leaders. That such attempts on the part of the British were reasonable enough, provided that they

both expected and desired hostilities, no one can deny. If one wishes to explode a powder-magazine, it is sensible to fire the train which leads to it. But if one does not desire to explode gunpowder, it is prudent not to throw lighted matches about in its immediate neighborhood. The British acted on the superficial aspect of the case, without considering ultimate possibilities and results. They kept on lighting matches to see whether the explosive substances under their charge were all right, and finally they dropped one in the magazine. Poor Gage and the rest of the English commanders in Massachusetts are not to be much blamed for what they did. They were a set of commonplace, mediocre men, without imagination and without knowledge, suddenly called upon to deal with what they thought was a little case of rather obstinate disorder and bad temper in a small colony, but which was really a great force just stirring into life, and destined to shake continents and empires before its course was stayed. Small wonder, then, that they dealt with a great problem in a little wrong-headed conventional way, and reached the results which are to be expected when men trifle with world-forces in that careless and stupid fashion.

Thus Gage, even before Congress had assembled, sent over to Quarry Hill, near Boston, and seized cannons and stores. Thereupon armed crowds in Cambridge next day, tumult and disorder in the streets, the Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver, forced to resign, and bloodshed prevented only by Joseph Warren, summoned in haste from Boston. Reported in Philadelphia, this affair took on the form of fighting and bloodshed near Boston, and the chaplain of Congress read

from the Psalm: "Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord." Worth considering, this little incident, if there had been men able to do so in England at that moment. To those who had attentive ears and minds there was an echo there of the words of the Great Puritan captain at Dunbar, speaking in a way very memorable to the world of England. When men of English blood side by side with the children of the Huguenots and the sons of Scotch Covenanters and of the men of Londonderry begin to pray after that fashion, a dangerous spirit is abroad and one not lightly to be tampered with.

Gage, knowing and caring nothing about prayers or anything else at Philadelphia, but annoyed by the outbreak at Cambridge, felt in his dull way that something was wrong, and began to fortify Boston Neck. Somehow he could not get his work done very well. He had his barges sunk, his straw fired, his wagons mired, all in unexplained ways, and the works were not finished until November. At the same time his movements excited alarm and suspicion, not only in Boston, but elsewhere. In December the cannon were taken away at Newport by the Governor, so that the British could not get them. A little later the people at Portsmouth, N. H., entered the fort and carried off, for their own use and behoof, the guns and the powder.

The trouble was spreading ominously and evidently. Massachusetts for her part knew now that the continent was behind her, and the Provincial Congress in February declared their wish for peace and union, but advised preparation for war. How much effect

the wishes had cannot be said, but the advice at least was eagerly followed. The people of Salem, in pursuance of the injunction, began to mount cannon, and Gage thereupon sent three hundred men to stop the work. The town was warned in time. A great crowd met the soldiers at the bridge, and Colonel Leslie, shrinking from the decisive step, withdrew. It was a narrow escape. Soldiers and people had come face to face and had looked in each others' eyes. The conflict was getting very close.

Again, at the end of March, Gage sent out Lord Percy with some light troops, who marched as far as Jamaica Plain and returned. The Minute Men gathered, but once more the opposing forces stared in each others' faces and parted as they met. The Provincial Congress adjourned on April 15th. Still the peace was unbroken, but the storm was near at hand. British officers had been scouring the country for information, and they knew that John Hancock and Samuel Adams had taken refuge in Lexington, and that munitions of war were stored at Concord, a few miles farther on. It was thereupon determined to seize both the rebel leaders and the munitions at Concord. Other expeditions had failed. This one must succeed. All should be done in secret, and the advantage of a surprise was to be increased by the presence of an overwhelming force. The British commander managed well, but not quite well enough. It is difficult to keep military secrets in the midst of an attentive people, and by the people themselves the discovery was made. Paul Revere had some thirty mechanics organized to watch and report the movements of the British, and these men now became convinced that an expedition was on foot, and

one of a serious character. The movement of troops and boats told the story to watchers, with keen eyes and ears, who believed that their rights were in peril. They were soon satisfied that the expedition was intended for Lexington and Concord, to seize the leaders and the stores; and acting promptly on this belief they gave notice to their chiefs in Boston and determined to thwart the enemy's plans by warning and rousing the country.

On April 18th, Warren sent William Dawes by land over the Neck to Roxbury and thence to Lexington to carry the news. Paul Revere arranged to have lantern signals shown in the belfry of the Old North Church, "one if by land, and two if by sea," and then went home, dressed himself for a night-ride, and taking a boat rowed over to Charlestown. It was a beautiful and quiet evening. As his boat slipped along he noted that the Somerset man-of-war was just winding with the tide, then at young flood. The moon was rising and shed its peaceful light upon the scene. Arrived at Charlestown, Revere secured a horse and waited. At eleven o'clock two lights gleamed from the belfry of the Old North Church, showing that the troops were going by water to Cambridge, and Revere mounted and rode away. He crossed Charlestown Neck, and as he passed the spot where a felon had been hung in chains, he saw two British officers waiting to stop him. One tried to head him, one sought to take him. But Revere knew his country. He turned back sharply and then swung into the Medford road. His pursuer fell into a clay-pit and Revere rode swiftly to Medford, warned the captain of the Minute Men, and then galloped on, rousing every house and farm

and village until he reached Lexington. There he awakened Adams and Hancock and was joined by Dawes and by Dr. Samuel Prescott. After a brief delay the three started to alarm the country between Lexington and Concord. They had ridden but a short distance when they were met by four British officers who barred the road. Prescott jumped his horse over a stone wall and escaped, carrying the alarm to Concord. Revere rode toward a wood, when six more British officers appeared and he was made a prisoner and forced to return with Dawes and his captors to Lexington. There he was released, and as soon as he was free he persuaded Adams and Hancock to go to Woburn, and after accompanying them returned to get their papers and effects. As he was engaged in this work he heard firing, and the sound told him that he had not ridden through the night in vain. A memorable ride in truth it was, one which spread alarm at the time and has been much sung and celebrated since. Perhaps the fact which is best worth remembering is that it was well done and answered its purpose. Under the April moonlight, Revere and Dawes and Prescott galloped hard and fast. Brave men, and efficient, they defeated the British plans and warned the country. The new day, just dawning when Revere heard the firing, was to show the value of their work.

They had had, indeed, but little time to spare. As Revere was mounting his horse, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, with eight hundred men, was crossing the Back Bay from Boston to Lechmere Point. At two o'clock he had his men landed, and they set forth at once, silently and rapidly, toward Lexington. So far all had gone well, but as they marched there broke upon their

ears the sound of guns and bells, some near, some distant, but in every one the note of alarm. The country was not asleep, then? On the contrary, it seemed to be wide awake. All about among the hills and meadows armed men were gathered at the little meeting-houses, and falling into line prepared for action. Here, in the tolling of the bells and the sound of signal-guns, were much meaning and cause for anxiety. Colonel Smith became worried, sent back to Boston for reinforcements to beat these farmers at whom he and his friends had scoffed so often, and ordered Major Pitcairn forward to Lexington with six light companies, still hopeful of surprise. Major Pitcairn picks up everybody he meets, to prevent alarm being given; but one Bowman, an active and diligent person, as it would seem, and a brave soldier of the last French war, eludes him, rides hotly to Lexington, and warns the Minute Men, who have been waiting since two o'clock, and had almost come to believe that the British were not advancing at all. So when Major Pitcairn got to Lexington Green, about half past four, thanks to Bowman's warning, there were some sixty or seventy men assembled to meet him. "Disperse, ye rebels; disperse!" cried Major Pitcairn, and rode toward them. There was much discussion then, and there has been much more since, as to who fired first. It matters not. It is certain that the British poured in a volley and followed it up with others. The Minute Men, not yet realizing that the decisive moment had come, hesitated, some standing their ground, some scattering. They fired a few straggling shots, wounded a couple of British soldiers, and drew off. Eight Americans were killed and ten wounded. One of the eight had carried

the standard when American troops captured Louisburg, and thus redeemed for England an otherwise ineffective war. One was wounded and bayoneted afterward. One dragged himself to the door of his house and died on the threshold at his wife's feet. What matters it who fired first? The first blow had been struck, the first blood shed. The people, in obedience to the orders of a Provincial Congress, had faced the soldiers of England in arms. They had been fired upon and had returned the fire. It was not a battle, hardly a skirmish. But it said to all the world that a people intended to govern themselves, and would die sooner than yield; a very pregnant fact, speaking much louder than words and charged with many meanings. A wholly new thing this was indeed, to have people ready to die in battle for their rights, when a large part of the rulers of the civilized world did not recognize that they had any rights either to die or live for. A great example to be deeply considered, and destined to bear much fruit, was given by those brave men who died on Lexington Green in the fair dawn of that April morning.

The British formed after the encounter, fired a volley, and gave three cheers for their victory. If a victory is to be judged by what it costs, it must be admitted that this one was but modestly celebrated, for it is safe to say that it was the most expensive victory ever won by England. From another point of view the celebration was premature, for the day was not over and there was still much to be done.

The English soldiers had killed some Massachusetts farmers, but they had missed the rebel leaders at Lexington. No time was to be lost if they were to

carry out the second part of their mission and destroy the stores at Concord. Thither, therefore, they marched as rapidly as possible. Colonel Smith, a little disturbed by the fighting on Lexington Green, and still more anxious as to the future, not liking the looks of things, perhaps, was wondering, no doubt, whether they were sending from Boston the aid he had asked for. His messenger, if he could have known it, was safely in Boston at that moment, and Gage gave heed at once to the appeal. There were blunders and delays, but, nevertheless, between eight and nine o'clock, Lord Percy, with about a thousand men—soldiers and marines—was marching out of Boston. A boy named Harrison Gray Otis, destined to much distinction in later years, was delayed in getting to school that morning by the troops marching along Tremont Street. He reached the Latin School in time, however, to hear Lovell, the schoolmaster, say, "War's begun. School's done. *Dimittite libros,*" and then rush out with his fellows to see the red-coats disappear in the direction of the Neck. War was in the air. No news of Lexington had yet come, but it was a popular revolution which was beginning, and the popular instinct knew that the hour had struck. When the British reached Roxbury, Williams, the schoolmaster there, like Lovell in Boston, dismissed the school, locked the door, joined the minute-men, and served for seven years in the American army before returning to his home. As Lord Percy rode along the band played "Yankee Doodle," and a boy shouted and laughed at him from the side of the road. Lord Percy asked him what he meant, and the boy replied, "To think how you will

dance by and by to 'Chevy Chase.' " [1] The contemporary witness who chronicles this little incident for us says the repartee stuck to Lord Percy all day. One cannot help wondering whether it made certain lines like these run in his head:

"The child that is unborn shall rue
The hunting of that day."

Again it is the voice of the people, of the schoolmaster and his scholars, of the boys in the street. Very trivial seemingly all this at the moment, yet with much real meaning for those who were engaged in bringing on the conflict, if they had been able to interpret it. It certainly was not heeded or thought about at all by Lord Percy as he marched on through Roxbury, whence, swinging to the right across the meadows and marshlands, he passed over the bridge to Cambridge, and thence away to Lexington, along the route already taken by the earlier detachment.

Meantime, while Lord Percy was setting out, Smith and his men got to Concord, only to find cannon and stores, for the most part, gone. A few guns to be spiked, the court-house to be set on fire, some barrels of flour to be broken open, made up the sum of what they were able to do. For this work small detachments were sent out. One went to the North Bridge, had in fact crossed over, when they perceived, on the other side, the Minute Men who had assembled to guard the

[1] There is no doubt that the band played "Yankee Doodle" in derision, but the boy's answer is so very apt, and apt for Lord Percy above all other men on earth, that it seems as if it must be an invention. Yet we have it from Dr. Gordon, a contemporary on the spot, writing down all incidents at the moment, and he was a painstaking, intelligent chronicler.

town, and who now advanced, trailing their guns. The British withdrew to their own side of the bridge and began to take it up. Major Buttrick remonstrated against this proceeding, and ordered his men to quicken their step. As they approached the British fired, ineffectually at first, then with closer aim, and two or three Americans fell. Buttrick sprang forward, shouting, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" The moment had come; the Americans fired, not straggling shots now, as in the surprise at Lexington, but intending serious business. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. The Americans poured over the bridge, the British retreated, and the Concord fight was over. The shot, "heard round the world," had been fired to good purpose, both there and elsewhere. It echoed far, that shot of the Concord and Acton farmers, not because it was in defence of the principle that there must be no taxation without representation, not even because it portended the independence of America, but because it meant, as those fired on Lexington Common meant, that a people had arisen, determined to fight for the right to govern themselves. It meant that the instinct which pressed the triggers at the North Bridge was a popular instinct, that the great democratic movement had begun, that a new power had arisen in the world, destined, for weal or woe, to change in the coming century the forms of government and of society throughout the civilized nations of the West.

After the British retreated from the bridge, the Minute Men, not quite realizing even yet what had happened, drew back to the hills and waited. Colonel Smith wasted some two hours in concentrating and rest-

ing his men, and about noon started back for Lexington. At first he threw out light detachments to keep his flanks clear, but by the time he reached Merriam's Corner they were forced by the nature of the ground back to the main line. Then the fighting began in earnest. From all the surrounding towns the Minute Men were pouring in. There was a brush with a flanking party just as Merriam's Corner was reached. Then as the British passed along the road, in most parts thickly wooded, from every copse and thicket and stone wall the shots would ring out with deadly effect, for the Americans were all trained to the use of the rifle. A detachment would be thrown out to clear the flank, the enemy would scatter, and the detached soldiers entangled in the brush would be picked off more easily even than in the road itself. The Americans seemed "to drop from the clouds," as one British officer wrote, and their fire came upon the enemy on both flanks, from the rear, and even in front. These Minute Men, in fact, were now waging the kind of warfare they perfectly understood. Many of them had served in the old French war; they had fought the Indians and had learned from their savage foe how to slip from tree to tree, to advance under cover, fire, and retreat, each man acting for himself, undisturbed by the going or coming of his fellows, and free from any danger of panic. In a word, they were practising backwoods fighting with deadly effect on regular troops who could neither understand nor meet it. So the time wore on. The shots from the flanks came faster and faster, officers and men were dropping beneath the deadly fire, the ranks were breaking, and only the desperate efforts of the officers prevented a panic like that in which

Braddock's army had gone down. On through the pleasant country in the bright spring sunshine they went, disorder increasing, men falling, ammunition giving out—a fine body of regular and disciplined troops going pitifully and visibly to wreck. The Lexington company, out again in force, avenged the losses of the morning, and as the British thus beset struggled on, they came again to the famous common where they had celebrated their sunrise victory. No thought of victories now, only of safety; and here, at least, was relief. Here was Lord Percy with his fresh brigade, and into the square which he had formed Smith's hunted men rushed wildly and flung themselves down on the ground, utterly exhausted, with their tongues out, says the British historian Stedman, "like dogs after a chase." Here, moreover, the Americans were at a disadvantage, for it was an open space, and Lord Percy's cannon soon cleared the ground, while his men set fire to the houses. The Americans drew off and waited. They had only to be patient, for they knew their time would come again.

Lord Percy, although he had now nearly eighteen hundred men, made no attempt to attack the Americans, who were waiting quietly just out of range. After a brief period of rest he gave the word and the troops took up their march for Boston. As soon as they started the Americans closed in, and the fighting began again in front, behind, and on both flanks. More Minute Men had come up, more were constantly arriving. There would be heavy firing and sharp fighting, then the cannon would be swung round, then a lull would follow, then more firing and fighting, until the cannon lost their terror, while the firing grew constantly

heavier and the fighting sharper. There was no time to go round by Cambridge, as they had come in the morning. Lord Percy made straight for Charlestown, the nearest point of safety, and the worst attack fell on him just before he reached his haven and got his columns, now broken and running, under the guns of the men-of-war. At last the day was done—Lexington and Concord had had their battles and taken their place in history.

When the story of April 19, 1775, is told, we are apt to think only of the firing at sunrise on Lexington Green, and of the slight skirmish at the old North Bridge in Concord. We are prone to forget that apart from these two dramatic points there was a good deal of severe fighting during that memorable day. A column of regular English troops, at first 800, then 1,800 strong, had marched out to Concord and Lexington, and back to Boston, and had met some hundreds of irregular soldiers, at best militia. They retreated before these Minute Men for miles, and reached Boston in a state not far removed from rout and panic. The running fight had not been child's play by any means. The Americans lost 88 men killed and wounded; the British 247, besides 26 missing or prisoners. These were serious figures. Evidently the British officers, who in the morning of that day thought the Americans had neither courage nor resolution, would have to revise their opinions, unless they were ready for further disasters. But more important than the views of British officers, somewhat tired and annoyed that evening in Boston, was the fact that the American fighting had been done by the people themselves, on the spur of the moment. It was every man for himself. Heath and Warren

had come out and rallied the Minute Men into more compact bodies here and there, but it was the Minute Men's fight. A common instinct moved those Middlesex yeomen, and it appeared that they were ready on their own account to take up arms and fight in their backwoods fashion hard and effectively. Here was a fact deserving much pondering from kings and ministers, who, it is to be feared, gave it but little heed, and certainly failed either to understand it or to fathom its deep meaning for them, their empire, and, in certain wider aspects, for mankind.

CHAPTER III

THE SECOND CONGRESS

THE Massachusetts farmers had precipitated the crisis. They had fought the British troops and now held them besieged in Boston. Connecticut and New Hampshire had sustained them with men sent to share in the perils of the time and help to lay siege to the British army. Then came the anxious question as to how the rest of the country would look upon what had been done. Hitherto the other colonies had sympathized with the Eastern people strongly, and thus far had cordially supported them; but there was a powerful party, especially in the Middle States, who disliked the actions and suspected the intentions of the New Englanders, and who were strongly averse to independence or to any breach with the mother-country. How would these other colonies act now? Would they still stand by Massachusetts, or would they recoil in alarm when blood had been shed and positive action one way or the other was no longer to be avoided? With these questions upon them the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts drew up an official account of the events of April 19th and sent one copy to England, where the news caused stocks to fall and startled Lord North, who had intelligence and perceptions denied to his master, while another was despatched by express through all the other colonies to South Carolina. A

momentous deed had been done, and the anxiety of the doers thereof is shown by the manner in which this official narrative was hurried away to the southward. The Massachusetts delegates who set out for Philadelphia within a fortnight after the Lexington and Concord fight may well have been beset with doubts and fears as to the reception which awaited them in Congress.

Samuel and John Adams again led the delegation, but to their little company was now added a man destined to become one of the best-known names of the Revolution, although as an efficient and effective actor his part was small. Rich, well-born, and generous in expense, John Hancock, almost alone among the men of wealth, family, and office who then formed the aristocracy of Boston, had espoused openly the side of opposition to Great Britain. Samuel Adams, shrewd judge and manager of men, cultivated his friendship, flattered his vanity, and employed him to excellent purpose. Here he had him now in his company as a Member of Congress, and we shall see presently how he used him there. So the Massachusetts delegates, thus reinforced, journeyed on together through Connecticut. There they already knew that all was safe and sympathetic. It was when they drew near the Hudson that the real anxiety began. But it came only to be dispelled, for as they approached New York they were met by a company of grenadiers, by a regiment of militia, by carriages, and by hundreds of men on foot. As they passed along into the town the roads and streets were lined with people who cheered them loudly, while the bells of the churches rang out a joyful peal of welcome. They were heroes, it appeared, not culprits.

The people were with them here as in New England, and when they left the city they were escorted again by the militia, and again the crowds cheered them on their way. So it was all through New Jersey to Philadelphia. Honors and rejoicings met them everywhere. The people of the sister colonies stood firmly by Massachusetts in striking the first blow.

The second Congress met on May 10th. The leaders of the first were again there—Washington, Henry, Lee, Jay, and the two Adamses. With them, too, were some new men already distinguished or destined to win reputation. Chief among these new members was Benjamin Franklin, the most famous American then living, known throughout Europe for his scientific discoveries; known in England besides as the fearless champion of the colonies; great in science and in statecraft; a statesman and diplomatist; a man of letters and a popular writer, whose wit and wisdom were read in many tongues; just returned from London, and the wisest and most influential man in the Congress. It is worth while to pause a moment to look at Franklin, standing forth now as a leader of revolution, for he was one of the great men of the century. He was then in his seventieth year, but vigorous and able as ever in mind and body. He could have done more than any other one man to prevent colonial revolt, for he was eminently conservative and peace-loving, as well as truly loyal to the mother-country. The ministry, who would have listened to him and been guided by him, would have held America, and fastened it tighter than ever to the Empire. Instead of this, official England set her Solicitor-General to vilify and abuse him in the presence of the Privy Council and before the

English people. Franklin listened in silence to the invective then heaped upon him, and the most powerful friend to peace, union, and conciliation was lost to England. Now he had come back to guide his countrymen among the dangers which beset them, and to win allies for them from beyond seas. In the man of science, letters, and philanthropy we are apt to lose sight of the bold statesman and great diplomatist. We always think of that familiar face with the fine forehead and the expression of universal benevolence. But there was another aspect. Look at the picture of Franklin where the fur cap is pulled down over his head. The noble brow is hidden, the pervading air of soft and gentle benevolence has faded, and a face of strength and power, of vigorous will and of an astuteness rarely equalled, looks out at us and fixes our attention. This versatile genius, in whom the sternness of the Puritan mingled with the scepticism and tolerance of the eighteenth-century philosopher, was not one to be lightly reviled and abused. It would have been well for Wedderburn, who, at his death, in the words of his affectionate sovereign, "left no greater knave behind him," if he had not added to the list of ministerial blunders that of making an enemy of Franklin. All these incidents which had befallen him in London were as well known as Franklin's fame in science and his distinction in the public service, and we can easily imagine how he was looked up to in America, and how men turned to him when he appeared in Congress. He was the great figure at this second gathering, but not the only one among the new members who deserved remark. From Massachusetts came, as has been said, John Hancock, and from New York George Clinton

and Robert Livingston, who were to play conspicuous parts in the Revolution and in the early years of the new nation which sprang from it, while a little later Virginia sent Thomas Jefferson to fill a vacant place.

Never indeed was the best ability of the country more needed, for events had moved fast in the six months which had elapsed since the first Congress adjourned. War had broken out, and this second Congress found itself facing realities of the sternest kind. Yet the members were merely delegates, chosen only to represent the views and wishes of the colonies in regard to their relations with Great Britain. Beyond this they had no authority. Many of them had been irregularly elected by popular meetings. Their instructions varied, but none empowered them to form a government. They had not a square foot of territory which they could control; they had no executive powers; no money; no authority to make laws, and no means to carry them out. And yet the great forces were moving, and they had to face facts which demanded a vigorous and efficient government.

Even as they met on May 10th a British fortress had been seized by the colonists, for Lexington and Concord had set in motion a force which, once started, could neither be stayed nor limited. The first military and political object of England when actual war came obviously would be to divide New England from the middle colonies by controlling the line of the Hudson River to the lakes lying on the borders of Vermont and New York. The key of the position was the fortress at Ticonderoga which commanded the lakes, and in this way the road from Canada to New York Harbor. Very early in the troubles the New England

leaders saw this situation, and when the conflict broke they moved quickly. Adams and Hancock counselled with the Governor of Connecticut and sent an express to Ethan Allen in the Green Mountains to prepare to seize the fort. Then some fifty men went forward from Connecticut and Massachusetts and met Ethan Allen at Bennington. An alarm was sent out, about a hundred hardy men from the mountains joined the detachment from the South, Allen was chosen leader, and on May 8th they started. The night of May 9th they were near the fort, and waited for the day to come. When the first faint flush of light appeared, Allen asked every man who was willing to go with him to poise his gun. Every gun was raised. Allen gave the word and they marched to the entrance of the fort. The gate was shut, but the wicket open. The sentry snapped his fuzee, and Allen, followed by his men, dashed in through the wicket, raised the Indian war-whoop and formed on the parade, covering the barracks on each side. There was but little resistance, and the sentries, after one or two shots, threw down their arms, while Allen strode forward toward the quarters of the commandant. As he reached the door, Delaplace appeared, undressed, and Allen demanded the surrender of the fort. "By what authority?" asked Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," answered Allen. No stranger military summons was ever made, with its queer mingling of Puritan phrase and legal form. But it served its purpose better than many an elaborate demand framed in the best style of Louis the Great, for it was perfectly successful. The fort which had cost England several campaigns, many lives, and some millions of pounds,

fell into the hands of the Americans in ten minutes. The reason was plain. The Americans were quick-witted, knew the enormous value of the position, and acted at once. Thus by a surprise they succeeded; but none the less real wisdom lay behind Allen's prompt and vigorous action. As a military exploit it was all simple enough: nerve and courage at the right moment, and the deed was done. But the foresight which planned and urged the deed to execution showed military and political sense of a high order. Nor was that all. Seth Warner seized Crown Point, and another party took possession of the harbor of Skenesboro. The road from Canada to New York was now in the hands of the Americans, a fact fruitful of consequences when a battle which has been set down as one of the decisive battles of the world was to be fought a few years later. Important, too, were the two hundred cannon taken in Ticonderoga and destined to play an essential part a few months later in driving the British from their first military foothold in America. Altogether a brave deed, this of Allen and his mountain men; very punctually and thoroughly performed, and productive of abundant results, as is usually the case with efficient action, which, without criticism, carpings, or doubts, drives straight on at the goal to be attained.

While Ethan Allen and his men were thus hurrying events forward in their own rough-and-ready fashion that pleasant May morning, the members of the second Congress were meeting in Philadelphia. They knew nothing of what was happening far to the north, or of how the men of the Green Mountains were forcing them on to measures and responsibilities from which they still shrank, and which they had not yet put

into words. They would learn it all soon enough from messengers hurrying southward from Ticonderoga, but they already had ample food for thought without this addition. The King and his Ministers had rejected and flouted their appeals sent to England six months before, and had decided on fresh measures of coercion. Their friends in Parliament had been beaten. The farmers of Massachusetts had fought the King's troops, and now held those troops besieged in Boston with a rough, undisciplined army. Recognition, reasonable settlement, mutual concessions, had drifted a good deal farther off than when they last met. If the situation had been grave in 1774, it was infinitely graver and more difficult now. How were they to deal with it, devoid as they were of proper powers for action and still anxious to remain part of the British Empire? A very intricate question this, but they faced it manfully.

They began, as before, by electing Peyton Randolph President, and when shortly afterward he was called home, they went from Virginia to Massachusetts for his successor. The use of John Hancock now became apparent, and we can see why Samuel Adams had brought him from Boston. He had the wealth, the position, the manners which made him attractive to the delegates from the other colonies. He was free from the suspicion of being too radical and dangerous, which clung to both Samuel and John Adams, despite the fact of his association with them. He was dignified, courtly, well known. It was very important to Massachusetts, which had ventured so far in open rebellion, that Congress should stand by her. To have the President of the Congress, if Virginia, the other strongly resisting

colony, did not furnish that officer, was an important step. In itself it carried support and approbation, for John Hancock was a proscribed man, and Benjamin Harrison, as he escorted him to the chair, said they would show Great Britain how much they cared for her proscriptions. Samuel Adams could not have been elected President, John Hancock could be; and accordingly, when Randolph withdrew, he was chosen. He was an excellent presiding officer and accustomed to be governed and guided by Adams. His election meant that the party of firm resistance to England, whose bulwarks were Virginia and Massachusetts, controlled the Congress, something much more essential to them now than six months before. Be it noted also that to fill Randolph's place as delegate there shortly arrived a tall, rather awkward-looking young man, with reddish hair and a pleasant face and look. His name was Thomas Jefferson, and although he proved a silent member, he so won upon his associates that he was placed on important committees, and a little later showed that if he would not speak in public, he could write words which the world would read and future generations repeat. Among the delegates who came late we must also remark one named Lyman Hall, from the parish of St. John's in Georgia, where there was a New England settlement. His arrival completed the tale of the American Colonies. The thirteen in one way or another all had representation in the new Congress. The union of the colonies, which was so dangerous to British supremacy, was evidently growing more complete and perfect.

The work of organization done, the Congress faced the situation, and solved the question of lack of au-

thority by boldly assuming all necessary executive powers as events required. In committee of the whole they reviewed the proceedings in Massachusetts, and then ensued a series of contradictions very characteristic of the law-abiding English people, and reminding one strongly of a time when the Long Parliament made war on the king in the king's name. These colonial Englishmen resolved that Great Britain had begun hostilities and at the same time protested their loyalty. They declared they were for peace, advised New York to allow the British troops to be landed from the Asia, and then voted to put the colonies in a position of defence. Under the lead of John Dickinson, they agreed to petition the king again, and authorized addresses to the people of England, to the people of Ireland, and to their fellow-colonists of Canada and of Jamaica. When the news of Ticonderoga came, they decided not to invade Canada, and hesitated even about the wisdom of holding the forts they had taken. Then, pushed on by events, they proceeded to exercise the highest sovereign powers by authorizing a small loan and organizing an army. On June 15th, John Adams moved that they adopt the army then at Boston, and, representing New England, declared that the head of that army should be their distinguished colleague from Virginia, who thereupon left the room. The proposition prevailed, and two days later, on the motion of Mr. Johnson of Maryland, carrying out the suggestion of John Adams, they formally chose George Washington to command what was henceforth to be known as the Continental Army, then engaged in besieging the British in Boston. It was a noble choice, one worth remembering, for they took

the absolutely greatest and fittest man in America, a feat which is seldom performed, it being too often left to events to throw out the unfit selections made by men and put in their stead those to whom the places really belong.

Washington himself, silently watching all that happened with the keen insight which never was at fault, always free from illusions, and recognizing facts with a veracity of mind which was never clouded, knew well that the time for addresses and petitions had passed. Averse as he had been to independence as an original proposition, he was not deceived by any fond fancies in regard to the present situation, which had developed so rapidly in a few months. War had begun, and that meant, as he well knew, however men might hesitate about it, a settlement by war. He had already made up his mind fully as to his own course, and when the great responsibility came to him he accepted it at once, without shrinking, solemnly and modestly, stipulating only that he should receive no pay above his expenses, and saying that he did not feel equal to the command. Artemus Ward, then in command at Boston, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam, and Charles Lee, the last an English adventurer, glib of tongue and quite worthless, were chosen major-generals. Horatio Gates, another Englishman, thanks to the same natural colonial spirit which chose Lee, was appointed adjutant-general. Pomeroy, Heath, and Thomas of Massachusetts, Wooster and Spencer of Connecticut, Sullivan of New Hampshire, Montgomery of New York, and the Quaker, Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island, who proved the most brilliant of them all, were appointed brigadiers.

Thus, while they petitioned the King, shrank from independence, and sought conciliation and peace by addresses and memorials, the second American Congress at the same time took into their service an army already in the field, and sent the greatest soldier of the time to command it and to fight the troops of the Sovereign whom they still acknowledged. Very contradictory and yet very human and natural all this, for great causes are not carried out, nor do great forces move upon the straight lines marked out by the critic or the student, but along the devious and winding paths which human nature always traces for itself when it is brought face to face with difficulties and trials which it would fain avoid and must meet.

CHAPTER IV

THE REPLY TO LORD SANDWICH

WHILE Congress was thus debating and resolving, the people were acting. After the Concord fight some sixteen thousand armed men gathered about Boston and laid siege to the town. They were under different and independent commands, undisciplined, ill-armed, with no heavy guns fit for siege operations. But through their zeal in a common cause, for the time, at least, they made up in activity what they lacked in organization and equipment. They managed to cut off Boston from the surrounding country, so that actual distress began to prevail among the inhabitants, and thousands who sympathized with the patriots abandoned the town and made their way to the neighboring villages. With no regular works anywhere, the Americans still contrived to have men at all important points, and in some fashion to prevent communication with the country. In addition they swept the harbor-islands clean of cattle and sheep, and this work led to frequent skirmishes, in one of which the Americans destroyed two British vessels and drove off the royal troops. An effort to provision Boston with sheep brought from the southward was frustrated by the people of New Bedford, who fitted out two vessels, captured those of the enemy with the live-stock on

board, and beat off a British sloop-of-war. It is not easy to understand how the Americans, ill-equipped as they were, were able thus to maintain the lines around Boston and hold besieged regular troops amounting at that time to over five thousand men, and very soon afterward to more than ten thousand. The fact can be explained only by the utter incompetency of the British commander, General Gage. With the troops under him he ought at any time to have been able to break the extended American line and drive them from point to point. Indeed, he should never have permitted them to close in on him. Instead of taking vigorous action, however, he occupied himself with making treaties with the selectmen of the town for the withdrawal of the inhabitants and with issuing fierce proclamations, while he allowed the enemy to hold him a virtual prisoner. It is not to be wondered at that when Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe arrived with reinforcements they should have been amazed that the King's troops had not long since beaten and driven off the "peasants," as they called them, who surrounded the town. Yet the new generals seem only to have added to the sum total of British incompetency. With largely increased forces they still did not attack the Americans or drive them away. On the contrary, the attack came from the "peasants," and not from the army of veterans imprisoned in Boston.

The Americans were spurred on to action by reports that the British were about to seize certain strategic points and fortify them, and that expeditions were preparing for this purpose. In order to be beforehand with them the council of war prepared a plan for a series of works and redoubts on the northern side of

the city, reaching from what is now Somerville to the hills of Charlestown, which bordered on the river and harbor. General Ward and others of the commanding officers naturally opposed this plan so far as it related to the extreme point of the hills in Charlestown, for the very excellent reason that they had but little powder and no cannon, and that without these essential aids it seemed rash in the extreme to take a position near the British lines which threatened Boston itself, and where they could be cut off by an enterprising enemy seizing the narrow neck which connected the peninsula with the main land. While they were debating this question news came from a trustworthy source that on June 18th the British intended to seize Dorchester Heights, to the south of the town, and it was clear that if they should be successful in this movement it would not only absolutely protect Boston, but would make the American positions difficult if not untenable. Considerations of prudence were therefore laid aside, and the committee of safety decided that it was necessary to occupy at once Charlestown Neck and Bunker Hill. General Ward and the others were quite right in thinking this a desperate undertaking for which they were totally unprepared, and yet the committee of safety, favored as they were by fortune, proved to be on the broadest grounds correct. It was essential to hold the British where they were in the town. If they once got possession of the commanding points outside, it would be impossible to drive them out of Boston, and one of the principal American cities would remain in the enemy's hands. If, on the other hand, the Americans seized a position close to the British lines and became the aggressors, then whether they failed or succeeded in hold-

ing their ground permanently, they would, by fighting, prevent the enemy from making an advance movement, and from so strengthening and extending his lines that he could neither be closely besieged nor forced from the town.

Thus it came about, either by sound military instinct or by equally sound reasoning, that the order was issued to occupy and fortify Bunker Hill in Charlestown, and late in the afternoon of June 16th the troops selected for this duty were ordered to parade. Three Massachusetts regiments, two hundred Connecticut men as a fatigue party, and an artillery company with two field-pieces formed the detachment. Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed. Then the word was given, and with Colonel Prescott in command and at the front, and their intrenching tools in carts bringing up the rear, they started as the darkness fell and marched to Charlestown. When they reached the Neck they halted, and a small party was detached to guard and watch the town while the main body went on to Bunker Hill. Here they halted again, and a long discussion ensued as to where they should intrench. The orders said plainly Bunker Hill, but the nature of the ground said with equal plainness Breed's Hill, which was farther to the front, nearer to the river, and more threatening to the city. The dispute went on until the engineer begged for a speedy decision, and they then determined to throw up the intrenchments on Breed's Hill and fortify Bunker Hill afterward.

Then the work began. Gridley marked out the

lines for the intrenchment and did it well. He was an accomplished engineer and had seen service at Louisburg and in the old French war. The redoubt he laid out in haste that night excited the admiration of the enemy the next day. The lines drawn, a thousand men set to work with spades to raise the earthworks. These American soldiers, called hastily from their farms, lacked organization and military discipline, but they were intelligent, independent men, accustomed to turn their hand to anything. They could shoot and they could also dig. They were able to handle the spade as dexterously and effectively as the rifle. It was well for them that they could do so, for the June night was short, and quick work was vital. Close by them along the river-front lay five men-of-war and several floating batteries, all within gunshot. On the other side of the stream the British sentinels paced up and down the shore. Prescott, when the work began, sent a small detachment under Maxwell to patrol Charlestown and guard the ferry. Twice during the night he went down himself to the edge of the water and listened intently to catch the drowsy cry of "All's well" from the watch on the British ships. The work, therefore, had to be not only quick but quiet, and it is a marvel that no British sentry, and still more, no sailor on the men-of-war, detected the movement on the hill or heard the click of the spades and the hum and stir of a thousand men toiling as they never toiled before. But the Americans labored on in silence under the summer starlight, faster and faster, until the gray dawn began to show faintly in the east. When the light came, the sailors on the nearest sloop suddenly saw that intrenchments six feet high had sprung up in the night and were frown-

ing at them from the nearest hill. The sight of the works was a complete surprise, and the captain of the Lively, without waiting for orders, opened fire. The sound of the guns roused Boston. British officers and townspeople alike rushed out to see what had happened. To the former that which met their eyes was not an encouraging sight, for with those Charlestown hills fortified and in the hands of the enemy, Boston would be untenable and they would be forced to abandon the town. Gage at once called a council of officers and they determined that the works on Breed's Hill must be taken immediately and at all hazards, and the Americans driven off. Unwilling, on account of Ward's army at Cambridge, to land on the Neck, which had been left practically unguarded, and thus assail the redoubt from behind, the one thing of all others to do, and thoroughly despising their opponents, of whom they knew nothing, they decided to make a direct attack in front, and orders went forth at once to draw out the troops and transport them by boats to Charlestown.

Meantime the battery on Copp's Hill and the water-batteries had been firing on the American works. The fire, however, was ineffective, and the Americans continued their task of finishing and perfecting their intrenchments and of building the interior platforms. Made in such haste, they were rude defences at best, but all that could be done was done. At first when a private was killed by a cannon-ball there was some alarm among the men unaccustomed to artillery fire, and Colonel Prescott therefore mounted the parapet and walked slowly up and down to show them that there was no serious danger. The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view

of the enemy gave confidence at once, and there were no more murmurs of alarm, although when the tide was at flood some of the war-ships were able to enfilade the redoubt and pour in a better-directed fire. So the day wore on with its accompaniment of roaring cannon, the Americans waiting patiently under the hot sun, tired and thirsty, but ready and eager to fight.

At noon the British troops marched through the streets of Boston, and began to embark under cover of an increased and strongly sustained fire from the ships and floating batteries. By one o'clock they had landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and formed in three lines. Not liking the looks of the redoubt now that he was near to it, General Howe sent for reinforcements, and while he waited for them his men dined. Prescott, too, early in the morning had sent for reinforcements, and the news that the British had landed, caused a great stir in the camp at Cambridge, but owing to the lack of organization only a few fresh troops ever reached the hill. Some leaders arrived, like Warren and Pomeroy and General Putnam, who did admirable service throughout the day. John Stark came over with his New Hampshire company, declining to quicken his step across the Neck, which was swept by the British fire, and brought his men on the field in good condition. But with some few exceptions of this sort, Prescott was obliged to rely entirely on the small detachment he had himself led there the night before. Seeing a movement on the part of the British which made him believe that they were going to try to turn his position on the left, with the true military instinct and quick decision which he displayed throughout the day Prescott detached Colonel Knowlton with the Connecticut troops

and the artillery to oppose the enemy's right wing. Knowlton took a position near the base of the hill, behind a stone fence with a rail on top. In front he hastily built another fence and filled the space between the two with freshly cut grass from the meadow. It was not such a work as a Vauban would have built or foreign military experts would have praised, but the Americans of that day, instead of criticising it because it was not on the approved foreign model, made the best of it and proceeded to use it to good purpose. While Knowlton was thus engaged he was joined by Stark and the New Hampshire men, and with their aid was enabled to extend and strengthen his line.

At last the forces were in position. The long hours of quiet waiting in the burning sun were drawing to an end. The British forces were at length in line, and soon after three o'clock Howe briefly told his men that they were the finest troops in the world, and that the hill must be taken. Then he gave the word, and under cover of a very heavy fire from the ships, the batteries, and the artillery, they began to advance, marching in admirable order with all the glitter and show of highly disciplined troops. They were full of cheerful, arrogant confidence. They despised the Provincials and looked with scorn on the rude works. They had been taught to believe also that the Americans were cowards. Had not Lord Sandwich and other eminent persons, whom they were bound to credit, told them so? They expected a short, sharp rush, a straggling fire, a panic-stricken retreat of the enemy, and an easy victory to celebrate that evening in Boston.

Howe led the attack on the flank in person, aiming at the rail fence and the collection of "rustics," as he

would have called them, who were gathered there. General Pigot led the assault in front upon the redoubt itself. On they marched, very fine to look upon in their brilliant uniforms and with their shining arms. Onward still they went, the artillery booming loudly over their heads. They began to draw near the works and yet the enemy gave no sign. The sun was very hot, and they had heavy knapsacks just as if they were going on a march instead of into action, which was natural from their point of view, for they expected no battle. The grass, too, was very long, and the fences were many. It was harder getting at the Americans, the heat was greater, the way longer, than they had imagined, but these things after all were trifles, and they would soon be on the rebels now. Still all was silent in the redoubts. They came within gunshot. There were a few straggling shots from the fort, quickly suppressed, and it looked as if the officers were going round the parapet knocking up the guns. What could it all mean? Were the Provincials going to retreat without firing at all? It would seem that they were more cowardly than even the liberal estimate made by Lord Sandwich allowed. Perhaps most of them had slipped away already. In any event, it would soon be over. On then fast, for it was well within gunshot now. Forward again quickly, and the separating distance is only ten or twelve rods. Suddenly they heard from the fort the sharp order to fire. A sheet of flame sweeps down from the redoubt. It is a deadly, murderous fire. The execution is terrible. Officers fall in all directions. The British troops, and there are in truth no finer or braver in the world, return the fire sharply, but not well. The lines waver and gaps open

everywhere in the ranks. Meantime the fire from the fort continues, steady, rapid, effective, evidently aimed by marksmen whose nerves are in good order.

How were they faring meanwhile at the rail fence, where General Howe was leading his men in person? Not quite so silent here. The two little American field-pieces opened effectively as the British advanced. There were some straggling shots from the fence, quickly suppressed as on the hill, but they drew the fire of the troops who came on, firing regularly as if on parade. It would not take long to dispose of this flimsy barrier. On, then, and forward. They came within gunshot, they came within ten rods, and now the rail fence flamed as the American fire ran down the line. This, too, was a deadly fire. The officers were picked off. The troops began to break, so savage was the slaughter. On hill and meadow, before redoubt and rail fence, the British columns gave way. They could not stand the execution that was being done upon them. Pigot ordered a retreat, and Howe's men broke and scattered. As the British troops recoiled and fell back, cut up by the American fire, the Americans sprang forward with cheers eager to pursue, restrained only by their officers, and shouting, "Are the Yankees cowards?" Lord Sandwich was answered. Whatever the final result, the men who had met and repulsed that onslaught were not cowards.

General Howe soon rallied his surprised and broken troops and formed them again in well-drawn lines. The British then set fire to the village of Charlestown, a perfectly wanton and utterly useless performance, as the wind carried the smoke away from the redoubt, and did not take possession of the Neck,

which would have thrown the whole American force on the hills helplessly into their hands. The ships then renewed their bombardment with increased fury; the artillery was advanced on the right, where it could do much more execution upon the defenders of the rail fence, and with the little town in flames on their left, the British moved forward to a second assault. They advanced firing, their march encumbered now not only by long grass and fences, but by the bodies of their comrades fallen in the first attack. Their fire did little execution, for they aimed too high. Still they moved on with their well-ordered lines. Again the redoubt was silent. They came within gunshot, within ten rods, still silence. Now they were within six rods and now came again that sheet of flame and the deadly fire. This time they were not taken by surprise. They knew now that there were men behind those rude earthworks who could and would shoot straight, and who had not run away at their approach. They staggered under the shock of this first volley, but rallied gallantly and came on. Could the Americans maintain their ground after one volley? It appeared that they could. Colonel Prescott said there was a "continuous stream of fire from the redoubt." So continuous, so rapid, and so steady was it, that the British never got across the short distance which remained. They struggled bravely forward, many falling within a few yards of the redoubt and on the very slopes of the embankment. Then they gave way, this time in confusion, and fled. Some ran even to the boats. It was the same at the rail fence. Despite the artillery playing on their left, the Americans stood firm and poured in their fatal volleys when the enemy came within the prescribed line.

Howe's officers and aides fell all about him, so that at times he was left almost alone, a gallant figure in the thick of the slaughter, in the midst of dead and dying, his silk stockings splashed with blood and still calling to his soldiers to come on. The men who shot down his staff spared him. Perhaps the memory of the equally gallant brother whom they had followed in the Old French War, and a monument to that brother placed in Westminster Abbey by the province of Massachusetts, turned aside the guns which could have picked him off as they did his companions in arms. But at that moment no personal courage in the commander could hold the troops. They broke as the main column had broken on Breed's Hill before the sustained and fatal fire of the Americans, and swept backward almost in a panic to the shore and the boats.

This second repulse was far more serious both in losses and in moral effect than the first. So long a time elapsed before the British moved again that some of the American officers thought that the enemy would not try the works a third time. The interval of delay, however, served only to disclose the inherent weakness of the American position. The men had behaved with steady courage, and fought most admirably, but they were entirely unsupported, and without support the position was untenable against repeated attacks from a superior force, and a mere trap if the British general had had the intelligence to seize the Neck. The American army at Cambridge had no real military organization, the general was without a staff, and, though a brave man, was unable to supply the deficiencies by his own energy and genius. Prescott had sent early in the day for reinforcements, but such confusion prevailed at

Cambridge that none were dispatched to his assistance in an intelligent and effective manner. A number of companies, indeed, started from Cambridge for Charlestown. Some turned back, unwilling to face the fire of the ships which swept the Neck. Stark came through, as has been said, early in the day, and did splendid service with his men at the rail fence; but the others for the most part never came into action at all. Orders were disobeyed, contradictory commands issued, and men straggled away from their regiments, some to retreat, some to join in desultory and independent fighting from outlying positions. Therefore, despite the great efforts of some of the officers, and especially of General Putnam, such men as really succeeded in reaching Charlestown remained in confusion on Bunker Hill in the rear of the redoubt. Even worse than the failure to support Prescott with troops, which was due to lack of discipline and leadership, was the failure to send him ammunition. He found himself forced to face a third attack, with no fresh soldiers, but only his own men who had been digging all night and fighting all day, and with scarcely any powder. Most of his men had only a single round, none more than three, and they broke up the cartridges of the cannon to get a last pitiful supply. With the shadow of certain defeat upon him, Prescott saw the British prepare for a third assault. Howe, not without difficulty, had rallied his men and reformed his ranks, while a reinforcement of four hundred marines had landed and joined him. He also had learned a lesson, and had found out that he had a dangerous enemy before him. This time the British soldiers laid aside their knapsacks, and advanced in light order. This time,

too, only a feint was made at the rail fence, and the whole attack, as well as the artillery fire, was concentrated on the redoubt. Prescott knew that without powder, and with scarcely any bayonets, he could not shatter the columns before they reached the breastworks, nor repel an enemy capable of a bayonet charge once they had reached the parapet. Nevertheless, he determined to stand his ground, and make to the last the best fight he could. The British moved forward, this time in silence. "Make every shot tell," said Prescott to his men, and when the British were within twenty yards the Americans, standing their ground firmly under the artillery fire, poured in a withering volley. The British line staggered, but came on. As they mounted the parapet another light volley did even more execution, but it was the last. The American powder was exhausted, and the Minute Men could meet the bayonets only with clubbed muskets. It was a useless and hopeless waste of life to contend with such odds under such conditions, and Prescott gave the word to retreat. His men fell back from the redoubt, he himself going last, and parrying bayonet thrusts with his sword. Now it was that the Americans suffered most severely, and that Warren, one of the best beloved of the popular leaders, was killed. Nevertheless, the men drew off steadily and without panic. The brave troops at the rail fence who had fought so well all day, checked the British advance and covered the retreat of the main body under Prescott; Andrew McClary, the gallant major of the New Hampshire company, being killed as he brought off his men. All that was left of the little American band retreated in good order across the Neck. They were not pursued. General Clinton, who

had joined before the last attack, urged Howe to follow up his victory, but Howe and his men had had enough. They took possession of Bunker Hill with fresh reinforcements, and contented themselves with holding what they had gained, while the Americans established themselves upon the hills on the other side of Charlestown Neck. They had been driven from their advanced position, but one great result had been gained. The losses had been so severe that the British plan to take Dorchester Heights had to be given up. If the colonists could have held Breed's Hill, the British would have been compelled to abandon Boston at once; but the fact that they failed to hold it did not give the British a position which enabled them to command the American lines, or to prevent a close siege which would ultimately force evacuation.

Such was the battle of Bunker Hill. The victory was with the British, for they took the contested ground and held it. But the defeat of Bunker Hill was worth many victories to the Americans. It proved to them that British troops were not invincible, as they had been so confidently assured. It proved their own fighting capacity, and gave strength and heart to the people of every colony. Concord and Lexington had made civil war inevitable. Bunker Hill showed that the Revolution, rightly led, was certain to succeed. The story of Bunker Hill battle has been told in prose and verse many times, and there is nothing to be added to the facts, but there was a meaning to it which was entirely overlooked at the moment, and which has never been sufficiently emphasized since. The fact that the British carried the hill is nothing, for they lost thirteen colonies in consequence. But it is in the statistics of the battle

that the real lesson lay, a lesson which showed how disastrous a day it really had been for the British army, and which if taken to heart by the Ministry, a thing quite impossible under the circumstances, might have led even then to peace and concession. The price paid for that hill on June 17, 1775, was enormous, without regard to more remote results. Never had the British troops behaved with more stubborn bravery; never had they been more ruthlessly sacrificed, and never up to that time had British soldiers faced such a fire. They brought into action something over three thousand men, and not more than thirty-five hundred. The official British returns give the killed and wounded as 1,054. The Americans in Boston insisted that the British loss reached 1,500, but let us take only the official return of 1,054. That means that the British loss was a trifle over thirty per cent. The significance of these figures can only be understood by a few comparisons. The statistics of losses in Marlborough's battles are rough and inexact, but so far as we know the allies lost at Blenheim, where only 16,000 of the 55,000 were British troops, about twenty-five per cent.; at Ramillies about seven per cent.; at Malplaquet less than twenty-five per cent.; at Fontenoy, where the Duke of Cumberland, the "Martial Boy, *sans peur et sans avis,*" hurled the British force at the centre of the French line in a charge as magnificent and desperate as it was wild and foolish, there were 28,000 English soldiers in the army, and the loss in killed and wounded was somewhat over fourteen per cent. Thus we see the correctness of the statement that no English soldiers had at that time ever faced such a fire as they met at Bunker Hill. In later times the British loss at Waterloo was nearly thirty-

four per cent., and the loss of the allied armies about fifteen per cent.; while at Gettysburg the Union army lost about twenty-five per cent., and these were two of the bloodiest of modern battles. Waterloo lasted all day, Gettysburg three days, Bunker Hill, an hour and a half. At Gravelotte, the most severe battle of our own time, and with modern weapons, the German loss was less than fourteen per cent. Take another significant feature at Bunker Hill. One hundred and fifty-seven British officers were killed or wounded. Wellington had four hundred and fifty-six killed or wounded at Waterloo. If the Bunker Hill proportion had been maintained he should have lost nine hundred and forty-two. The American loss was less than the British, because the men fought from behind intrenchments, and it was sustained chiefly in the last hand-to-hand struggle. Nevertheless, it was very severe. At different times the Americans appear to have had in Charlestown between two and three thousand men, but Washington, who was most accurate and had careful returns, stated that they never had more than fifteen hundred men engaged, which agrees with the best estimates that can be now made of the number of men who fought at the redoubt and behind the rail fence. The American loss was, from the best reports available, four hundred and eleven killed and wounded, at least twenty per cent. of the whole force actually engaged.

These statistics of the British loss, when analyzed, show the gallantry of the English soldiers, which no other race at that time could have equalled, and a folly on the part of their commanders in attempting to rush an earthwork held by such opponents, which it is hard to realize. Yet it is in the reasons for that very folly,

which proved such a piece of good fortune to Prescott and his men, that we can find an explanation for the American Revolution, and for the disasters to the British arms which accompanied it.

Englishmen generally took the view that the people of the American Colonies were in all ways inferior to themselves, and particularly in fighting capacity. Lord Sandwich was not exceptional in his ignorance when he declared that the Yankees were cowards. Weight was given to what he said merely because he happened to be a peer, but his views were shared by most public men in England, and by most of the representatives of the English Crown in America, both military and civil. The opinion of statesmen like Chatham, Camden, or Burke was disregarded, while that of Lord Sandwich and other persons equally unintelligent was accepted. It was this stupidity and lack of knowledge which gave birth to the policy that resulted in colonial resistance to the Stamp Act, and later to the assembling of the first Revolutionary Congress. It seems very strange that intelligent men should have had such ideas in regard to the people of the American Colonies, when the slightest reflection would have disclosed to them the truth. The men of New England, against whom their wrath was first directed, were of almost absolutely pure English stock. They were descendants of the Puritans, and of the men who followed Cromwell and formed the famous army which he led to a series of unbroken victories. Whatever the faults of the Puritans may have been, no one ever doubted their ability in public affairs, their qualities as citizens, or, above all, their fighting capacity. In the one hundred and twenty-five years which had elapsed since that period, what had

happened to make their descendants in the New World degenerate? The people of New England had made a hard fight to establish their homes in the wilderness, to gather subsistence, and, later, wealth from an ungrateful soil and from the stormy seas of the North Atlantic. They had been engaged in almost constant warfare with the Indians and French and had formed a large part of the armies with which Pitt had wrested Canada from France. Surely there was nothing in all this to weaken their fibre or to destroy their fighting qualities. Frontiersmen and pioneers whose arms were the axe and the rifle, sturdy farmers and hardy fishermen from the older settlements, of almost pure English blood, with a small infusion of Huguenots and a slight mingling, chiefly in New Hampshire, of Scotch-Irish from Londonderry, were not, on the face of things, likely to be timid or weak. Yet these were the very men Lord Sandwich and the Ministry, and England generally, set down as cowards, who would run like sheep before the British troops. While the resistance to the English policy of interference was confined to the arena of debate and of parliamentary opposition, the rulers of England found the representatives of these American people to be good lawyers, keen politicians and statesmen, able to frame state papers of the highest merit. Untaught, however, by the controversy of words, they resorted to force; and when the British generals, on the morning of June 17th, beheld the rude earthworks on Breed's Hill, their only feeling was one of scorn for the men who had raised them, and of irritation at the audacity which prompted the act. With such beliefs they undertook to march up to the redoubt as they would have paraded to check the advance of a

city mob. When they came within range they were met by a fire which, in accuracy and in rapidity, surpassed anything they had ever encountered. As they fell back broken from the slopes of the hill their one feeling was that of surprise. Yet all that had happened was the most natural thing in the world. To men who had fought in the French and Indian wars, who had been bred on the farm and fishing smack, who were accustomed to arms from their youth, who, with a single bullet, could pick off a squirrel from the top of the highest tree, it was an easy matter, even though they were undisciplined, to face the British soldiers and cut them down with a fire so accurate that even stubborn British courage could not withstand it. Contempt for all persons not living in England, and profound ignorance of all people but their own, were the reasons for the merciless slaughter which came upon the British soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill. The lesson of that day was wasted upon England, because insular contempt for every other people on earth, even if they are kith and kin, is hard to overcome. It was, however, a good beginning, and the lesson was ultimately learned, for the same ignorance and contempt which led to the reckless charges against the Charlestown earthworks dictated the policy and sustained the war which cost England the surrender of two armies and the loss of thirteen great colonies. Perfect satisfaction with one's self, coupled with a profound ignorance and openly expressed contempt in regard to other people, no doubt tend to comfort in life, but they sometimes prove to be luxuries which it is expensive to indulge in too freely.

CHAPTER V

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

BUNKER HILL revealed at once the strength and weakness of the Americans. At Bunker Hill, as at Concord and Lexington, it was the people who had risen up and fought, just as fifteen years later it was the people of France who rose up and defied Europe, unchaining a new force which the rulers of Europe despised until it crushed them. So England despised her colonists, and when they turned against her they started the great democratic movement and let loose against the mother-country a new force, that of a whole people ready to do battle for their rights. The power which this new force had and the native fighting qualities of the American soldiers were vividly shown at Bunker Hill, and there, too, was exhibited its weakness. The popular army was unorganized, divided into separate bands quite independent of each other, undisciplined, and unled. Hence the ultimate defeat which prevision, organization, and tenacity of purpose would have so easily prevented. What the people could do fighting for themselves and their own rights was plain. Equally plain was the point where they failed. Could they redeem this failure and eradicate the cause of it? Could the popular force be organized, disciplined, trained, and made subordinate to a single purpose? In other words,

could it produce a leader, recognize him when found, concentrate in him all the power and meaning it had, rise out of anarchy and chaos into order and light, and follow one man through victory and defeat to ultimate triumph? These were the really great questions before the American people when the smoke had cleared and the bodies had been borne away from the slopes of Breed's Hill.

In such a time few men look below the surface of events and the actors in it must deal with the hard, insistent facts which press close against them. No one realized that the American people had been brought suddenly to a harder trial than facing British bayonets. No one understood at the moment that it must quickly be determined whether the popular movement was able to bring forth a leader, and then submit to and obey him, or whether after an outburst of brave fighting it was to fall back into weakness, confusion, and defeat.

Yet this mighty question was upon them, and even while they were still counting their dead in Boston and Cambridge, the leader was on his way to put his fortune, which was that of the American Revolution, to the test. On June 21st Washington started from Philadelphia. He had ridden barely twenty miles when he met the messengers from Bunker Hill. There had been a battle, they said. He asked but one question, "Did the militia fight?" When told how they had fought, he said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," and rode on. Give him men who would fight and he would do the rest. Here was a leader clearly marked out. Would the people risen up in war recognize the great fact and acknowledge it?

A pause in New York long enough to put Philip

Schuyler in charge of military affairs in that colony, and Washington pushed on through Connecticut. On July 2d he was at Watertown, where he met the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. An hour later, being little given to talk, he rode on to Cambridge and reached headquarters. The next day the troops were all drawn out on parade, and in their presence, and that of a great concourse, Washington drew his sword and formally took command of the American army. The act performed, cheers and shouts broke forth, and the booming of cannon told the story to the enemy in Boston. The people were evidently with him. They looked upon him as he rode down the lines and were content. The popular movement had found its leader, and the popular instinct recognized him. Yet Washington came to the men of New England a stranger. They were very different from him in thought, in habits, and in modes of life, and like all strong people they were set in their own ways and disposed to be suspicious of those of others. But these men of New England none the less gave their entire confidence to Washington at once and never withdrew it. As General in the field, and later as President, he always had the loyal support of these reserved, hard-headed, and somewhat cold, people. They recognized him as a leader that morning on Cambridge Common, for there was that in his look and manner which impressed those who looked upon him with a sense of power. He was a man to be trusted and followed, and the keen intelligence of New England grasped the fact at the first glance.

Washington did not understand them quite as quickly as they understood him, for with the people it was an instinct, while with him understanding came

from experience. At first, too, it was a rough experience. He found his new soldiers independent in their ways, as unaccustomed to discipline as they were averse to it, electing and deposing their officers, disposed to insubordination, and only too ready to go off in order to attend to their domestic affairs, and return in leisurely fashion when their business was done. To a soldier like Washington this was all intolerable, and he wrote and said many severe things about them, no doubt accompanying his words sometimes when he spoke with outbursts of wrath before which the boldest shrank. The officers and contractors troubled him even more than the men, for he found them hard bargainers, sharp, and, as it often seemed to him, utterly selfish. He dealt with these evils in the effective and rapid way with which he always met such difficulties. In his own plain language he made "a good slam" among the wrong-doers and the faint-hearted. He broke several officers, put others under arrest, and swiftly changed the whole tone of the army. He had less trouble with the rank and file than with the officers, but all soon came straight, the criticisms of his troops disappear from his letters, and six months later he praises them in high terms. He entered on the war with an army composed wholly of New England men. He ended the revolution with an army, after seven years' fighting, largely made up from the same New England people, and then it was that he said that there were no better troops in the world. The faults which annoyed him so much at the outset had long since vanished under his leadership, and the fine qualities of the men, their courage, intelligence, endurance, and grim tenacity of purpose had become predominant.

Washington, a great commander, had the genius for getting all that was best out of the men under him, but the work of organizing and disciplining the army at Cambridge was the least of the troubles which confronted him when he faced the situation at Boston. Moreover, he knew all the difficulties, for he not only saw them, but he was never under delusions as to either pleasant or disagreeable facts. One of his greatest qualities was his absolute veracity of mind; he always looked a fact of any sort squarely in the face, and this is what he saw when he turned to the task before him. The town of Boston, the richest, and next to Philadelphia the most populous in the colonies, was in the hands of the enemy, who had some twelve thousand regular troops, well armed, perfectly disciplined, and thoroughly supplied with every munition of war. This well-equipped force had command of the sea, and how much the sea-power meant, Washington understood thoroughly. He knew with his broad grasp of mind what no one else appreciated at all, that in the sea-power was the key of the problem and the strength of the English. That gone, all would be easy. While England commanded the sea the struggle was certain to be long and doubtful. All the later years of the war, indeed, were devoted by Washington to a combination by which through the French alliance he could get a sea-control. When he obtained it, he swept the chief British army out of existence, and ended the war. But here at the start in Boston the enemy had control of the sea, and there was no way of getting it from them. The set task of driving the British out of Boston must be performed, therefore, while they commanded the sea, and had a powerful fleet at their backs.

What means did Washington have to accomplish this formidable undertaking? An unorganized army of raw men, brave and ready to fight, but imperfectly armed, and still more imperfectly disciplined. The first thing that Washington did on taking command was to count his soldiers, and at the end of eight days he had a complete return, which he should have obtained in an hour, and that return showed him fourteen thousand men instead of the twenty thousand he had been promised. What a task it was to drive from Boston twelve thousand regular troops, supported by a fleet; and only fourteen thousand militia to do it with. How could it be done? Not by a popular uprising, for uprisings do not hold out for months with patient endurance and steady pushing toward a distant aim. No, this was work that must be done by one man, embodying and leading, it is true, the great popular force which had started into life, but still one man. It was for George Washington, with such means as he had or could create, to take the town, and the story of the siege of Boston is simply the story of how he did it.

Very rapidly discipline improved, and the militia took on the ways and habits of a regular army. The lines were extended and every strategic point covered, so that in a short time it was really impossible for the enemy to get out except by a pitched battle fought at great disadvantage. Observers in the army and on the spot could not explain just how this was all brought about, but they knew what was done, and they saw the new general on the lines every day. By the end of July the army was in good form, ready to fight and to hold their works. Then it was suddenly discovered that there was no gunpowder in the camp. An ex-

tensive line of works to be defended, a well-furnished regular army to be besieged, and only nine rounds of ammunition per man to do it with. There could hardly have been a worse situation, for if under such conditions the enemy were to make a well-supported sally, they could only be resisted for a few minutes at most. Washington faced the peril in silence and without wavering. Hard-riding couriers were despatched all over the country to every village and town to ask for, and, if need be, seize powder. A vessel was even sent to the Bermudas, where it was reported some gunpowder was to be had. By these desperate efforts enough powder was obtained to relieve the immediate strain, but all through the winter the supply continued to be dangerously low.

The anxieties and labors of the army and the siege were enough to tax the strongest will and the keenest brain to the utmost, and yet Washington was obliged to carry at the same time all the responsibility for military operations everywhere. He was watching Johnson and his Indians in the valley of the Mohawk, and Tryon and the Tories in New York. He was urged to send troops to this place and that, and he had to consider every demand and say "no" as he did to Connecticut and Long Island when he thought that the great objects of his campaign would be injured by such a diversion. At the same time he planned and sent out expeditions aimed at a distant but really vital point which showed how he grasped the whole situation, and how true his military conceptions were. He saw that one of the essential parts of his problem was to prevent invasion from the north, and that this could be done best by taking possession of Canada. Success in

this direction was possible, if at all, only by an extremely quick and early movement, for in a very short time the British would be so strong in the valley of the St. Lawrence that any attempt on their positions would be quite hopeless. He therefore sent one expedition under Montgomery by Lake Champlain to Montreal, and another under Arnold through Maine to meet the New York forces at Quebec. Montgomery met with entire success. He passed up the lake, after a siege took St. Johns, and then pressed on to Montreal, which he captured without difficulty. Meantime Arnold, with some eleven hundred men, was making his desperate march through the forests of Maine. Even now a large part of his route is still a wilderness. He encountered every obstacle and hardship that it is possible to conceive — hunger, cold, exposure, terrible marches through primeval woods, voyages down turbulent streams, where boats were sunk and upset with the drowning of men and loss of provisions and munitions. Still Arnold kept on with the reckless daring and indomitable spirit so characteristic of the man. With a sadly diminished force he came out at last in the open country, and after a short rest pushed on to the St. Lawrence. When he reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec, there was no Montgomery to meet him. Nevertheless he crossed the river, but his force was too small to attack, and he withdrew. Meantime Burr, disguised as a priest, reached Montreal from Quebec, and Montgomery came down the river and joined Arnold, but only with some three hundred men. It was now December and a Canadian winter was upon them. Nevertheless, the united forces, to the number of a thousand, made a desperate attack upon the city. Mont-

gomery was killed in the assault, and his men repulsed. Arnold penetrated into the city, was badly wounded, and forced to leave the field. Carleton, enabled by the defeat of Montgomery to concentrate his defence, forced Morgan, who had succeeded to the command after some desperate fighting in the streets, to surrender. This was really the end of the attempt on Canada, despite the fact that Arnold, with only five hundred men, held Carleton besieged in Quebec all winter. But although new generals came, and in the spring Washington at great risk detached reinforcements from his own army to aid the men in the north, on the breaking up of the ice in the river the Americans were compelled to withdraw from Quebec and later from Montreal. The attempt had failed, the north and the valley of the St. Lawrence remained open to England, and Canada was lost to the Americans. It was a well-conceived, boldly planned expedition, defeated by a series of unforeseen obstacles here, and a little delay there; but its failure was very fruitful of consequences, both near and remote, just as its success would have been in another direction.

Planning and carrying on bold schemes, like this against Canada, was far more to Washington's taste than the grinding, harassing work of slowly organizing an army, and without proper material pressing siege-operations. Still he kept everything well in hand. He chafed under the delays of the work at Boston; he knew that at this juncture time helped England, and he wanted to make the fullest use of the first energy of the popular enthusiasm. Early in September he proposed an attack on Boston by boats and along Roxbury Neck, and a little later another of similar char-

acter. In both cases his council of officers went against him, and he had not reached that point of discipline where he could afford to disregard them and follow his own opinion alone, as he so often did afterward.

Councils of officers, however, were not his only trouble or hindrance. Congress wanted speed; while his officers thought him rash, Congress thought him slow, and demanded the impossible. They wondered why he did not at once secure the harbor without ships, and urged him to set up batteries and open on the town when he had neither siege-guns nor powder. Congress had to be managed, and so did the Provincial Congresses, each unreasonable in its own way, and from them, moreover, he was compelled to procure money and supplies and men. With infinite tact and patience he succeeded with them all. Enlistments expired, and he was obliged to lose his old army and replace it with a new one—not a pleasant or easy undertaking in the presence of the enemy and in the midst of a New England winter. But it was done. Privateers began to appear, and rendered great service by their attacks on the enemy's commerce. They brought in many valuable prizes, and Washington had to be a naval department, and, in a measure, an admiralty court. Again the work was done. Gage treated American prisoners badly. With dignity, firmness, and a good deal of stern vigor, Washington brought him to terms and taught him a much-needed lesson both in humanity and manners.

So the winter wore on. Unable to attack, and with no material for siege-operations, he could only hold the British where they were and make their situation difficult by cutting off all supplies by land with his troops,

and by water with his privateers. It was dreary work, and no real advance seemed to be made, until in February the well-directed efforts began to tell and light at last began to break. Powder by great diligence had been gathered from every corner, and the Americans now had it in sufficient quantity to justify attack. Henry Knox, sent to Ticonderoga, had brought thence on sledges over the snow the cannon captured by Ethan Allen that memorable May morning. Thus supplied, Washington determined to move. His first plan was to cross the ice with his army and storm the city. This suited his temperament, and also was the shortest way, as well as the one which would be most destructive and ruinous to the enemy. Again, however, the officers protested. They prevented the crossing on the ice, but they could no longer hold back their chief. If he could not go across the ice, then he would go by land, but attack he would. On the evening of Monday, March 4th, under cover of a heavy bombardment, he marched a large body of troops to Dorchester Heights, and began to throw up redoubts. All night long Washington rode up and down the lines encouraging his men and urging them to work. He knew them now, they had always believed in him, and under such leadership and with such men, the works grew rapidly. When morning broke there was, as on June 17th, great stir and excitement in Boston, and it was plain that the British meant to come out and attack. Washington's spirits rose at the prospect. He had had enough of siege-work, and was eager to fight. Meantime his men worked on hard and fast. The British troops made ready, but a gale came up and they could not cross the bay. The next day there was a storm and heavy rain.

The next day it was too late; the works were too strong to be attempted successfully. Then the Ticonderoga guns began to send shot and shell into Boston, and parleys were opened. Howe, through the selectmen, promised to evacuate if not molested, but if attacked declared that he would burn the town. Washington assented to this proposition, but still Howe delayed, and Washington, not fond of delays or uncertainties, advanced his works. The hint was enough, and on March 17th, amid disorder and pillage, leaving cannon and much else behind, eleven thousand British troops with about a thousand Boston Tories went on board the fleet, while Washington marched in at the other end of the town. The fleet lingered at the entrance to the harbor, closely watched by Washington, for a few days, and then sailed away to Halifax.

The victory was won. Boston was in the hands of the Americans, and so remained. Except for raids here and there, and an attack on Newport, the war in New England was over, and those colonies, the richest and most populous, with their long coast-line and ample harbors, were set free to give all their strength to the general cause without being held back or distracted by fighting for their own firesides. To have driven the British from New England and from her capital city in this complete and rapid fashion, was not only a victory, but an achievement of immense importance toward the ultimate success of the Revolution.

It was, moreover, in a purely military way, a very remarkable feat of arms. We cannot improve on Washington's own statement, simple, concise, and sufficient as his statements always are. "To maintain," he said, "a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six

months together without powder, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty odd British regiments is more, probably, than was ever attempted." It was in truth a daring attempt, and the success was extraordinary. The beginning came from the armed people of the colonies. The final victory was won by the genius of Washington, whom the people had the wisdom to obey and the sense and strength to follow.

The Americans outnumbered the British, but not more than in the proportion of three to two, and this was little enough, as they had to hold the outer and besieging line. They were inferior to their opponents in discipline, equipment, organization, experience, and, worst of all, they had no sea-power whatever. All English soldiers were brave, and there could be no question about the unflinching courage of the men who had stormed the works at Bunker Hill. How was it then that with all the odds in their favor, when they should have broken the American lines and defeated the American army again and again, how was it that they were taken in an iron grip, held fast all winter, reduced to great straits, and finally driven ignominiously from the town they held by the army and the general they despised? The answer is really simple, difficult as the question seems on the face. The American troops were of just as good fighting quality as the British, and they were led by a great soldier, one of the great soldiers, as events showed, of the century. The British were commanded by some physically brave gentlemen of good family and slender intellect. Such men as these had no chance against a general like Washington so long as he had men who would fight and

enough gunpowder for his cannon and muskets. He closed in on them, using to the utmost his inferior resources, and finally had them in so tight a grip that there was nothing for them but flight or a bloody defeat in the streets of a burning town. It was neither by accident nor by cowardice that the British were beaten out of Boston; it was by the military capacity of one man triumphing over extraordinary difficulties of his own and helped by unusual stupidity and incompetence on the part of his enemy whom he accurately estimated.

How was it, to go a step farther, that such men as Gage and Clinton and Howe were sent out to conquer men of their own race, risen in arms, and led by George Washington? For the same reason that the British soldiers were marched up the slopes of Bunker Hill as if they were going on a holiday parade. It was because England's Ministers and people knew nothing of the Americans, wanted to know nothing, despised them, thought them cowards, and never dreamed for one moment that they could produce a great general. There was absolutely no reason in the nature of things why the Americans should not be able to fight and bring forth great commanders. As a matter of fact they did both, but as they were no longer native Englishmen, England believed they could do neither. Bunker Hill threw some light on the first theory; George Washington riding into Boston in the wake of a flying British army, illuminated the second. England learned nothing from either event, except that coercion would require larger forces than she had anticipated; still less did she suspect that the men who could write the State papers of Congress could also be diplomatists and find

powerful allies. She was about to win some military successes, as was to be expected with the odds so largely in her favor. Encouraged by them, she paid no real heed either to Bunker Hill or Boston, and neither revised her estimate of the American soldier, nor paid much attention to his chief. Yet both events were of inestimable importance, for one showed the fighting quality of the American people, the other the military capacity and moral force of Washington, and it was by the fighting of the American soldier and the ability and indomitable courage of Washington that the American Revolution came to victory. Much else contributed to that victory, but without Washington and the soldiers who followed him, it would have been impossible.

CHAPTER VI

THE SPREAD OF REVOLUTION

IT would have been a very obvious part of good military judgment for the British commanders to endeavor to force Washington away from Boston by assailing his communications to the west and south, or by attacks in other important quarters, which would have demanded relief from the main army. Military judgment, however, was not a quality for which the British generals in Boston were conspicuous. Still less is it conceivable that any of them should have taken a broad view of the whole military situation and sought to compel Washington to raise the siege by a movement in another direction, as Scipio, to take a proverbial example, forced Hannibal out of Italy by the invasion of Africa. This none the less was one intelligent course to pursue. Another equally sensible would have been to concentrate the war at Boston, and by avoiding collisions and cultivating good relations with the people of the other colonies endeavor to separate Massachusetts from the rest of the continent. The British took neither course, and so lost the advantages of both. They did enough to alarm and excite the other colonies and to make them feel that the cause of Massachusetts was their own, and yet they did not do

anything sufficiently effective even to distract Washington's attention, much less loosen his iron grip on Boston.

In October, 1775, Captain Mowatt appeared off Falmouth, in Maine, where the city of Portland now stands, opened fire and destroyed the little town by a heavy bombardment. It was an absolutely useless performance; led to nothing, and was hurtful to the British cause. Washington at once made preparations to defend Portsmouth, thinking that the New Hampshire town would be the next victim, but the British had no plan, not enough even to make their raids continuous and effective. They stopped with the burning of Falmouth, which was sufficient to alarm every coast-town in New England, and make the people believe that their only hope of saving their homes was in a desperate warfare; and which at the same time did not weaken the Americans in the least or force Washington to raise the siege of Boston.

In explanation of the attack on Falmouth, it could at least be said that it was a New England town and belonged to Massachusetts, and that all New England practically was in arms. But even this could not be urged in defence of the British policy elsewhere. In the middle colonies, where the loyalists were strong and the people generally conservative, little was done to hurry on the Revolution. The English representatives, except Tryon, who was active and intriguing in New York, behaved, on the whole, with sense and moderation, and did nothing to precipitate the appeal to arms.

In the South the case was widely different. The British governors there, one after the other, became

embroiled with the people at the earliest moment; then, without being in the least personal danger, fled to a man-of-war, and wound up by making some petty and ineffective attack which could have no result but irritation. Thus Lord Dunmore behaved in Virginia. It is true that that great colony was like New England, almost a unit in the policy of resistance to England, yet she had committed no overt act herself, and good sense would seem to have dictated every effort to postpone the appeal to force. Lord Dunmore, however, after much arguing and proclaiming, betook himself to a man-of-war. There was nothing sanguinary or murderous about the American Revolution, for it was waged on a principle and not in revenge for wrongs; but, nevertheless, Lord Dunmore apparently thought his precious life was in peril. Having ensconced himself safely in the war-ship, with a delightful absence of humor he summoned the assembly to meet him at the seat of government, an invitation not accepted by the Burgesses. Then he dropped down the river, was joined by some additional war-ships, made an attack on the village of Hampton, and was repulsed. Foiled there, he took position in the rear of Norfolk, commanding the bridge, and drove off some militia. The Virginians, now thoroughly aroused, called out some troops, a sharp action ensued, and the British forces were very creditably beaten. Still unsatisfied, Lord Dunmore proceeded to bombard and destroy Norfolk, the largest and most important town in the colony. This was his last exploit, but he had done a good deal. His flight had cleared the way for an independent provincial government. His attack on Hampton and the fight at the bridge had brought war into Virginia,

and her people, brave, hardy, and very ready to fight, had quickly crossed the Rubicon and committed themselves to revolution. The burning of Norfolk, wanton as it was, added to the political resistance a keen sense of wrong, and a desire for vengeance which were not present before. The destruction of the Virginia seaport also had the effect of exciting and alarming the whole Southern seaboard, and brought no advantage whatever to the cause of England. Altogether, it seems that Lord Dunmore's policy, if he was capable of having one, was to spread the Revolution as fast, and cement the union of all the colonies as strongly, as possible.

Unlike Virginia, the Carolinas were sharply divided in regard to the differences with the mother-country. In North Carolina there was a strong loyalist party, the bulk of which numerically was formed of Highlanders who had come to America since 1745, and conspicuous among whom were the famous Flora Macdonald and her husband. Martin, the Governor there, went through the customary performances of British governors. He stirred up one part of the community against the other, set a civil war on foot in the colony, betook himself to a man-of-war, and cried out for help from England. The usual result followed. The loyalists attacked the Minute Men under Caswell, who had posted themselves at a bridge from which they had taken the planks. The Highlanders gallantly attempted to cross on the beams but were beaten back, for the claymore was no match for the rifle. In this way the colony was alienated from the Crown, fighting was started, the party of revolution and resistance was left with a clear field and a free hand as the only posi-

tive force, to set up an independent government and seize all authority.

In South Carolina there was a similar division between the people and planters of the seaboard, who were on the American side, and the herdsmen and small farmers of the interior, many of whom inclined strongly to the Crown. This division, Lord William Campbell the Governor—made such merely because he was one of a noble family—did all in his power to foment. British agents were sent into the western counties to rouse the inhabitants, and not content with this, these same agents began to intrigue with the Indians. If any one thing was more calculated than all else to make the rupture with the mother-country hopeless, it was the idea of letting loose the Indians upon the frontier. To incite this savage warfare was to drive the Americans to desperation and to convert even loyalists to the cause of resistance and hatred against England. Yet the English Ministry resorted to this inhuman scheme, and in the North their Indian allies fought for them diligently and damaged their cause irreparably. The Indian intriguing in South Carolina did not, at this time, come to much, but Lord William Campbell apparently felt that he had done enough. He had stirred up strife, incited the patriots to begin the work of fortifying Charleston Harbor, and then he departed to the customary man-of-war, leaving his opponents to take control of the government while he urged aid from England, and explained what cowards and poor creatures generally the Americans were from whom he had run away.

Georgia was weak, the youngest of all the colonies, and her Governor, Sir James Wright, was prudent and

conciliatory. So the colony kept quiet, sent no delegates to the first, and only one, who was locally chosen, to the second Congress. The condition of Georgia was a lesson as to the true policy of England had her Ministry understood how to divide the colonies one from another. But they seemed to think that the way to hold the colonies to England and to prevent their union, was to make a show of force everywhere. Such stupidity, as Dr. Johnson said, does not seem in nature, but that it existed is none the less certain. So in due course, dulness being in full control in London, a small squadron appeared off Savannah. Immediately the people who had been holding back from revolution rose in arms. Sir James Wright was arrested, and the other officers of the Crown fled, or were made prisoners. Three weeks later the Governor escaped, took refuge in the conventional manner on a convenient man-of-war, and then announced that the people were under the control of the Carolinas and could only be subdued by force. Thus Georgia, menaced by England and deserted by her Governor, passed over to independence and organized a government of her own, when she might have been kept at least neutral, owing to her position, her weakness, and her exposed frontier.

The actions of their governors were sufficient to alienate the Southern colonies and push on the movement toward independence, but a far more decisive step was taken by the English Government itself. In October, 1775, the King decided that the South, which had thus far done nothing but sympathize with the North and sustain Massachusetts in Congress, must be attacked and brought by force into a proper frame of mind. The King therefore planned an expedition against the

Southern colonies in October and decided that Clinton should have the command. The manner in which this affair was managed is an illustration of the incapacity of English administration, which so recently, under Pitt, had sustained Frederick of Prussia, and conquered North America from the French. Not until February did the expedition under Admiral Parker sail with the fleet and transports from Cork. Not until May did Clinton receive his instructions, and it was the third of that month when the fleet, much scattered, finally entered Cape Fear River. The conduct of the expedition conformed with its organization, and differences between the general and the admiral began at once. Clinton wanted to go to the Chesapeake, while Lord William Campbell urged an attack on Charleston. The latter's council prevailed, and after Cornwallis had landed, destroyed a plantation, and roused the people of North Carolina by a futile raid, the fleet departed for the south.

It was the first day of June when news was brought to Charleston that a fleet of forty or fifty sail were some twenty miles north of the bar. The tidings were grave indeed, but South Carolina had improved the time since Lord William Campbell's departure under the bold and vigorous leadership of John Rutledge, who had been chosen President of the colony. Work had been pushed vigorously on the defences, and especially at Sullivan's Island, where a fort of palmetto-wood was built and manned under the direction and command of William Moultrie. Continental troops arrived from the North. First came General Armstrong of Pennsylvania, then two North Carolina regiments, and then the best regiment of Virginia. Also

came General Charles Lee, to whom great deference was paid on account of his rank in the Continental Army, and still more because he was an Englishman. As usual, however, Lee did no good, and if his advice had been followed he would have done much harm. He made an early visit to Sullivan's Island, pronounced the fort useless, and advised its abandonment. Moultrie, a very quiet man of few words, replied that he thought he could hold the fort, which was all he ever said apparently to any of the prophets of evil who visited him. At all events, sustained by Rutledge, he stayed calmly and silently where he was, strengthening the fort and making ready for an attack. Lee, who took the British view that British soldiers were invincible, then proceeded to do everything in his power to make them so, and being unable to induce Rutledge to order the abandonment of the island, he withdrew some of the troops and then devoted himself to urging Moultrie to build a bridge to retreat over. Moultrie, however, like many other brave men, had apparently a simple and straightforward mind. He had come to fight, not retreat, and he went on building his fort and paid little attention to the matter of the bridge.

But although Lee was doing all the damage he could by interfering with Moultrie, the government of the colony gave the latter hearty backing and supported him by well-arranged defences. Fortunately, there was an abundance of men to draw upon—all the South Carolina militia, the continental troops, and the regiments from North Carolina and Virginia. Armstrong, who acted cordially with Moultrie, was at Hadrell's Point with some fifteen hundred men, while Thomson, of Orangeburg, with nearly a thousand riflemen from

the Carolinas, was sent to the island to support the garrison. In addition to this, Gadsden, with the first Carolina regiment, occupied Fort Johnson, and there were about two thousand more men in the city. Charleston itself had also been diligently and rapidly fortified when the Government heard of the coming of the British; warehouses had been taken down and batteries and works established along the water-front. The skill, thoroughness, and intelligence shown in the preparations of South Carolina were wholly admirable, and to them was largely due the victory which was won.

Zealously, however, as these preparations had been made, they were in a large measure completed and perfected only after the news of the coming of the British fleet and army had been received. It seems almost incredible when time was so vital to success that the English should have given to their opponents such ample opportunity to make ready. But so it was. It was the 1st of June when Parker came off the bar with his ships, and a month elapsed before he attacked. Such inefficiency is not easily understood; nor is it clear why the English should have been so delayed. They seem indeed simply to have wasted their time. Not until June 7th did Clinton send on shore his proclamation denouncing the rebels. On the 9th he began to disembark his men on Long Island, having been told that there was a practicable ford between that place and Sullivan's Island where the fort stood, a piece of information which he did not even take the trouble to verify. On the 10th the British came over the bar with thirty or forty vessels, including the transports. What they did during the ensuing week is not clear. Clinton completed the landing of his troops, more than

three thousand in number, on the island, which was a naked sand-bar, where the men were scorched by the sun, bitten by mosquitoes, forced to drink bad water, and suffered from lack of provisions. Having comfortably established his army in this desirable spot, he then thoughtfully looked for the practicable ford, found there was none, and announced the interesting discovery to Sir Peter Parker. That excellent seaman was not apparently disturbed. Indeed, his interest in Clinton seems to have been of the slightest. He exercised his sailors and marines in the movements for entering a fort, and felt sure of an easy victory, for he despised the Americans, and was confident that he could get on perfectly well without Clinton. In this view he was encouraged by letters from the Governor of East Florida, who assured him that South Carolina was really loyal, and that the fort would yield at once, while he was still further cheered by the arrival of the Experiment, a fifty-gun ship. Thus strengthened, and with a fair wind, he at last bore down toward the fort on June 28th.

Moultrie was entirely ready. He sent Thomson with the riflemen down toward the east to watch Clinton on Long Island and to prevent his crossing, while with four hundred and fifty men he prepared to defend the fort himself. The attack began about ten o'clock in the morning. First two vessels shelled the fort, then four more (including the Bristol and Experiment, fifty-gun ships) anchored within four hundred yards of the fort and opened a heavy fire. The palmetto logs stood the shots admirably, for the balls sank into the soft wood, which neither broke nor splintered. To counterbalance this good fortune, Moultrie, unluckily,

had very little powder and received only a small additional supply later in the day, so that he was obliged to husband his resources, and kept up a slow, although steady, fire. It was, however, well aimed and very destructive. The Bristol suffered severely; her cables were cut, and as she swung to the tide the Americans raked her. Three fresh ships which came up ran aground. The men in the fort suffered but little, and when the flag was shot away, Sergeant Jasper sprang to the parapet in the midst of the shot and shell and replaced it on a halberd. So the day slowly passed. The British kept up a heavy cannonade, while the Americans replied by a slow and deadly fire, striking the ships with almost every shot. Meantime the army on Long Island assisted as spectators. Clinton looked at the place where the ford should have been and decided not to cross. He then put some of his men in boats, but on examining Thomson and his riflemen, perhaps with memories of Bunker Hill floating in his mind, concluded that to attempt a landing would be a mere waste of life. So he stayed on the sand-bank and sweltered, and watched the ships. At last the long hot day drew to a close and Admiral Parker, having suffered severely, and made no impression whatever on the fort, slipped his cables and dropped down to his old anchorage.

When morning came, the results of the fighting were apparent. The Actæon was aground, and was burned to the water's edge. The Bristol had lost two masts, and was practically a wreck. The Experiment was little better. Altogether, the British lost two hundred and five men killed and wounded, and one man-of-war. The Americans lost eleven men killed, and had

twenty-six wounded. It was a very well-fought action, and the honor of the day belonged to Moultrie, whose calm courage and excellent dispositions enabled him to hold the fort and beat off the enemy. Much was also due to the admirable arrangements made by the South Carolinians, under the lead of Rutledge, who had every important point well-covered and strongly held.

On the side of the British, to the long and injurious delays was added fatal blundering when they finally went into action. Clinton's men were stupidly imprisoned on Long Island, and rendered utterly useless. Parker, instead of running the fort and attacking the city, which from a naval point of view was the one thing to do, for the capture or destruction of the city would have rendered all outposts untenable, anchored in front of the fort within easy range, and tried to pound it down. It was so well built that it resisted his cannonade, and all the advantage was with Moultrie and his men, who with perfect coolness and steady aim cut the men-of-war to pieces, and would have done much more execution if they had been well supplied with powder. It was the same at Charleston as elsewhere. Parker believed that the Americans could not, and would not, fight, but would run away as soon as he laid his ships alongside and began to fire. He never stopped to think that men who drew their blood from England, from the Scotch-Irish, and from the Huguenots, came of fighting stocks, and that the mere fact that they lived in America and not in Great Britain did not necessarily alter their courage or capacity. So he gave them ample time to make ready, and then, on the theory that they would run like sheep, he put his ships up as targets at close range and imagined that he would

thus take the fort. No braver people lived than the South Carolinians. They stood their ground, kept the fort, and fought all day stripped to the waist under the burning sun. After ten hours Parker found his ships terribly cut up and the fort practically intact. Whether during the night he reflected on what had happened, and saw that his perfect contempt for the Americans was the cause of his defeat, no one now can say. Certain it is, however, that after exchanging recriminations with Clinton he gave up any idea of further attack. Clinton and his regiments got off in about three weeks for New York, and Parker, as soon as he was able, departed with his fleet to refit.

The British expedition, politically speaking, ought never to have been sent at all, for its coming simply completed the alienation of the Southern colonies. From a military point of view, it was utterly mismanaged from beginning to end, and the victory won by South Carolina, led by Moultrie and his men, was of immense importance. It consolidated the South and at the same time set them free for three years from British invasion, thus enabling them to give their aid when it was needed in the middle colonies. When war again came upon them the British had been so far checked that the North was able to come to the help of the South. Washington's victory at Boston and the repulse of the British fleet at Charleston, by relieving New England and the South, enabled the Americans to concentrate in the middle colonies at the darkest time when the fate of the revolution was in suspense. The failure of England to hold her position in Massachusetts, or to maintain her invasion of the South, was most disastrous to her cause. Either by political man-

agement or force of arms, she should have separated these regions from the great central provinces. She failed in both directions, and only did enough to drive the colonies together and to encourage the Americans to fight.

CHAPTER VII

INDEPENDENCE

AFTER they had provided themselves with a General and an army, and the General had ridden away to Boston, Congress found themselves in a new position. They had come into existence to represent, in a united way, the views of the colonies in regard to the differences which had arisen with the mother-country, a duty they had performed most admirably. The State papers in which they had set forth their opinions and argued their case were not only remarkable, but they had commanded respect and admiration even in England, and had attracted attention on the Continent of Europe. This was the precise business for which they had been chosen, and they had executed their commission with dignity and ability. They had elevated their cause in the eyes of all men, and had behaved with wisdom and prudence. But this work of theirs was an appeal to reason, and the weapons were debate and argument with which while they were trying to convince England of the justice of their demands, they had strengthened the opinions and sharpened the convictions of their own people. Thus had they stimulated the popular movement which had brought Congress into existence, and thus did they quicken the march of events which bore them forward even in their own despite. While they resolved and

argued and drafted addresses and petitions in Philadelphia, other Americans fought at Concord and Bunker Hill and Ticonderoga. While they discussed and debated, an army of their fellow-citizens gathered around Boston and held a British army besieged. Thus was the responsibility of action forced upon them. They could not escape it. They had themselves helped to create the situation which made the battles in Massachusetts the battles of all the colonies alike. So they proceeded to adopt the army, make generals, and borrow money. In other words, under the pressure of events, these men who had assembled merely to consult and resolve and petition, suddenly became a law-making and executive government. For the first of these functions, thanks to the natural capacity of the race, they were sufficiently well adapted to meet the emergency. If they could pass resolutions, publish addresses, and put forth arguments, as they had done with signal ability, they were entirely capable of passing all the laws necessary for a period of revolution. But when it came to the business of execution and administration, they were almost entirely helpless. That they had no authority was but the least of their difficulties, for authority they could and did assume. Far more serious was the fact that they had no assurance that anything they did or said would be heeded or obeyed, for they represented thirteen colonies, each one of which believed itself to be sovereign and on an equality with the Congress. They were obliged therefore to trust solely to the force of circumstances and to public opinion for obedience to their decrees, and although this obedience came after a halting fashion under the pressure of war, it rested on very weak foundations.

They had no frame of government whatever, no organization, no chief executive, no departments for the transaction of the public business. Yet they were compelled to carry on a war, and war depends but little on legislation and almost wholly on executive action. No legislative body is really fit for executive work; and able, wise, and patriotic as the members of our first Congress were, they could not overcome this fatal defect. They chose committees as a matter of course, and this mitigated the inherent evils of the situation, but was very far from removing them. They were still a legislative body trying to do in various directions work which only a single man could properly undertake. Here then was the great weakness of the American cause, and yet it could not be avoided. A Congress without power and forced to operate through thirteen distinct sovereignties was the only executive government with which the American Revolution began, and it never became much better, although some improvements were effected. At the outset, moreover, the Congress was not clear as to just what it meant to do. They were engaged in actual and flagrant war with England, and at the same time were arguing and reasoning with the mother-country and trying to come to terms of peaceful settlement with her. They despatched George Washington to beleaguer a British army, and at the same time clung to their allegiance to the British Crown. When events forced them to action under these conditions, the feebleness of Congress as an executive government soon became painfully apparent.

They sent Washington off with nothing but his commission, and hoped that they could in one campaign bring about a treaty with England. The New York

Provincial Congress came forward with a plan of peaceful reconciliation, which was all very well, if England had been willing to listen to anything of that sort, and the Continental Congress still labored under the same delusion. Yet there were the hard facts of the situation continually knocking at the door and insisting on an answer. So, even while they were considering plans for peace, they were obliged to act. Money had to be obtained in some way, for schemes of reconciliation paid no bills, and they had adopted an army and made a general. How were they to get it? They had no authority to impose taxes. It is true that they could have assumed this as they did much other authority, but they had neither the power nor the machinery to collect taxes if they imposed them. The collection of taxes could not be assumed, for it was something to be done by proper executive force, of which they were destitute. Thus pressed, they resorted to the easy and disastrous expedient of issuing continental bills of credit, merely pledging the colonies to redeem them, and without any provision for really raising money at all. Probably, this was the best that could be done, but it was a source of weakness and came near wrecking the American cause. They also adopted a code for the government of the army; authorized the invasion of Canada, and sent agents to the Indians to prevent their forming alliances with Great Britain.

These things accomplished, Congress turned again to the business for which they had been chosen, the defence of the American position; and on July 6th published a declaration of the reasons for taking up arms. This was done thoroughly well. They set forth the acts of hostility on the part of Great Britain, and

showed that the Ministry were trying to subdue them by force, which the Ministry certainly would not have denied. They declared that they preferred armed resistance to the unconditional submission which England demanded, and at the same time they protested that they were not fighting for "the desperate measure of independence," but only to defend themselves from unprovoked attack. Their statement was plain and truthful, and they honestly represented the public reluctance to seek independence. It would have been well if England had heeded it, but, unluckily, England was committed to another policy and this was all too late. The declaration, as it stood, under existing conditions meant war, and they should have followed it up by straining every nerve in earnest preparation. Some of the members, like John Adams and Franklin, knew what it all meant well enough, but Congress would not so interpret it. Instead of actively going to work to make an effective government and take all steps needful for the energetic prosecution of the war, they adopted a second petition to the King, which was drafted by Dickinson. The contradictions in which they were involved came out sharply even in this last effort of loyalty. They proposed a truce and a negotiation to the King, who had declined to recognize Congress at all, and the King was quite right in his refusal if he intended to fight, as he undoubtedly did. Congress was union, and union was practical independence. How then could the King treat with a body which by its very existence meant a new nation? Yet this was precisely what Congress asked as the nearest way to peace and reconciliation. There could be no result to such a measure as this, unless England was ready to yield, and

if she was, the difficulty would settle itself quickly and without argument. They also adopted another address to the English people, a strong and even pathetic appeal to race feeling and community of thought and speech, and, at the same time, they sent thanks to the Mayor and Aldermen of London for their sympathy. They intrusted the petition to the King to Richard Penn, and felt strong hopes of success, because of their concessions in regard to trade. They would not confess even to themselves that the differences with the mother-country had now reached the point where the question was the very simple one, whether the people of the colonies were to govern America or the English King and Parliament. There was no lack of men who understood all this perfectly, but they were not yet in control, perhaps were not ready to be, and Congress would not admit that the case was hopeless and that the stage had been reached where compromises were no longer possible.

Even while they hoped and petitioned and reasoned, the relentless facts were upon them. Armies could not wait while eloquent pleadings and able arguments were passing slowly across the Atlantic. Washington wrote from Cambridge that the army was undisciplined and short in numbers; that there were too many officers, and not enough men; that he needed at once tents, clothing, hospitals, engineers, arms of every kind, and above all gunpowder, and that he had no money. From Schuyler at Ticonderoga came the same demands and the same report. Congress had to hear their letters, and could not avoid knowing the facts. How were they to satisfy these wants, how deal with these harsh facts and yet not interfere with petitions to the King? A question not easy to answer, for it is never easy to

reconcile two conflicting policies, and still worse to try to carry both into effect. The result was that the army suffered because that was the only direction in which anything substantial could really be done, all petitioning having become by this time quite futile. It is true that Washington was authorized to have an army of twenty-two thousand men, but no means were given him to get them. Five thousand men were also authorized for Canada, and nothing was done toward getting them either. To make matters still worse, no enlistments were to be made for a time longer than that in which they could hear from the King, who was diligently gathering together fleets and armies to send against them. They organized a post-office which was desirable, but not an engine of war; they also organized a hospital service, which was very desirable, but not aggressive; they issued more bills of credit, and decided that they should be apportioned according to population, and they failed to open their ports to other nations, their only resource for munitions of war, and renewed their non-exportation agreements. Franklin, looking out on this welter of contradictions and confusions, and seeing very plainly the facts in the case, offered a plan for a confederate government so as to provide machinery for what they were trying to do. It was a wise and statesmanlike measure in principle, and was laid aside. John Adams wrote indignant letters declaring that they should be at work founding and defending an empire instead of arguing and waiting. These letters were intercepted and published by the party of the Crown in order to break down Adams and the radicals, which shows, in a flash of light, what public opinion was believed to be at that moment in the

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great middle colonies. Whether the loyalists gauged public opinion correctly or not, Congress agreed with them and allowed everything to drift. Yet, at the same time, they decisively rejected Lord North's proposals. They would not accept the British advances or even consider them, the King would not deal with them, and yet with all this staring them in the face they still declined to sustain the army or frame a government. They could not bear the idea of separation, the breaking of the bonds of race and kindred, the overthrow of all habits and customs to which human nature clings so tenaciously. It was all very natural, but it was very bad for the American Revolution, and caused many disasters by keeping us unprepared as long as possible, and also by fostering the belief in the minds of the people that all would yet come right and go on as before. Men are slow to understand the presence of a new force and the coming of a great change. They are still slower to admit it when they do know it, but meantime the movement goes on and in due time takes its revenge for a failure to recognize it.

Thus Congress, faithfully reflecting the wishes and the doubts of a majority of the people, failed to do anything, where alone they could have been effective, tried nobly and manfully to do something where nothing could be done, hesitated on the brink of the inevitable, and finally adjourned on August 1st leaving the country for the moment without any central government whatever. At the same time they left Washington with his army and the Canadian expedition and the siege of Boston on his hands, and nothing to turn to for support but the governments of the different colonies. Congress is not to be blamed too severely for all this, for

they merely reflected the hesitation and haltings of a time when all was doubt. But their failure to act and their adjournment without leaving any executive officer to represent them, bring out, in strong relief, the difficulties which beset Washington, who with his army alone represented the American Revolution and the popular force, as he was destined to do on many other occasions and in much darker hours. It is well also to note that despite the inaction and departure of Congress the work of war was done in some fashion, the siege of Boston pushed, and the expedition to Canada set in motion.

The weeks of adjournment went by. Congress should have reassembled on September 5th, but a week elapsed before enough members were present to do business, an instance of unpunctuality which was ominous in a body that had undertaken executive functions. Helplessness was still supreme. John Adams, of the intercepted letters, was cut in the street by the excellent and patriotic Dickinson, to whom he had referred in those letters as a "piddling genius." All the New England members, indeed, were regarded with suspicion by the great central colonies, but were sustained by the South. Hence much ill-feeling and animosity became apparent between the two parties, but the party with hope for peace was still in the ascendant, still holding a majority which was weakening every day and yet shrinking from the inevitable, after the fashion of human nature under such trying conditions. Out of such a situation little positive action could come, and the time was wasted in much vain debate. Would they send an expedition to Detroit? A wise scheme but, after much talk, rejected. England was prohibit-

ing our fisheries and restricting the trade of Southern colonies. It was obvious that we should open our ports to the world. Nothing was done. Then came long discussions about expeditions, the boundary line of Pennsylvania, the rights of Connecticut in Wyoming, and the enlistment of negroes, this last decided in the affirmative despite Southern remonstrance. Meantime war was in progress as well as debate, and war could not be postponed. Washington, observing that England was replying to Bunker Hill with increased armaments and paying no heed to petitions, had no doubt as to the realities of the situation. Independence was the only thing possible now that fighting had begun, and to fail to say what was meant was simply ruinous. Moreover, his army was about to disappear, for terms of enlistment had expired, and he had no means to get a new one. Without an army a siege of Boston was plainly impossible, and so there came a letter to Congress from their commander-in-chief which roused the members from their debates. Here was a voice to which they must listen, and a condition of affairs which they must face. They accordingly appointed a committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, to visit the camp. Three men, when one of them was Franklin, made a better executive than the country had yet had, and the result was soon apparent. On October 15th the committee reached the camp, where Franklin, who understood the facts, had no difficulty in arranging matters with Washington. A scheme was agreed upon for a new army of twenty-three thousand men, and power given the general to enlist them. The Congress gave its assent, the four New England colonies were to furnish the men and the money, and Washington was to

get the work done. Meantime the Congress itself was going on with its debates and hesitations. One day Rhode Island demanded a navy, and after much struggle vessels were authorized. Then came the cold fit again. Nothing must be done to irritate England or spoil the chances of the petition, so no prize courts were established, no ports were opened, and New Hampshire, when everything depended upon New England, was kept waiting a month for authority to establish an independent government.

Yet under all the doubtings and delays the forces were moving forward. The pressure for decisive action increased steadily, the logic of independence became constantly more relentless, more unavoidable. Washington and the army were clearly for independence, and they were now a power no longer to be disregarded. One colony after another was setting up a government for itself, and as each one became independent, the absurdity of the central government holding back while each of the several parts moved forward was strongly manifested. New England had broken away entirely. The Southern colonies, led by Virginia and mismanaged by their governors, were going rapidly in the same direction. The resistance still came from the middle colonies, naturally more conservative, restrained, except in New York, by loyal governors, who, like William Franklin in New Jersey, were at once politic and judicious. Pennsylvania, clinging to her mild proprietary government of Quakers and Germans, held back more resolutely than any other and sustained John Dickinson in his policy of inaction.

But the party of delay constantly grew weaker. The news from England was an argument for independence

that could not well be met. Richard Penn, the bearer of the olive-branch, could not even present his petition, for the King would not see him. Chatham and Camden might oppose, other Englishmen, studying the accounts of Bunker Hill, might doubt, but the King had no misgivings. George meant to be a king, and the idea of resistance to his wishes was intolerable to him. It was something to be crushed, not reasoned with. So he issued a proclamation declaring the Americans rebels and traitors, who were to be put down and punished. To carry out his plans, ships, expeditions, and armaments were prepared, and the King, in order to get men, sent his agents over Europe to buy soldiers from the wretched German princelings who lived by selling their subjects, or from anyone else who was ready to traffic in flesh and blood. It was not a pretty transaction nor over-creditable to a great fighting people like the English, but it unquestionably meant business. It was not easy to go on arguing for reconciliation when the King shut the door on the petitioners and denounced them as traitors, while he busied himself in hiring mercenaries to put them down by force. Under these conditions the friends of Independence urged their cause more boldly, and the majority turned to their side, but now they waited until they could obtain unanimity, which was in truth something worth getting. The change in the opinion of Congress was shown plainly by the change in their measures. They applauded the victories of Montgomery, they took steps to import arms and gunpowder, and to export provisions to pay for them; they adopted a code for the navy, approved Washington's capture of vessels, and issued three million dollars in bills of credit. Most important of all, they appointed

a committee on Foreign Relations, the first step toward getting alliances and aid from other nations. These were genuine war measures, and it was a great advance for Congress to have reached the point of recognizing that war measures were proper in order to carry on a war. They were so filled, indeed, with new-born zeal that, after having held Washington back and crippled him by delays and by lack of support, they proceeded to demand the impossible and urge by solemn resolution that Boston be taken at once, even if the town were destroyed. This was a good deal better than being left without any government at all, but we can imagine how trying it must have been to the silent soldier who had been laboring for months to take Boston, and who now answered Congress in a conclusive and severe manner which did them much good.

Far stronger in its effect on Congress than the action of the King, or even the demands of the army, was the change in public sentiment, which was the result of many causes. From the time of the Stamp Act to the day of Lexington the American party in the colonies had steadily declared, with great fervor and entire honesty, that they had no thought of independence, which meant separation from the empire. They protested even with anger that the charge that they aimed at any such result was the invention of their enemies and made to injure their cause. When the first Congress assembled this was the universal feeling, and Washington was but one of many who asserted it strongly. Here and there was a man like Samuel Adams, radical by nature, and very keen of perception, who saw the set of the tide; but even these men said nothing and agreed to the views held by the vast majority. The change

started at Lexington. When fighting had once begun, no other outcome but separation or complete subjection was possible. To carry their point by defeating the troops of Great Britain and yet remain an integral part of the empire was out of the question. At the distance of more than a century we see this very plainly, but it was not so easily understood at the time. Washington grasped it at once, and when he took command of the army he knew that the only issue must be a complete victory for one side or the other, but Congress, still working along the old lines of reconciliation and peace, could not see it as he did, and hence their hesitations. They still thought that they could defeat the King's armies and remain subjects of the King. Every day that passed, however, made the impossibility of this attitude more apparent. Every ship that came from England brought news which stamped this idea of peace and union as false, and each colony that set up a government for itself gave the lie to such a proposition.

Outside of Congress there was constant discussion going on by which public opinion was formed. At the outset the loyalists had many able writers, chiefly clergymen of the Anglican Church, who opposed the arguments so vigorously urged in support of the American claims. The writers on the American side, however, not only possessed abundant ability, but events were with them. Dickinson, in the "Farmer's Letters," before he became conservative; Alexander Hamilton, in his replies to Samuel Seabury, an Episcopal clergyman and author of the able letters of the Westchester Farmer; John Adams, and many lesser men had done much in shaping public sentiment. The satirists and the versemen were generally on the American side, and

they reached the people through their humor, wit, and fancy. Some of them, like Hopkinson, Freneau, and Trumbull, were clever men, who often wrote brilliantly and always well, and their excellent verses, full of pith and point, went everywhere and converted many a reader who had been deaf to the learned constitutional and political arguments which poured from the press. Newspapers were not as yet a power. It was through pamphlets that the printed debate before the people was conducted, and it was well and amply performed on both sides.

The same change which is apparent in Congress is apparent also in the literature[1] of this crucial time. As events hurried on, supplying arguments for the American side and forcing the American party from mere legal opposition, to war, separation, and independence, the tone of the loyalist writers gets lower, and many of them left or were forced to leave the country. On the other hand, the American writers grew constantly more vigorous and more triumphant, and demanded stronger measures. Thus public opinion, rapidly changing in tone in the winter of 1775-76, needed but the right man speaking the right word to send it irresistibly along the new path. It was just at this moment that John Trumbull published his satire of McFingal, and the sharp hits and pungent humor of the poem caught the public ear and helped to spur on the laggards in the American cause. But a mightier voice was needed than

[1] In all I have to say about the literature of the time I desire to express my obligation in the fullest manner to Professor Tyler's admirable History of the Literature of the Revolution. This is particularly the case in regard to the chapter on the Declaration of Independence from the literary point of view, which is not only admirable but conclusive.

this, and it, too, came at the beginning of this new and fateful year of 1776. It gave utterance to the popular feeling, it put into words what the average man was thinking and could not express for himself, and it did this with a force and energy which arrested attention in America, and travelling across seas, made men over there listen too. This voice crying aloud to such purpose was not that of an American but of an Englishman. The writer was Thomas Paine, staymaker, privateersman, exciseman, teacher, adventurer, and his pamphlet was called "Common Sense." Paine, after a checkered career both in domestic and official life, had come over to America with no capital but a letter of introduction from Franklin. He got a start in writing for the newspapers and threw himself into the life about him. He came a friend to the English connection. Then looking about him with eyes undimmed and with mind unhampered by colonial habits, he reached the conclusion in the course of a year that independence was not merely right but the only thing possible. So with but little literary experience he sat him down and wrote his pamphlet. He first argued about kingship and natural rights, and then in favor of independence. Critics have said of the first part that it was crude, unreasoned, and full of blunders, for Paine was not learned. Yet in that same first part he enunciated the great principle which lay at the bottom of the whole business, which James Otis had put forward years before, that in the nature of things there was no reason for kings, and every reason why people should rule themselves. And this was just what this quarrel had come to, so that it needed no learning but only courage and common sense to set it forth. As for the second

part, which concerned the practical question always of most interest to men, Paine knew his subject thoroughly and he argued the cause of independence in a bold, convincing, indeed unanswerable, fashion. He put forth his argument in a strong, effective style, roughly, plainly, so that all stopped to listen and all understood. His pamphlet went far and wide with magical rapidity. It appeared in every form, and was reprinted and sold in every colony and town of the Atlantic seaboard. Presently it crossed the ocean, was translated into French, and touched with unshrinking hand certain chords in the Old World long silent but now beginning to quiver into life. In the colonies alone it is said that one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold in three months. This means that almost every American able to read, had read "Common Sense." Its effect was prodigious, yet with all its merits it is a mistake to glorify it as having convinced the people that they must have independence. The convictions were there already, made slowly by events, by the long discussion, by the English policy, by the fighting around Boston. "Common Sense" may have converted many doubters, but it did something really far more important; it gave utterance to the dumb thoughts of the people; it set forth to the world, with nervous energy, convictions already formed; it supplied every man with the words and the arguments to explain and defend the faith that was in him. Many Americans were thinking what "Common Sense" said with so much power. So the pamphlet marked an epoch, was a very memorable production, and from the time of its publication the tide slowly setting in the direction of independence began to race, with devouring swiftness, to the highwater mark.

As the winter wore away and spring began, Congress, still lingering behind the people, continued to adopt war-like measures but did nothing for independence. The central colonies still hung back, although the movement for independent provincial governments went on unchecked, and the action in that direction of each separate colony brought nearer like action on the part of the continent. The rising of the Highlanders in the valley of the Mohawk under Sir John Johnson, easily crushed by Schuyler; a similar rising of the Highlanders in North Carolina, defeated in a sharp fight by the Minute Men under Caswell; the evacuation of Boston, all drove events forward and forced the hands of Congress. The measures of Congress stiffened. More men and more money were voted, the country was divided into military departments, and Silas Deane was appointed an agent to France. Still they shrank from facing what they knew must be faced, but the friends of independence could no longer be kept silent. Even if Pennsylvania, not without great effort, was kept true to Dickinson and peace, the other colonies were coming into line, and the American party, virtually led by John Adams, began to argue for independence on almost every debate which sprang up. In some way the real issue appeared on every occasion, and the efforts to avoid it, or to pretend that it was not there, grew fainter and fainter. On May 10th John Adams carried his resolution to instruct all the colonies that had not yet done so to set up independent governments, a heavy blow to the Pennsylvania peace party and a long step toward national independence. In the same month the Virginia convention, which established the State government, instructed the delegates in Congress to urge

and support independence. With this decision from the oldest and most powerful colony, backed as it was by Massachusetts and New England, the final conflict in Congress could no longer be postponed. The American party was in the ascendant, and with the instructions from Virginia would wait no longer. The other colonies, even those in the centre, were now all in line, or fast coming there, and Congress could not hesitate further. On June 8th Richard Henry Lee, in the name of Virginia, moved that the colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that their allegiance to the British Crown ought to be dissolved. For two days the question was earnestly debated, and then it was decided, although the resolution clearly had a majority, to postpone the debate for three weeks, during which time plans were to be prepared for a confederation and for treaties with foreign powers, and the members were to have opportunity to consult their constituents, so that the great act, if possible, might be adopted with unanimity. To avoid any delay a committee was appointed to draft a declaration to accompany the resolution for independence. This committee consisted of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston, and to Jefferson was intrusted the work of preparing the draft.

The three weeks slipped rapidly by. Congress heard from its constituents, and there was no mistaking what they said. New England and the South were already for independence. New York, menaced on the north by savages and on the south by the speedy coming of a powerful English fleet, wheeled into line. Maryland and Delaware joined readily and easily. New Jersey called a State convention to establish a State

government, arrested their royal Governor, William Franklin, and elected five stanch friends of independence to Congress. Even Pennsylvania, after long debates and many misgivings, agreed to sustain Congress if it voted for independence.

All was ready for action when Congress met on July 1st. There were fifty members present, and they were the best and ablest men America could produce. It was the zenith of the Continental Congress. However through inevitable causes it afterward weakened, however ill suited it was by its constitution for executive functions, it now faced the task for which it was perfectly fitted. No wiser or more patriotic body of men ever met a revolutionary crisis or took the fate of a nation in their hands with a deeper and finer sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon them. All that they did was grave and serious. They faced the great duty before them calmly, but with a profound sense of all that it meant.

A letter from Washington was read showing how small his army was and how badly armed. A despatch from Lee announced the arrival of the British fleet and army at Charleston. Unmoved and firm, Congress passed to the order of the day and went into committee of the whole to consider the resolution "respecting independence." The mover, Richard Henry Lee, was absent at the Virginia convention. There was a pause, and then John Adams arose and made the great speech which caused Jefferson to call him the Colossus of Debate, and which, unreported as it was, lives in tradition as one of the memorable feats of oratory. With all the pent-up feeling gathered through the years when he was looked on with suspicion and distrust, with all

the fervor of an earnest nature and of burning conviction, he poured forth the arguments which he had thought of for months, and which sprang from his lips full-armed. There was no need of further speech on that side after this great outburst, but Dickinson defended the position he had long held, and others entered into the discussion. When the vote was taken, New York, favoring independence, but still without absolute instructions, refused to vote. South Carolina, instructed but still hesitating, voted with Pennsylvania in the negative. The other nine colonies voted for independence. Then the committee rose, and on the request of South Carolina the final vote was postponed until the next day.

When they met on July 2d they listened to another letter from Washington, telling them that Howe, with some fifty ships carrying troops, had appeared off Sandy Hook. There was no quiver in the letter; he hoped for reinforcements, but he was ready to face the great odds, weak as he was. No news came from Charleston, which might have been falling before the British fire even as they talked. The enemy was at the gates, but there was no wavering and their courage rose under the dangers upon them. With independence declared, they would have a cause to fight for. Without it they were beating the air. So they went to a vote. New York was, as before, for independence, but still unable to vote. South Carolina, knowing only that her capital was in danger, and still in ignorance that the battle had been won, voted for independence. Delaware was no longer divided, and Pennsylvania, by the intentional absence of Dickinson and Morris, was free to vote with the rest. So twelve colonies voted unanimously for in-

dependence, thirteen agreed to it, and the resolution passed. Henceforth there were to be no colonies from Maine to Florida; a nation was born and stood up to prove its right to live. The great step had been taken. It now remained to set forth to the world the reasons for what had been done there in Philadelphia on July 2, 1776.

Thomas Jefferson, to whom this momentous work had been intrusted, came a young man to Congress, preceded by a decided reputation as a man of ability and a vigorous and felicitous writer. His engaging manners and obviously great talents secured to him immediately the regard and affection of his fellow-members. He was at once placed on a committee to draft the declaration of the reasons for taking up arms, and then on one to reply to the propositions of Lord North. So well did he do his part, and so much did he impress his associates, that when the resolution for independence was referred, he was chosen to stand at the head of the committee and to him was intrusted the work of drafting the Declaration. No happier choice could have been made. It was in its way as wise and fortunate as the selection of Washington to lead the armies. This was not because Jefferson was the ablest man in the Congress. In intellectual power and brilliancy Franklin surpassed him and John Adams, who, like Franklin, was on the committee, was a stronger character, a better lawyer, and a much more learned man. But for this particular work, so momentous to America, Jefferson was better adapted than any other of the able men who separated America from England. He was, above all things, the child of his time. He had the eager, open mind, the robust optimism, the desire for change so

characteristic of those memorable years with which the eighteenth century closed. Instead of fearing innovation, he welcomed it as a good in itself, and novelty always appealed to him, whether it appeared in the form of a plough or a government. He was in full and utter sympathy with his time and with the great forces then beginning to stir into life. Others might act from convictions on the question of taxation; others still because they felt that separation from England was the only way to save their liberty; but to Jefferson independence had come to mean the right of the people to rule. He had learned rapidly in the stirring times through which he had passed. The old habits of thought and customs of politics had dropped away from him, and he was filled with the spirit of democracy, that new spirit which a few years later was to convulse Europe. Compared with the men about him, Jefferson was an extremist and a radical, more extreme in his theories than they guessed, or perhaps than even he himself conceived. Compared with the men of the French Revolution he was an ultraconservative, and yet the spirit which moved them all was the same. He believed, as they believed, that the right to rule lay with the whole people and not with one man or with a selected class. When he sat down to write the Declaration of Independence it was the spirit of the age, the faith in the future, and in a larger liberty for mankind which fired his brain and guided his pen.

The result was the Declaration of Independence. The draft was submitted to Franklin and Adams, who made a few slight changes. The influence of the South struck out the paragraph against slavery. It was read on July 3d. A debate ensued in which John Adams led

as in that on the resolution, and on July 4th the Congress agreed to the Declaration and authorized the President and Secretary to sign, attest, and publish it. The formal signing by the members did not take place until August, and some signatures were given even later. But the July 4th when the Declaration was adopted by Congress was the day which the American people have set apart and held sacred to the memory of a great deed.

The Declaration when published was read to the army under Washington and received by the soldiers with content. It was a satisfaction to them to have the reality for which they were fighting put into words and officially declared. It was read also formally and with some ceremony in public places, in all the chief towns of the colonies, and was received by the people cordially and heartily, but without excitement. There was no reason why it should have called forth much feeling, for it merely embodied public opinion already made up, and was expected by the loyalist minority. Yet despite its general acceptance, which showed its political strength, it was a great and memorable document. From that day to this it has been listened to with reverence by a people who have grown to be a great nation, and equally from that day to this it has been the subject of severe criticism. The reverence is right, the criticism misplaced and founded on misunderstanding.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and, secondly, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth, in a series of propositions, the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first

against the attack on the King, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town, and hamlet of the United States to thousands of Americans who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust pariotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death-warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear, and imposing.

Passing from the form to the substance, critics as far apart as John Adams and Lord John Russell have condemned the attack on George III. and the charge that he was a tyrant as unjust, bitter, and almost absurd. Yet, as the years have gone by, it has become very plain that George III. was really making a final and very serious attempt to restore the royal authority, and was seeking by shrewder and more insidious methods to regain what Charles I. had lost. He was steadily following out his mother's behest and trying to be a king. If

the revolt had not come in America it would have come in England, and England would have defeated his plans and broken his power as his American colonies succeeded in doing. When the best of modern English historians, like Lecky and Green, admit this in regard to George III., we need not question that Jefferson's instinct was a true one when he drew the indictment of his sovereign. But Jefferson was right on broader grounds than this. He was declaring something much more far-reaching than the right of the colonies to separate from England. He was announcing to the world the right of the people to rule themselves, and that no one man was entitled to be king, but that every man had a title to kingship in virtue of his manhood. The logical step from this proposition was not to assail the people or Parliament of England, which would have been a contradiction of his own argument, but the man who represented the old-time theory of kingship and from whom as part of a system the evils he complained of came. Jefferson was instinctively right when he struck at the kingly power, for that was the real point of conflict.

John Adams's criticism that the doctrines and principles set forth were not new, but had been heard before from James Otis down through all the long controversy, was simply inept. The doctrines and principles, of course, were not new. That was their strength. Jefferson was not a Frenchman bursting suddenly through the tyranny of centuries, to whom the language of freedom and of constitutional liberty was an unknown tongue. He was one of that great race which for five hundred years, from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence, from Runnymede to

Philadelphia, had been slowly, painfully, and very strenuously building up a fabric of personal liberty and free government. In all those long discussions, in all those bitter struggles, the words and principles of freedom and human rights had been developed and made familiar. This was the language which Jefferson spoke. Its glory was that it was not new, and that the people to whom he spoke understood it, and all it meant, because it was a part of their inheritance, like their mother-tongue. In vivid phrases he set forth what his people felt, knew, and wanted said. It was part of his genius that he did so. He was not a man of action, but a man of imagination, of ideas and sympathies. He was a failure as the war Governor of Virginia. The greatest and most adroit of politicians and organizers, when dangers from abroad threatened him as President, he was timid, hesitating, and inadequate. But when he was summoned to declare the purposes of the American people in the face of the world and at the bar of history, he came to the work which no other man could have done so well. His imagination; his keen, sure glance into the future; his intense human sympathies came into full play, and he spoke his message so that it went home to the hearts of his people with an unerring flight.

The last and best-known criticism is the bold epigram of Rufus Choate, most brilliant of American advocates, that the Declaration of Independence is made up of "glittering generalities." Again the criticism proceeds on a misunderstanding. The Declaration of Independence in its famous opening sentences is made up of generalities, and rightly. That they glitter is proof of the writer's skill and judgment. It was not

the place for careful argument and solid reasoning. Jefferson was setting forth the reasons for a revolution, asserting a great new principle, for which men were to be asked to die. His task was to make it all as simple, yet as splendid as possible. He was to tell men that they must separate from the great empire of England and govern themselves, and he must do it in such a way that he who ran might not only read, but comprehend. It is the glory of Jefferson that he did just this, and it was no fault of his that the South dimmed one of his glowing sentences by striking out his condemnation of human slavery.

In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson uttered, in a noble and enduring manner, what was stirring in the hearts of his people. The "Marseillaise" is not great poetry, nor the air to which it was set the greatest music. But no one can hear that song and not feel his pulses beat quicker and his blood course more swiftly through his veins. It is because the author of it flung into his lyric the spirit of a great time, and the dreams and aspirations of a great people. Hope, faith, patriotism, victory, all cry out to us in that mighty hymn of the Revolution, and no one can listen to it unmoved. In more sober fashion, after the manner of his race, Jefferson declared the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations of the American people. But the spirit of the time is there in every line and every sentence, saying to all men: a people has risen up in the West, they are weary of kings, they can rule themselves, they will tear down the old landmarks, they will let loose a new force upon the world, and with the wilderness and the savage at their backs they will even do battle for the faith that is in them.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIGHT FOR THE HUDSON

WHILE Congress was coming to a decision upon the great question of Independence, the war was entering upon its second stage, and, as it proved, that in which the American Revolution narrowly escaped shipwreck. When the British undertook to coerce the colonies by force, they expected little resistance. They did not measure at all the task before them, and they were, therefore, taken by surprise when the people rose up and sprang upon them. The British governors were expelled one after another without any serious conflict, and the colonies passed rapidly and easily to the condition of independent States. The political management of the king and his ministers was so clumsy that a firm union of all the colonies was formed before their very eyes, and this one absolutely essential condition of American success was made sure at an early day. In a military way they had fared no better. Their ill-considered raid on Concord had resulted in a disorderly retreat. Their victory at Bunker Hill had been purchased at an enormous sacrifice of life, and had only served to encourage the Americans. They had been compelled, by the superior generalship of Washington, to evacuate Boston, and their blundering attack on Charleston had been repelled with loss and humiliation. All the solid advantages, both

military and political, during the first year of revolution, had been wholly on the side of the Americans. This was due to the wilful ignorance of the English as to their opponents, whom they despised, and who for this reason took them unawares and defeated them, and to the further fact that a people in arms was a new force of great power, upon which neither they nor anyone else had calculated.

These conditions could not, in the nature of things, endure. The British, recovering from their surprise, proceeded to make arrangements for conquering their revolted provinces in a manner commensurate to the work before them, the seriousness of which they had so entirely underestimated. George III., who took a deep personal interest in the war, which, consciously or unconsciously, he felt to be the test of his schemes and the trial of his power, set his agents running over Europe to buy soldiers from anybody who had men to sell.

His first effort was in Russia. Gunning, the English Minister, interpreted some flowery compliments and sounding protestations of friendship to mean that Catherine would give England twenty thousand soldiers to put down the rebellious colonists. When the demand was actually made, there were more fine words, much talk and much evasion, but it finally appeared that Catherine had no notion of giving any troops at all, and the end was a refusal. Hence, much disappointment in England, where the Russian soldiers were confidently expected. George fared no better in Holland when he asked for the Scotch Brigade. The Prince of Orange was sufficiently ready, but the States-General hesitated, and the only result was a polite offer to let England

have the brigade provided they should not be called upon to serve out of Europe, which was equivalent to a refusal. Among the little states of Germany, George had better luck. Some of the petty princes offered troops voluntarily, and in others he had no difficulty in making a bargain. The wretched grand dukes, electors, princes, and other serene persons exacted a heavy price for the men whom they sold, but still England got the men, and in large numbers, especially from Brunswick and Hesse Cassel. Frederick of Prussia, on the other hand, as a man and a German, regarded with feelings akin to loathing this sale of men by the lesser German princes. At a later time he would not even permit England's mercenaries to cross his territory, for he had no sympathy with George, and being not only a great man but a clear-sighted and efficient one, he looked with contempt on English incompetence and blundering, and predicted the success of the colonies. Why a brave and powerful people like the English should have bought soldiers to fight their battles in a civil war is not easy now to understand. It was, however, due to the general inefficiency which then prevailed in British administration, and was a very costly expedient apart from the money actually spent, for it injured England in European opinion, encouraged and justified the colonies in seeking foreign aid, and smoothed the path for American diplomacy. It also spurred on the Americans to fight harder because foreign mercenaries were employed against them, and it embittered their feelings toward the mother-country. The allies obtained by the British Ministry in Europe were, nevertheless, in the highest degree creditable and desirable, compared to those whom they sought and

procured in America itself. That they should have enlisted, paid, and organized regiments of American loyalists, was proper enough, but when they made alliances with the Indians and turned them loose on the frontier settlements and against American armies, they took a step which nothing could palliate or excuse. To make allies of cruel fighting savages, and set them upon men of their own race and blood, was something which could not be justified and it met with its fit reward. The Americans knew well what Indian warfare meant, and when England sent Indians on the war-path against them, her action roused a burning hatred which nothing could appease. If it was the King's plan to drive the Americans to desperation and make the retention of the colonies absolutely hopeless, this alliance with the Indians was the surest way to accomplish that result. Yet without her Hessians, Indians, and loyalists it must be admitted England would not have had even a chance, for she seemed unable to furnish any adequate number of troops herself. It was all part of the amazing blundering which characterized English administration in the American Revolution, and for which we have no explanation except in the fact that the King was undertaking the work of government and carefully excluded all men of the first order from his councils.

From the American point of view at that time, however, these considerations, as well as the ultimate effect of England's policy in getting allies, were by no means apparent. All they saw was that the men had been procured, and that powerful armies and fleets were coming against them. This was what Washington was obliged to face. It was no use discussing the

morals or the policy of buying Germans. There they were under the English flag, and they were brought to America to fight.

Washington certainly was under no illusions. He knew that England would make a great effort and was a great power. He knew, too, that New York would be the first object of British attack. It was the essential strategic point, without which any attempt to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, by controlling the line of the Hudson, would be utterly barren. Without any delay he quitted Boston, the scene of his victory on March 17th, and was in New York by April 13th, bringing with him all the troops he could gather. The outlook there was dark enough. The city was undefended; most of his troops were new recruits; there was a powerful Tory party, and Tryon, the last British Governor, was actively intriguing and conspiring with the loyalists from his station on a man-of-war. Congress, on the other hand, was struggling with the question of independence and did little to aid him, while the provincial committees had neither the experience nor as yet the determination of those he had dealt with in New England. Nevertheless, all that man could do was done. Defensive works were completed or erected on Brooklyn Heights, on Manhattan, at Kingsbridge, and along the East and Hudson Rivers. The army was drilled and disciplined after a fashion; the Tory plottings were checked, and every preparation was made which energy and ability, ill supported, could devise.

Yet the result of all these labors when the hour of conflict approached and the British army had arrived, was disheartening. Washington had been able to

gather only 17,000 men. Nearly 7,000 of these were sick or on furlough, and he thus had fit for duty not more than 10,000 men to cover his necessarily extensive line of works. With this small force, ill armed, inexperienced, and ill provided, he was called upon to face and do battle with a British army of 31,000 men now assembled on Staten Island, well-disciplined regulars, thoroughly equipped and provided, and supported by a powerful fleet to which Washington had nothing to oppose. It seemed madness to fight against such odds and run the risk of almost certain defeat. But Washington looked beyond the present hour and the immediate military situation. As usual, political considerations had to be taken into account. To give up New York without a struggle, and thus have saved his army intact by an immediate retreat and without fighting, however wise from a military point of view would have chilled and depressed the country to a perilous degree, and to carry on a popular war the public spirit must be maintained. More important than this even was the danger which Washington saw plainly far away to the north, where Carleton was pressing down the line of the lakes. If Sir William Howe and his army succeeded in advancing rapidly and meeting him before winter set in, it would mean the division of the northern colonies by the British forces and a disaster to the Americans which could probably never be repaired. Even the sacrifice of an army would be better than this. So Washington determined to hold his ground and fight. He said that he hoped to make a good defence, but he was not blind to the enormous risk, to the impossibility almost, of holding his long line of posts with so few men and with an enemy in command of the sea.

Even while he wrote cheerfully as to holding his positions he exhibited the condition of the army to Congress in the plainest terms, and constantly demanded more men. But even if he had known defeat to be certain he still had to consider the wishes of Congress and the state of public opinion, and he likewise felt that present defeat would result in a larger ultimate victory, if by delay he could prevent the junction of the main British army with the forces from the north.

Washington was unable to tell just where the attack would come, which compelled him to spread out his small force in order to cover so far as possible every point. This put him at an additional disadvantage when the British moved, as they did on August 22d, landing 15,000 men on Long Island, and following this up on the 25th with the German division under Heister, with forty cannon. The Americans had about 8,000 men, half in the works at Brooklyn and half outside to meet the British and defend the approaches. The whole position was untenable in the long run because the English controlled the sea, and yet New York could not be held at all if Brooklyn Heights were in the hands of the enemy. It was a choice of evils, and it is easier to point out Washington's military error in trying to hold Long Island than to say what he should have done. It was also a serious mistake to divide the troops and leave half outside, and to this mistake, for which the commander-in-chief was finally responsible, was added a series of misfortunes and small blunders. The command on Long Island had been intrusted to General Greene, the best officer Washington had, but just before the British landed, Greene was stricken with a violent fever, and the command passed first to Sulli-

van and then to Putnam. Both were brave men; neither was a soldier of great ability or a strategist, and they were alike ignorant of the country which Greene knew by heart. Sullivan held the outposts while Putnam remained at Brooklyn Heights and did not come out when the fighting began. The British fleet opened a heavy fire on the New York works early on August 27th. Meantime the British forces skilfully divided, and well guided during the previous day and night, had got round to Sullivan's rear by undefended roads. Sullivan, hemmed in on all sides, made a vigorous effort to retreat, but it was useless. Some of the Americans, by desperate fighting, broke through, but many were captured, including Sullivan himself. Lord Sterling, in command of the other outlying American force, fared almost as ill as Sullivan. Attacked on both sides, he had no line of retreat, except across Gowanus Creek. His men made a gallant stand, and most of them succeeded in crossing the creek, but Sterling himself and many of his division were taken prisoners. The Americans, outflanked, outgeneraled, and outnumbered four to one, were badly beaten in these two actions. They lost 970 men in killed and wounded, and 1,077 captured, while the British loss was but 400.

Washington, when he heard of the British landing, had sent six regiments to Brooklyn, and came over on the day of the action only to witness with anguish the utter rout of the detachments under Sullivan and Sterling. The situation produced by this defeat was grave in the extreme, for the troops were thoroughly demoralized by their losses, and many of the militia actually deserted. It looked as if the American army were doomed. But the British delayed, and, mindful

of Bunker Hill, instead of at once assaulting the Brooklyn intrenchments, which alone protected the shattered American army, they broke ground for a siege. This gave Washington time, and time was all he needed. He brought over reinforcements, encouraged his men and strengthened his works. But he did not mean to fight there except as a last resource, for he had no idea of staking his whole army on a single action against overwhelming odds, if he could avoid it. While the men labored on the intrenchments, he quietly gathered boats, and seeing on the 29th that the British meant to come on his rear with their fleet, he embarked his whole army that night and crossed successfully to New York. It was a masterly retreat. In the face of a strong enemy lying within gunshot, with a hostile fleet close at hand, he put 9,000 men into boats, ferried them across a broad stream swept by strong tides and currents, and left behind only a few heavy guns. The wind was light and a thick mist helped to cover the movement. Washington, in the saddle and on foot for forty-eight hours, watched over everything, and was the last to leave. As he followed his heavily laden boats through the kindly mist and darkness he must have felt a sense of profound relief, for he had grasped a fortunate chance and had rescued his army from an almost hopeless position. The American forces had been beaten in two heavy skirmishes, but the American army had escaped. It was possible to make the raw militia who had been defeated in their first open action into veterans, for they lacked nothing toward becoming good soldiers except experience. But if the only American army in the field had been destroyed at the very outset of the contest, the Revolution would have been in great peril.

Washington's one thought was to hold his army together and fight as often as he could, but whatever happened, that army which he commanded must never be dissolved. He had fought in an impossible position, been beaten, and saved his army from the brink of destruction, taking full advantage of the mistakes of his opponents. Now, on Manhattan Island, he faced the enemy once more, ready to fight again.[1]

Some time after the Battle of Long Island Jay wrote that he had often thought during the previous spring that it would be best to destroy New York, desolate all the country about it, and withdraw up the river. This suggestion came from Greene at the moment, and after the retreat from Long Island Washington took it up and submitted it to Congress. From a military point of view the destruction of the city was the just conception of an able general. It sounded desperate, but it was really the wisest thing to do. If carried out it would have forced the British to abandon New York and the mouth of the Hudson, it would have left them on the edge of winter without quarters, and in the end probably would have shortened the war. But it was too strong a measure for Congress, and Washington was obliged to drop the idea. As the city was clearly untenable with the forces at his com-

[1] The best statement in regard to the Battle of Long Island by a professional soldier is that of General Carrington, U. S. A., in his "Battles of the American Revolution." The whole chapter should be carefully studied. I can only quote here a few lines. General Carrington says (p. 212): "The Battle of Long Island had to be fought. . . . The defence was doomed to be a failure from the first, independent of the co-operation of a naval force. . . . Washington was wise in his purpose 'to make the acquisition as costly as possible to his adversary.' . . . The people of the country demanded that New York should be held to the last possible moment."

mand, there was no further resource but retreat, and on September 10th, although a majority of his officers were still loath to abandon the town, Washington began his preparations for withdrawal. While he was thus engaged, Howe, on the 14th, repeated the Long Island manœuvre, intending to threaten the city in front and on the North River with the fleet, while with his army crossing the East River and landing on the left flank he could cut off and destroy the American army. In accordance with his plan, Howe, on September 15th, landed at Kip's Bay and drove the militia posted there in headlong flight. Washington hearing the firing, rode to the landing, only to see his men fleeing in all directions. The sight of their panic and cowardice was too much for him. The fierce fighting spirit which was part of his nature broke through his usually stern self-control in a storm of rage. He rode in among the fugitives and made desperate efforts to rally them. He exposed himself recklessly to death or capture, and was almost dragged from the field by his officers. Yet despite this disaster he managed to get his troops together, and although Putnam with the rear-guard had a narrow escape, Washington finally succeeded in bringing his whole army safely to Harlem Heights. While the victorious Howe took possession of New York, and proceeded to look about him, Washington intrenched himself strongly on the Heights. He also sent out detachments under Colonel Knowlton, the hero of the rail fence at Bunker Hill, and Major Leitch, and attacked the British light troops who were in an advanced position. The light troops were defeated and forced back to the main line, but the Americans, who fought well, lost both Knowlton and Leitch.

That Washington, with a demoralized army, in the midst of disaster and retreat should have assumed the offensive and made a successful attack, is an example of his power and tenacity, of which many instances were yet to come. It was this iron determination to fight at every opportunity, whether after victory or defeat, which enabled him constantly to check and delay the British, and what was far more important, turned his raw militia into an army of steady, disciplined fighters with a blind confidence in their chief.

Howe, having considered the situation, decided that the Harlem Heights were too strong for a front attack, and set about a repetition of the flanking movements of Long Island and Kip's Bay. His control of the water with the fleet, and his superior numbers, enabled him to do this with success. Washington, seeing just what was intended, for he perfectly understood by this time the British generals, who were not given to complicated intellectual operations, had no mind to be shut up on Manhattan Island. So he occupied the passes, and when Howe—it was now October 14th—attempted to land, he held him back until he had withdrawn his army to the right bank of the Bronx, holding a strong line from Fordham to White Plains. After five days the British advanced again, meeting Glover's brigade, who skirmished vigorously and fell slowly back to the main army. By the 28th the two armies were face to face, and Howe prepared to fight a great battle and end the war. They undertook first to turn the American left, and made a heavy attack on Chatterton's Hill. Twice they were repulsed and driven back with severe loss. Rahl, with his Germans, meantime crossed the Bronx and turned the American right,

so that General McDougal was forced to abandon Chatterton's Hill and fall back, fighting stubbornly, to the lines at White Plains. The great and decisive battle failed to come off and the Americans, moreover, were learning to fight in the open. In this action they lost one hundred and thirty killed and wounded, the British two hundred and thirty-one, something very different from the Long Island result. The next day Howe considered the propriety of an assault, but thought the works too strong. Then Lord Percy arrived with reinforcements, but it stormed on the following day, and then Washington quietly withdrew, leaving the British looking at the works, and took up a new and stronger position at Newcastle.

While Washington was awaiting a fresh attack, the enemy began to move to Dobb's Ferry, whither Howe himself went in person on November 5th. The Americans, suspecting a movement into New Jersey, sent troops across the river, leaving a small force at Peekskill to guard the approach to the Highlands. But Howe's object was not what the Americans supposed. He went back for the purpose of capturing Fort Washington. This fort and Fort Lee, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, were intended to command the river, a purpose for which they were quite inadequate. Washington, with correct military instinct, wished to abandon both, but especially Fort Washington, when he retreated from Manhattan. He gave way, however, to the judgment of a council of war, and especially to the opinion of Greene, who declared that the position was impregnable. His yielding to his council was a mistake on this, as on other occasions, and his too great deference to the opinion of his officers in the early years

of the war, when existing conditions very likely forced him to subordinate his own views to those of others, was usually unfortunate. In this instance the correctness of his own judgment and his error in not standing to it were soon and painfully shown. Greene was no doubt mistaken in declaring the fort impregnable, but if it had been it could not have withstood treachery. It is now known, through a letter which came to light some twenty years ago, that William Demont, the adjutant of Colonel Magaw, went into the British lines and furnished Lord Percy with complete plans of the works and a statement of the armament and garrison. This, as we now know, was the news which took Howe and his army back to New York. Washington started for the fort as soon as he learned of the British movement, but was turned back by word that the garrison were in high spirits, and confident of maintaining the place. They had no idea that they had been betrayed, and Howe, thoroughly informed, made a skilful attack at every point, and carried the outworks. The Americans, driven into the central fort, were exposed on all sides. They could not even hold their ground until night, at which time Washington promised to come to their relief, desperate as the attempt must have been. They therefore surrendered on that day and over 2,000 men fell into the hands of the British, who had lost 454 in the assault, despite the advantages which Demont's treason gave them.

After the fall of Fort Washington, Howe crossed over into New Jersey, and the first campaign for the Hudson came to an end. The Americans had been beaten in nearly every engagement, and they had suffered a heavy loss by the capture of the fort. Yet the

British campaign had none the less failed. With his undisciplined troops broken and demoralized by defeat, Washington had outmanœuvred his adversary. He had avoided a pitched battle, he had moved from one strong position to another, and, although so inferior in numbers, he had forced Howe to undertake slow and time-wasting flank movements. Howe consumed two months in advancing thirty miles. This in itself was defeat, for winter was upon him and Carleton had been forced to retire from Crown Point after Arnold's brilliant and desperate naval fight on the lake which was a Pyrrhic victory for the British. The line of the Hudson was still in American control, and the American army, much as it had suffered, was still in existence. The British incompetence and the ability of Washington were signally shown during this period of unbroken British success, when all the odds were in favor of Howe and against his opponent.

CHAPTER IX

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

IT is easy to see now that while the British had been highly successful in their immediate objects, they had been defeated in the greater object upon which the fate of the war really turned. It is easy, too, to appreciate the ability with which Washington had fought, losing fights in such a way as to defeat the essential purpose of the English campaign. But at the time none of these things were apparent and they were not understood. At the moment the country saw only unbroken defeat, and the spirit and hope of the Americans sank. The darkest hour of the Revolution had come.

Fort Washington fell on November 16th. This rendered Fort Lee useless, and Washington ordered its immediate evacuation. While the necessary preparations were being made, the enemy landed and Greene was forced to withdraw in great haste, saving his men, but losing everything else. He at once joined the main army, and it was well he could do so, for the situation was critical in the extreme. Washington was now in an open flat country, where he could not slip from one strong position to another, and hold the British in check as he had done on the Hudson. His army, too, was going to pieces. The continued reverses had increased desertions, and the curse of short enlistments,

due to the lack of foresight and determination in Congress, was telling with deadly effect. When their terms expired, the militia could not be induced to stay, but departed incontinently to their homes. Washington sent urgent orders to Lee, who had been left behind in the Highlands with 3,000 men, to join him, but Lee, who thought Washington "damnably deficient," and longed for an independent command, disobeyed orders, lingered carelessly, and talked largely about attacking the enemy in the rear. While thus usefully engaged he was picked up by a British scouting party and made a prisoner. At the time this incident was thought to be a disaster, for the colonial idea that Lee was a great man, solely because he was an Englishman, was still prevalent. As a matter of fact, it was a piece of good fortune, because although a clever man he was a mere critic and fault-finder, and was an endless trouble to the American general.

Washington, holding up as best he might against all these reverses, and with hardly 3,000 men now left in his army, was forced to retreat. He moved rapidly and cautiously, holding his little force together and watching the enemy. The British came on, unresisted, to Trenton and contemplated an advance to Philadelphia. There all was panic, and the people began to leave the city. In New Jersey many persons entered the British lines to accept Howe's amnesty, but this movement, which might easily have gathered fatal proportions in the terror and depression which then reigned, was stopped by the action of the British themselves. Parties of British and Hessian soldiers roamed over the country, burned and pillaged houses, killed non-combatants, ravished women, and carried off young

girls. These outrages made the people desperate, and they stopped seeking amnesty and took up arms.

All this alarm, moreover, fortunately came to nothing. The winter was so advanced that the British decided not to go to Philadelphia, where the panic nevertheless continued for some days, and after Washington had been forced to cross to the west bank of the Delaware, Congress, thoroughly frightened, adjourned to Baltimore. Before going, however, they passed a resolution giving Washington "full power to order and direct all things relative to the department and to the operation of the war." Thus they put all that was left of the Revolution into his hands and made him dictator. They could not have done a wiser act, but they were imposing a terrible burden upon their general.

Never, indeed, did a dictator find himself in greater straits. In all directions he had been sending for men while by every method he sought to hold those he already had. Yet, as fast as he gathered in new troops others left him, for the bane of short enlistments poisoned everything. He was not only fighting a civil war, but he had to make his army as he fought, and even for that he had only these shifting sands to build on. "They come," he wrote of the militia, "you cannot tell when, and act you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, waste your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment." He was as near desperation as he ever came in his life. We can read it all now in his letters, but he showed nothing of it to his men. Schuyler, always faithful, sent him some troops. Sullivan, too, came with those whom Lee had tried to lead, and then it was found that the terms of these very troops were expiring and that by the New Year Washington would be left

with only fifteen hundred men, although at the moment he had between five and six thousand still with him and in outlying detachments. Opposed to him were the British, 30,000 strong, with head-quarters in New York, and strong divisions cantoned in the New Jersey towns. Outnumbered six to one, ill provided in every way, and with a dissolving army, it was a terrible situation to face and conquer. But Washington rose to the height of the occasion. Under the strain his full greatness came out. No more yielding to councils now, no more modest submission of his own opinion to that of others. A lesser man, knowing that the British had suspended operations, would have drawn his army together and tried to house and recruit it through the winter. Washington, with his firm grasp of all the military and political conditions, knew that he ought to fight, and determined to do so. He accordingly resolved to attack Trenton, where Colonel Rahl was posted with twelve hundred Hessians. To assure success, he made every arrangement for other attacks to be combined with that of his own force, and they all alike came to nothing. Putnam was to come up from Philadelphia, and did not move. Ewing was to cross near Trenton, but thought it a bad night, and gave it up. Gates had already departed from Bristol, whence he was to support Washington, and had gone after Congress to get support for himself. Cadwalader came down to the river, thought that it was running too fiercely, and did not cross. They all failed. But Washington did not fail. Neither river nor storm could turn him, for he was going to fight. On the night of Christmas he marched down to the Delaware with twenty-four hundred men, who left bloody footprints

behind them on the snow. The boats were ready. Glover's Marblehead fishermen manned them, and through floating ice, against a strong current, in the bitter cold, the troops were ferried over. It was four o'clock before they were formed on the Jersey side. They were late in landing, they had still six miles to march and a driving storm of sleet and snow beat in their faces. Washington formed his little force in two columns, one under Greene, one under Sullivan. As they marched rapidly onward Sullivan sent word that the muskets were wet and could not be fired. "Tell your General," said Washington, "to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken." So they pressed forward, the gray winter light slowly brightening around them.

In the town to which they were bound all was comfort. While the Americans had been rowing across a swollen river amid floating ice and marching with blood-stained steps through the storm and darkness, the Hessians had been celebrating a hearty German Christmas. They had caroused late and without fear. Rahl had been warned that Washington was planning an attack, but contempt for their foe was again uppermost in the British councils, and he laughed and paid no heed. From their comfortable slumbers and warm beds, with the memories of their Christmas feasting still with them, these poor Germans were roused to meet a fierce assault from men ragged, indeed, but desperate, with all the courage of their race rising high in the darkest hour, and led by a great soldier who meant to fight.

Washington and Greene came down the Pennington road driving the pickets before them. As they advanced they heard the cheers of Sullivan's men, as with

Stark in the van they charged up from the river. The Hessians poured out from their barracks, were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge, and then, trying to escape by the Brunswick road, were cut off by Hand's riflemen, thrown forward for that purpose by Washington. Rahl, half-dressed, tried to rally his men, and was shot down. It was all over in less than an hour. The well-aimed blow had been struck so justly and so fiercely that the Hessians had no chance. About two hundred escaped; some thirty were killed, and nine hundred and eighteen, with all their cannon, equipage, and plunder, surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war. The Americans lost two killed and six wounded.

The news of the victory spread fast. To convince the people of what had happened, the Hessian prisoners were marched through the streets of Philadelphia, and a Hessian flag was sent to Baltimore to hang in the Hall of Congress. The spirits of the people rose with a great rebound. The cloud of depression which rested upon the country was lifted, and hope was again felt everywhere. Troops came in from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the New England men agreed to stay on after the expiration of their term of enlistment.

The blow struck by Washington fell heavily upon the British. Even with their powerful army they could not afford to lose a thousand men at a stroke, nor would their prestige bear such sudden disaster. It was clear even to the sluggish mind of Howe that the American Revolution was not over, and that Washington and an American army still kept the field. Trenton must be redeemed, and they determined to finish the business at once.

Washington with his fresh troops moved first, and

reoccupied Trenton. Cornwallis set out against him with 7,000 men on December 30th. He outnumbered Washington, had a perfect equipment, and intended to destroy his opponents. As he marched from Princeton on January 2, the Americans, under Hand, Scott, and Forrest, fought him at every step, falling back slowly and disputing every inch of the ground, as Washington had directed. It was noon before they reached Shabbakong Creek, when two hours were consumed in crossing the stream. Then came a fight at Trenton, where they suffered severely from the American fire, but when they charged, the Americans, having but few bayonets, gave way, retreated from the town and joined the main army, which held a strong position on the south side of the Assanpink. The British opened a heavy cannonade and at once made an attempt to cross the bridge, which was repulsed. Many officers urged a general and renewed attack, but the short winter day was drawing to a close, and Cornwallis decided to wait until morning. Washington had worn out the day with stubborn skirmishing, for he had no intention of fighting a pitched battle with his ill-armed men, inferior in numbers to their well-equipped opponents, who would receive reinforcements in the morning. Cornwallis had given him all he wanted, which was time, a gift constantly conferred on Washington by the British generals. He had checked the enemy all day, and he had now the night in which to act. So he set the men to work on intrenchments, lighted camp-fires along the river-bank, and having convinced Cornwallis that he would be there in the morning, he marched off with his whole army at midnight, leaving his fires burning. Cornwallis had left all his stores at Brunswick,

and three regiments of foot and three companies of horse at Princeton. Thither then Washington was marching that winter night. He meant to strike his superior enemy another blow at a weak point. By daybreak he was near Princeton, and moved with the main army straight for the town, while Mercer was detached with three hundred men to destroy the bridge which gave the most direct connection with Cornwallis. The enemy had started at sunrise, and one regiment was already over the bridge when they saw the Americans. Colonel Mawhood at once recrossed the bridge, and both Americans and English made for some high commanding ground. The Americans reached the desired point first, and a sharp fight ensued. The American rifles did great execution, but without bayonets they could not stand a charge. Mercer was mortally wounded, and his men began to retreat. As Mawhood advanced, he came upon the main American army, marching rapidly to the scene of action. The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington forgetting, as he was too apt to do, his position, his importance, and everything but the fight, rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm. The wavering ceased, the Americans advanced, the British halted, and then gave way. The Seventeenth Regiment was badly cut up, broken, and dispersed. The other two fled into the town, made a brief stand, gave way again, and were driven in rout to Brunswick. Washington broke down the bridges and, leaving Cornwallis, who had discovered that he had been outgeneralled, to gaze at him from the other side of the Millstone and of

Stony Brook, moved off to Somerset Court-house, where he stopped to rest his men, who had been marching and fighting for eighteen hours. It was too late to reach the magazines at Brunswick, but the work was done. The British suffered severely in the fighting of January 2d, although we have no statistics of their losses. But on January 3d at Princeton they lost nearly four hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and their detachment at that point was shattered and dispersed. Cornwallis gave up his plan of immediately crushing and destroying the American army, stopped his pursuit, withdrew all his men to Amboy and Brunswick, contracted his lines, and decided to allow the effacement of the American army to wait until spring.

The Trenton and Princeton campaign was a very remarkable one, both from a military and a political point of view. Washington found himself, after a series of defeats and after a long retreat, which, however skilfully managed, was still retreat, face to face with an enemy outnumbering him in the proportion of six to one. In little more than a week, in the dead of winter, with a dwindling army of raw troops shifting and changing under his hand through the pernicious system of short enlistments, he had assumed the offensive and won two decisive victories. He had struck his vastly superior foe twice with superior numbers on his own part at the point of contact, so that he made his victory, so far as was humanly possible, sure beforehand. With a beaten and defeated army operating against overwhelming odds, he had inflicted upon the enemy two severe defeats. No greater feat can be performed in war than this. That which puts Hannibal at

the head of all great commanders was the fact that he won his astonishing victories under the same general conditions. There was one great military genius in Europe when Washington was fighting this short campaign in New Jersey—Frederick of Prussia. Looking over the accounts of the Trenton and Princeton battles, he is reported to have said that it was the greatest campaign of the century. The small numbers engaged did not blind the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen. He did not mean that the campaign was great from the number of men involved or the territory conquered, but great in its conception, and as an illustration of the highest skill in the art of war under the most adverse conditions. So, in truth, it was. Washington was, by nature, a great soldier, and after the manner of his race, he fought best when the tide of fortune seemed to set most strongly against him. He had complete mastery of the whole military situation, and knew exactly what he meant to do while his opponents were fumbling about without any idea, except that the Americans were beaten and that they must crush the audacious general who would not stay beaten. This perfect knowledge of all the conditions, including the incapacity of the generals opposed to him, combined with celerity of movement and the power of inspiring his men, were the causes of Washington's success. And this is only saying, in a roundabout way, that Washington, when the pressure was hardest, possessed and displayed military genius of a high order.

But there was another side than the purely military one to this campaign, which showed that Washington was a statesman as well as a soldier. The greatest chiefs in war ought also to be great statesmen. Some

few of them in the world's history have combined both state and war craft, but these are on the whole exceptions, and Washington was one of the exceptions. He not only saw with absolute clearness the whole military situation, and knew just what he meant to do and could do, but he understood the political situation at home and abroad as no one else then understood it. During the eighteen months which had passed since he took command, he had dealt with Congress and all the State governments and had gauged their strength and their weakness. He had struggled day after day with the defects of the army as then constituted. The difficulties to be met were known to him as to no one else; he had watched and studied popular feeling and was familiar with all its states and currents. He had seen the rush of the first uprising of the people, and had witnessed the power of this new force which had invaded Canada, seized Ticonderoga, and driven British armies and fleets from Boston and Charleston. But living as he did among difficulties and facing facts, he also knew that the first victorious rush was but a beginning, that a reaction was sure to come, and that the vital question was whether the war could be sustained through the period of reaction until the armed people could arise again, more soberly, less enthusiastically than before, but disciplined and with set purpose determined to win by hard, slow, strenuous fighting. The first rush passed. The inevitable defeats came in New York. The period of reaction set in deeper and more perilous perhaps than even Washington anticipated. If he closed his campaign in defeat and retreat, the popular spirit upon which he relied would not probably have an opportunity to revive, and the American Revolution would never

see another spring. After the retreat up the Hudson, the loss of New York, and the steady falling back in New Jersey, Europe would conclude that the moment England really exerted herself, the rebellion had gone down before her arms, and all hopes of foreign aid and alliance would be at an end. Without a striking change in the course of the war, the cause of the American people was certainly lost abroad and probably ruined at home. This was the thought which nerved Washington to enter upon that desperate winter campaign. He must save the Revolution in the field, before the people, and in the cabinets of Europe. He must fight and win, no matter what the odds, and he did both.

The result shows how accurately he had judged the situation. After Trenton and Princeton the popular spirit revived, and the force of the armed people began to stir into a larger and stronger life. The watchers in Europe doubted now very seriously England's ability to conquer her colonists, and began to look on with an intense and selfish interest. The American people awoke suddenly to the fact that they had brought forth a great leader, and they turned to him as the embodiment of all their hopes and aspirations. The democratic movement destined to such a great future had passed from the first stage of victorious confidence to the depths of doubt and reaction, and now after Princeton and Trenton it began to mount again. Congress had given all power into the hands of Washington, and left the united colonies for the time being without civil government. Washington took up the burden in his strong hands in the darkest hour, and bore it without flinching. All that was left of the American Revolution during that Christmas week was with Washington

and his little army. How they fared in those wintry marches and sharp battles, in storm and ice and snow, chilled by the bitter cold, we know. The separation of the North American Colonies from the mother-country was probably inevitable. It surely would have come sooner or later, either in peace or war. But it is equally certain that the successful Revolution which actually made the United States independent, was saved from ruin by George Washington in the winter of 1776.

CHAPTER X

THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN

ALONG the line of the Hudson alone was it possible to separate one group of colonies from the rest. That line reached from the sea on the south to the British possessions in Canada on the north. Once in full control of it the British would not only be masters of New York, but they would cut off New England from the other colonies. Nowhere else could this be done. At any point on the long Atlantic coast they might seize seaports or even overrun one or more colonies; but along the Hudson alone could they divide the colonies, and by dividing, hopelessly cripple them. It required no very great intelligence to perceive this fact, and the British Ministry acted on it from the start. Carleton descended from Canada in the summer of 1776, while Howe was to advance from the city and, driving the Americans before him, was to unite with the northern army and thus get the control of the two long lakes and of the great river of New York. Carleton, who was almost the only efficient officer in the British service, did his part fairly well. He came down the lakes to Crown Point, which he captured and advanced as far as Ticonderoga. Thence, hearing nothing from the south, he was obliged, by the season and by his victory over Arnold at Valcour, which cost him so dear

and so heavily, to withdraw. Howe, on his side, proceeded to force back the Americans, and, having driven them some thirty miles when he needed to cover nearly four hundred, he suddenly retraced his steps and captured Fort Washington, a serious loss at the moment to the Americans, but of no permanent effect whatever on the fortunes of the Revolution. The essential and great object was sacrificed to one which was temporary and unessential. Howe was incapable of seeing the vital point. Unenterprising and slow, he was baffled and delayed by Washington until summer had gone and autumn was wearing away into winter.

Thus failed the first campaign for the Hudson, but even while it was going to wreck, the Ministry—deeply impressed with the importance of the prize—were making ready for a second attempt. This time the main attack was to be made from the north, and Sir Henry Clinton was to come up the river and meet the victorious army advancing from Canada. In order to insure success at the start, the Ministry set aside Carleton, the efficient and experienced, and intrusted this important expedition to another. The new commander was Sir John Burgoyne. A brief statement of who he was and what he had done will show why he was selected to lead in the most serious and intelligent attempt made by England to conquer America—an attempt upon which the fate of the Revolution turned when success meant the division of the colonies, and defeat a French alliance with the new States. Burgoyne came of a good family, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne, it must be said that he had other

attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of Parliament and a clever debater; a man of letters, and an agreeable writer; a not unsuccessful verse-maker and playwright; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal; a gentleman and a man of fashion. He had not given any indication of capacity for the command of an army, but this was not thought of importance. Let it be added that, although as a soldier he was the worst beaten of the British generals, as a man he was much the best, for he was clever, agreeable, and well-bred.

Having selected their commander, the Ministry cordially supported him. With Lord George Germain, whose own prowess in battle made him think the Americans not only rebels but cowards, the campaign was planned. In it the Indians, who had been held back by the judicious Carleton, were to play a large part, and Canadians also were to be enlisted. More Germans were purchased, and no effort was spared to give the new General everything he wanted. There was only one oversight. Lord George Germain put the orders directing Howe to join Burgoyne in a pigeon-hole, went off to the country and forgot them. Thus it happened that Howe did not receive these somewhat important instructions until August 16th. Hence, some delay in marching north to Burgoyne, the results of which will appear later. But this was mere forgetfulness. The Ministry, with this trivial exception of Howe's orders, meant to give and did give Burgoyne everything he wanted. So it came to pass that on June 13th at St. Johns when Burgoyne hoisted his flag on the Radeau, and opened his campaign, he found himself at the head of a fine army of nearly 8,000 men, composed of 4,135

English, 3,116 Germans, 503 Indians, and 148 Canadians. They were thoroughly equipped and provided, and the artillery was of the best. Another force of 1,000 men under Colonel St. Leger was sent to the west to reduce Fort Stanwix; this done, he was to descend the Mohawk Valley and join the main army at Albany. The two expeditions were a serious, well-supported, and well-aimed attack at a vital point, and if successful meant untold disaster to the American cause.

All began well, with much rhetoric and flourish of trumpets. A week after hoisting his flag, on June 20th, Burgoyne issued a proclamation in which he indulged his literary propensities, and no doubt enjoyed highly the pleasure of authorship. The King, he said, was just and clement, and had directed "that Indians be employed." The Americans he declared to be "wilful outcasts," and in the "consciousness of Christianity and the honor of soldiership" he warned them that the messengers of justice and wrath awaited them on the field, together with devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror. Having thus appealed to every American to turn out and fight him, he announced in general orders that "this army must not retreat," and took his way down Lake Champlain, the Indians in their war-paint leading the van in their canoes, and the British and Germans following in a large flotilla with bands playing and banners flying.

At the start all went well and victoriously. Schuyler, in command of the northern department, had been laboring with energy to repair the lines of defence broken by Carleton's invasion of the previous summer, and make ready for the coming of the new attack. But he had been unsupported by Congress and had been

manfully struggling with really insuperable difficulties. Instead of the proper garrison of 5,000 men at Ticonderoga, there were barely 2,500 ill-armed continental troops, and nine hundred militia, a force far too small to maintain a proper line of works. The British at once seized some unoccupied and commanding heights and opened a plunging fire on the American position with such effect that St. Clair, who was in command at Ticonderoga, decided that the place was untenable, and on the night of July 5th abandoned it. He sent the women and wounded under the protection of Colonel Long and six hundred troops by boat to Skenesboro' where they were attacked and the American flotilla destroyed. Long thereupon withdrew to Fort Anne, and the next day fought a good action there, but being outnumbered, he abandoned the position and retreated to Fort Edward, where he joined Schuyler. Meantime, St. Clair, assailed on his retreat by the British, with whom his rear-guard fought stubbornly, made his way also to Fort Edward and joined Schuyler on the 12th. The united American force numbered less than 5,000 men, ill-armed and unprovided in every way. Schuyler, however, faced the situation bravely and with no sign of flinching or panic, did at once and effectively the wisest thing possible. The British had allied themselves with the Indians, Schuyler made the wilderness the ally of the Americans. He destroyed all the wood roads, burnt the bridges, filled up the practicable waterways with logs and stones, and stripped the country of cattle and all provisions. Doing this diligently and thoroughly, he fell back slowly to Fort Miller, ruining the road as he passed, and thence to Stillwater, where he intrenched himself and awaited reinforcements,

Arnold in the meantime having joined him with the artillery.

Burgoyne, on the other hand, elated by easy victory, sent home a messenger with exulting tidings of his success, when, in reality, his troubles were just beginning. The country sparsely settled, and hardly opened at all, sank back under Schuyler's treatment to an utter wilderness. The British in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts had been operating in a long-settled region where the roads were good. Now they were in a primeval forest, with every foot-path and track destroyed, every bridge burned, every creek choked. Burgoyne had to cut a new road, build forty bridges, and reopen Wood Creek. He consumed twenty-four days in marching twenty-six miles, from Skenesboro' to Fort Edward, and after arriving there, on July 30th, he was obliged to wait until August 15th for the arrival of his artillery and heavy ammunition from Lake George.

Even while his jubilant message was on its way to London, the wilderness, under Schuyler's wise management, had dealt him this deadly blow of fatal delay. Nor was this all. The employment of the Indians, who had been ravaging and scalping from the day the British crossed the frontier, had roused the people of the north as nothing else could have done. The frontiersmen and pioneers rose in all directions, for the scalping of wounded soldiers awakened in the Americans a fierce spirit of revenge, which would stop at no danger. The idea that the Indians would terrify the Americans was a foolish dream. Nothing in reality was calculated to make them fight so hard. Perhaps even Burgoyne may have had a glimmering of this truth when two of the allies of his clement King tomahawked and

scalped Miss McCrea. There was nothing unusual about the deed, but the unfortunate girl happened to be a loyalist herself and betrothed to a loyalist in Burgoyne's camp, whither she was travelling under the escort of the Indians who murdered her. Thus Burgoyne's invasion, his Indians, and his proclamations aroused the country, and Schuyler's treatment of forest and stream gave the delay necessary to allow the people to rise in arms. Even while Burgoyne was toiling over his twenty-six miles of wilderness, the mischief had begun.

The first blow came from the west. Much was expected from the strong expedition directed against Fort Stanwix, and much was staked upon it. When St. Leger arrived there on August 2d, with his Indians and loyalists as allies, he summoned it to surrender. Colonel Gansevoort refused, and the British began a regular siege. Here, too, all that was needed was time. The hardy pioneers of that frontier county rallied under General Herkimer, and to the number of eight hundred marched with him to relieve Gansevoort. When within eight miles of Fort Stanwix, Herkimer halted and sent a messenger to the fort with a request that on his arrival three guns should be fired and a sortie made. Impatient of delay, Herkimer's officers would not wait the signal, and unwisely insisted on an immediate advance, which led them into an ambush of the British and their Indian allies. Although taken at a disadvantage, this was a kind of warfare which the Americans thoroughly understood, and a desperate hand-to-hand and tree-to-tree fight began. Herkimer was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against

a tree, and continued to issue his orders and direct the battle. This savage fighting went on for five hours, and then at last the guns were heard from the fort. Colonel Willet dashed out on the British camp with two hundred and fifty men, destroyed some of the intrenchments, and captured prisoners, camp equipage, and five flags. He could not get through to Herkimer, but the Indians, hearing the firing in their rear, retreated, and were soon followed by the loyalists and regular troops, leaving Herkimer master of the field and of victory in the hard-fought backwoods fight of Oriskany.

St. Leger, despite this heavy check, still clung to his intrenchments, and on August 7th again summoned the fort to surrender. Gansevoort, with the five British standards flying below the new American flag, made from strips of an overcoat and a petticoat, contemptuously refused. The besiegers renewed their attack in vain, and were easily repulsed. Then came rumors of Arnold's advance to the relief of the fort; the Indians fled, and St. Leger, deserted by these important allies, was forced to raise the siege. On August 22d he abandoned his works in disorder, leaving his artillery and camp equipage, and made a disorderly retreat to Canada, broken and beaten. The stubborn resistance of Gansevoort and the gallant fight of Herkimer had triumphed. Arnold was able to rejoin Schuyler with the news that the valley of the Mohawk was saved. The western expedition of the northern invasion had broken down and failed.

While St. Leger was thus going to wreck in the west, Burgoyne's own situation was growing difficult and painful. Provisions were falling short, and the

army was becoming straitened for food, for Schuyler had stripped the country to good purpose, and to the difficulties of moving the army was now added that of feeding it. Bad reports, too, came from New England. It appeared that the invasion had roused the people there to defend their homes against Indians and white men alike. Stark had raised his standard at Charlestown, on the Connecticut River, and the militia were pouring in to follow the sturdy soldier of Bunker Hill and Trenton.

Nevertheless, food must be had, and these gathering farmers, who seemed disposed to interfere, must be dispersed. So Burgoyne, on August 11th, sent Colonel Baum, with five hundred and fifty Hessians and British, and fifty Indians, to raid the country, lift the cattle, and incidentally repress the rebellious inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants. Four days later he sent Colonel Breymann, with six hundred and forty-two Brunswickers, to support the first detachment, for Baum had asked for reinforcements. Apparently, the task before him looked more serious than he anticipated. Still he kept on steadily, and on August 13th encamped on a hill about four miles from Bennington, in the present State of Vermont, and proceeded to intrench himself. This was an unusual proceeding for a rapid and desolating raid, but it was now apparent that, instead of waiting to be raided, the New Englanders were coming to meet their foe.

As soon as Stark heard of the advance of Baum, he marched at once against him with the fifteen hundred men he had gathered from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, disregarding the orders he had received meantime to join the main army under Schuyler. On

August 14th he was within a mile of the Indo-Germanic camp, but could not draw them out to battle. The 15th it rained heavily, and Stark kept up a constant skirmishing, while the Hessians worked on their intrenchments.

August 16th was fair and warm, and Stark, suspecting the approach of reinforcements to the enemy, determined to storm the hill, a rather desperate undertaking for undisciplined farmers, armed only with rifles and destitute of side-arms or bayonets. Nevertheless, it was possible, and Stark meant to try. Early in the day he sent five hundred men, under Nichols and Herrick, to the rear of the Hessian position. Baum, honest German that he was, noticed small parties of Americans making their way toward the rear of his intrenchments; but he had never seen soldiers except in uniform, and he could not imagine that these farmers, in their shirt-sleeves and without bayonets or equipment, were fighting men. He had never conceived the idea of an armed people. In truth, the phenomenon was new, and it is not surprising that Baum did not understand it. He concluded that these stragglers were peasants flocking to the support of their King's hired troops, and let them slip by. Thus Stark successfully massed his five hundred men in the rear of the British forces. Then he made a feint, and under cover of it moved another body of two hundred to the right. This done, he had his men in position, and was ready to attack. He outnumbered the enemy more than two to one, but his men were merely militia, and without bayonets—a badly equipped force for an assault. The British, on the other hand, were thoroughly disciplined, regular troops, intrenched and with artillery. The advantage

was all theirs, for they had merely to hold their ground. But Stark knew his men. The wild fighting blood of his Scotch-Irish ancestors was up, and he gave the word. The Americans pressed forward, using their rifles with deadly effect. The Indian allies of the King, having no illusions as to American frontiersmen in their shirt-sleeves and armed with rifles, slipped off early in the fray, while the British and Hessians stood their ground doggedly and bravely. The Americans swarmed on all sides. They would creep or run up to within ten yards of the works, pick off the artillerymen and fall back. For two hours the fight raged hotly, the Americans closing in more and more, and each assault becoming more desperate than the last. Stark, who said the firing was a "continuous roar," was everywhere among his men. At last, begrimed with powder and smoke almost beyond recognition, he led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clubbed rifles. Baum ordered his men to charge with the bayonet; the Americans repulsed them; Baum fell mortally wounded, and his soldiers surrendered. It was none too soon. Stark's judgment had been right, for Baum's men had hardly laid down their arms when Breymann appeared with his detachment and attacked. Under this new assault the Americans wavered, but Stark rallied them, and putting in the one hundred and fifty fresh Vermont men, under Warner, repulsed the Brunswickers, and Breymann retreated, beaten and in haste, under cover of darkness. Another hour and he, too, would have been crushed.

There was no strategy about the action at Bennington. "It was the plain shock and even play of battle;"

sheer hard fighting, often hand to hand, and the American farmers defending their homes, and well led, proved more than a match for the intrenched regulars. Bennington showed a great advance over Bunker Hill, for here the Americans attacked in the open an intrenched position defended by artillery and carried it. The well-aimed rifles of the pioneer settlers of the New England hills won the day. The American loss was eighty-two killed and wounded; the British two hundred and seven, which shows the superior marksmanship of Stark's men, who, as the assaulting force, should have suffered most. But the Americans also took 700 prisoners, 1,000 stand of small arms, and all the artillery of the British. It was a deadly blow to Burgoyne. The defeat of St. Leger meant the failure of an important part of the campaign, while Bennington crippled the main army of invasion and swept away at a stroke 1,000 men.

The victories of Oriskany and Bennington inspirited the country. Volunteers began to come in increasing numbers from New York and New England, and even from the extreme eastern counties of Massachusetts. Washington, hard pressed as he was, but with characteristic generosity, sent Morgan's fine corps of Virginian riflemen, while Congress, with a wisdom which resembled that of Lord Germain, in setting aside Carleton, selected this moment to supersede Schuyler, who was about to reap the reward of his wise prevision and steadfast courage. The general they now chose for the northern army, and upon whom they lavished all the support, both moral and material, which they had withheld from Schuyler, was Horatio Gates, "the son of the house-keeper of the second Duke of Leeds." Beyond

his English birth and his somewhat remote connection with the British peerage, Gates had no claim whatever to command any army. It is but just to say that his command was in practice largely nominal, but it was given him solely because Congress, with colonial habits still strong upon them, were dazzled by the fact that he was an Englishman. It was a repetition of the case of Lee. Gates, although an intriguer, was more sluggish than Lee, less clever and less malignant, but it would be hard to say which was the more ineffective, or which the more positively harmful. Both did mischief, neither did good to the cause they espoused. In the present instance, Gates could not do any fatal injury, for the armed people had turned out and were hunting the enemy to his death. But he might have led them and saved much time, and not lessened the final result by weakness of spirit.

When he took command, on August 19th, Gates found himself at the head of an army in high spirits and steadily increasing in strength. After contemplating the situation for three weeks he marched from the mouth of the Mohawk to Bemis's Heights, on the west bank of the Hudson. There he awaited his enemy, and a very troubled and hard-pressed enemy it was. Burgoyne had been sorely hurt by the defeat at Bennington; no more men came from the north; the country had been stripped; he was short of supplies, which had to be brought from Canada, and he could hear of no relief from the south. So he hesitated and waited until, at last, having got artillery, stores, and provisions by way of Lake George, he bethought him that this was an army which was not to retreat, and on September 13th crossed to the west bank of the Hudson.

An additional reason for his doubts and fears, which he thus finally put aside, was that the Americans were threatening his line of communication. General Lincoln, with two thousand men, had moved to the rear of Burgoyne. Thence he detached Colonel Brown with five hundred soldiers, and this force fell upon the outworks of Ticonderoga, took them, released a hundred American prisoners, captured nearly three hundred British soldiers and five cannon, and then rejoined Lincoln at their leisure. The net was tightening. The road to Canada was being closed either for succor or retreat. Yet Burgoyne kept on, and on September 18th, when Brown and his men were carrying the Ticonderoga outworks, he stopped his march within two miles of the American camp at Bemis's Heights.

The next morning, the 19th, about eleven o'clock, the British army advanced in three columns. Burgoyne commanded the centre; Riedesel and Phillips, with the artillery, were on the left; while Fraser, commanding the right, swung far over in order to cover and turn the American left. Gates, like Stendhal's hero, who, as he came on the field of Waterloo, asked the old soldier if the fighting then in progress was a battle, seemed to regard the British advance as a parade and watched it with sluggish interest but without giving orders. This Arnold could not stand, and he sent Morgan's riflemen and some light infantry to check Fraser. They easily scattered the loyalists and Indians, and then fell back before the main column. Arnold then changed his direction, and fresh troops having come up, attacked the British centre with a view of breaking in between Burgoyne and Fraser. The action thus became general and was hotly waged. The Americans

attacked again and again, and finally broke the line. Burgoyne was only saved by Riedesel abandoning his post and coming to the support of the central column with all the artillery. About five o'clock Gates, rousing from his lethargy, sent Learned with his brigade to the enemy's rear. Had this been done earlier, the British army would have been crushed. As it was, the right moment had gone by. It was now too late for a decisive stroke; darkness was falling, and the Americans drew off to their intrenchments, the enemy holding the ground they had advanced to in the morning. Such was the battle of Freeman's Farm. Had Gates reinforced Arnold or sent Learned forward earlier, the result would have been far more decisive. Without a general, led only by their regimental and brigade commanders, the American troops had come into action and fought their own battle in their own way as best they could. If they had been directed by an efficient chief, they would have ended the Burgoyne campaign then and there. As it was, they inflicted a severe blow. The Americans had about 3,000 men engaged; the British about 3,500. The American loss was 283 killed and wounded, and 38 missing. The British loss in killed and wounded, according to their own reports, was 600. Both sides fought in the open, and the Americans, after the first advance, attacked. They had few bayonets and but little artillery, while the British had both in abundance, yet the disparity in the losses showed again the superiority of the American marksmanship and the deadly character of their rifle fire.

The result of the action at Freeman's Farm rejoiced the Americans, and fresh troops from the surrounding country kept coming into camp. Still Gates did nothing

except quarrel with Arnold and relieve him from his command. Instead of following up his advantage and attacking Burgoyne, he sat still and looked at him. This attitude, if not useful, was easy and pleasant to Gates; but to Burgoyne—harassed by constant skirmishing, deserted by his Indians, short of provisions, and with no definite news of the promised relief from the south—it was impossible. He had heard from Clinton that a diversion was to be made from New York, and this tempted him to say that he could hold on until October 12th. Lord George Germain's orders had indeed been found in their pigeon-hole and finally despatched. Reinforcements also had been sent to Clinton, and thus stimulated, he moved out of New York on October 3d with a large fleet and 3,000 troops. He easily deceived Putnam, crossed to King's Ferry and carried the weakly garrisoned forts—Montgomery and Clinton. Then the fleet destroyed the boom and chain in the river, and the Americans were compelled to beach and burn two frigates, which were there to defend the boom. This accomplished, Sir Henry Clinton, oppressed by the lateness of the season, retraced his steps, leaving Vaughan to carry the raid as far as Kingston, which he burned, and then to retire, in his turn, to New York. This performance was what lured Burgoyne to stand his ground. But no amount of hope of Clinton's coming could sustain him indefinitely. Some of his generals, in fact, urged retreat, forgetting that this particular army was not to retreat, but to advance continually. Under the pressure, however, Burgoyne determined to try one more fight, and, if unsuccessful, fall back behind the Batten Kill.

His plan was to make a reconnoissance in force and

with this object, at ten o'clock on October 7th, Burgoyne left his camp with 1,500 of his best troops and 10 pieces of artillery. Again he formed them in three columns, with Fraser on the right, Riedesel and his Brunswickers in the centre, and Phillips on the left. As soon as the British moved, Gates sent out Morgan to meet the enemy on the right while Learned was to oppose the central column, and Poor, with the continentals, was to face Phillips. Poor opened the battle and, supported by Leonard, attacked Acland's grenadiers and broke them despite their well-directed fire. Meantime, Morgan with his riflemen, and Dearborn with the light infantry, fell upon the British right. So fierce was this assault that Burgoyne, seeing that his right would be turned, ordered Fraser to fall back and take a new position. In doing so, Fraser was mortally wounded by a Virginian rifleman. While the wings were thus breaking, the Brunswickers in the centre held firm, and then Arnold, who was on the field merely as a volunteer and with no command, put himself at the head of his old division and led them in a succession of charges against the German position. The Brunswickers behaved well and Burgoyne exposed himself recklessly, but they could not stand the repeated shocks. One regiment broke and was rallied, only to break again. The Americans took eight of the ten guns, and at last the British were forced back to their intrenched camp, where they rallied and stood their ground. There Arnold continued his fierce attacks and was badly wounded. The darkness alone stopped the fight and saved the remnants of the British army, but it had been a disastrous day for Burgoyne. Fraser and Breymann were both killed, and Sir Francis Clarke—Burgoyne's first aide.

The British lost 426 killed and wounded, 200 prisoners, nine guns, ammunition, and baggage. The Americans had about 200 killed and wounded.

The blow was a deadly one, and it was obvious that nothing now remained for the British and Germans but a desperate effort to retreat. After burying poor Fraser in the intrenchments, while the American shot tore the earth and whistled through the air over the grave, Burgoyne abandoned his sick and wounded on the next night after the battle and retreated through the storm to Saratoga. But the attempt was hopeless, and even Gates could not fail to conquer him now. On the 10th, when he tried to see if there was escape by the west bank of the Hudson, he found that Stark, the victor of Bennington, was at Fort Edward with 2,000 men. On the 11th the Americans scattered the British posts at the mouth of the Fishkill, captured all their boats and nearly all their provisions. On the 12th Burgoyne was surrounded. Outnumbered and exposed to concentric fire, he yielded to the inevitable, and on the 14th sent in a flag of truce to treat for a surrender. Gates demanded that the surrender be unconditional. Burgoyne refused to consider it. Thereupon Gates, alarmed by rumors of the raid and village burning under Vaughan, instead of attacking at once, gave way feebly and agreed to a convention by which the British surrendered, but were free to go to England on agreeing not to serve again against America.

The convention was an inglorious one to Gates when he actually held the British helpless in his grasp, but it answered every practical purpose. By the convention of October 16, 1777, a British general with his army numbering 5,791 surrendered. Eighteen hundred

and fifty-six prisoners of war were already in the hands of the Americans. Including the losses in the field and in the various actions from Ticonderoga and Oriskany to Bennington and Saratoga, England had lost 10,000 men, and had surrendered at Saratoga forty-two guns and forty-six hundred muskets.

The victory had been won by the rank and file, by the regiments and companies, for after the departure of Schuyler there was no general-in-chief. The battles were fought under the lead of division commanders like Arnold, Morgan, or Poor, or else under popular chiefs like Herkimer and Stark. But it was the American people who had wrecked Burgoyne. He came down into that still unsettled region of lake and mountain with all the pomp and equipment of European war. He brought with him Indian allies, and the people of New York and New England knew well what that meant. They were not disciplined or uniformed, and they had no weapons except their rifles and hunting-knives. But they could fight and they knew what an Indian was, even though they had never seen a Hessian or a British grenadier. They rose up in Burgoyne's path, and, allied with the wilderness, they began to fight him. Regular troops came to their support from Washington's army, and militia were sent by the States from the seaboard. Thus the Americans multiplied while the British dwindled. The wilderness hemmed in the trained troops of England and Germany, and the men, to whom the forests and the streams were as familiar as their own firesides, swarmed about them with evergrowing numbers. At last, the English army, reduced one half, beaten and crippled in successive engagements, ringed round by enemies, surrendered. Again, and more forcibly than

ever, facts said to England's Ministers: "These Americans can fight; they have been taught to ride and shoot, and look a stranger in the face; they are of a fighting stock; it is not well in a spirit of contempt to raid their country and threaten their homes with Indians: if you do this thing in this spirit, disaster will come." As a matter of fact, disaster came, and Burgoyne's expedition, the most important sent by England against her revolted colonies, failed and went to wreck.

CHAPTER XI

THE RESULTS OF SARATOGA

SARATOGA, where Burgoyne's surrender took place, is counted by Sir Edward Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. By this verdict the American victory comes into a very small and very memorable company. The world's history is full of battles and sieges, and among this almost countless host only fifteen are deemed worthy, by an accomplished historian, to take rank as decisive in the widest sense, and as affecting the destiny of mankind. By what title does Saratoga rise to this dignity? Certainly not from the numbers engaged, for they were comparatively small. The victory was complete, it is true, but an army of 10,000 men has been beaten and has surrendered many times without deciding anything, not even the issue of a campaign. From the military point of view the blow was a heavy one to England, but she has suffered much greater losses than this in her career of conquest and still has come out victorious.

The fact is that the significance of Saratoga lies less in what it actually was, than in what it proved and what it brought to pass. It showed the fighting quality of the American people, and demonstrated that they were able to rise up around a powerful and disciplined force and hunt it down to ruin and surrender. The prospect of conquering a people capable of such fighting,

defended by three thousand miles of ocean and backed by the wilderness, was obviously slight. Saratoga meant, further, that the attempt to control the Hudson, and thus divide the States, had definitely failed. The enormous advantage of a country united for military purposes had been won, and the union of the new States, which, physically as well as politically, was essential to victory, had been secured, and, once secured, this meant ultimate success. Last, and most important of all, the surrender of Burgoyne and the utter wreck of his campaign convinced Europe of these very facts, or, in other words, assured foreign powers that the revolted colonies would win in the end. It required the keen intellect of Frederick the Great to appreciate Trenton and Princeton. He realized that those battles, flashing out from the clouds of defeat and misfortune, meant that the Americans had developed a great leader, a soldier of genius, and that under such a man a fighting people could not be beaten by an enemy whose base of supplies was 3,000 miles away. But no Frederick was needed to comprehend Saratoga, where there had been no strategy, nothing but hard, blunt fighting, ending in the effacement of a British army and the ruin of a campaign of vital importance. This was clear to all men in the despatches which announced Burgoyne's surrender, and the knowledge brought America supplies, money, and allies. Alone, the colonies could not be conquered. With a European alliance their victory became certain.

To understand exactly what was wrought by the fighting in those northern forests, it is necessary to know the conditions existing on the other side of the Atlantic at the time when the men of New York and Virginia and New England finally brought their quarry

down at Saratoga. The American Revolution was fought out not only in the field but in the Cabinets of Europe as well. The new nation not only had to win battles and sustain defeats, but also to gain recognition at the great tribunal of public opinion and prove its right to live. Statesmen were required as well as commanders of armies and captains of frigates, in order to break the British Empire and establish a new people among the nations of the earth. The statesmen came. They, indeed, had begun the work, for it had fallen to them to argue the American cause with England, and then to state to the world the reasons and necessity for independence. Even before this was done, however, it had become evident to the leaders in Congress that the American Revolution, in order to succeed, must be recognized in Europe, and must even obtain there an active support. So it came about that the political leaders in America, after this was fairly understood, as a rule, either returned to their States, where the most energetic assistance could be given to the Revolution, or went abroad to plead their country's cause in foreign lands. Congress sank in ability and strength in consequence, but as it never could have been an efficient executive body in any event, this was of less moment than that the highest political ability of the country should be concentrated on the most vital points. Thus it was that the strength of American statesmanship, after the Declaration of Independence, instinctively turned to diplomacy as the field where the greatest results could be achieved, and where alone allies, money, and supplies could be obtained. The beginnings were small and modest enough, and Congress hesitated in this direction as long and as seriously as it did in regard to independ-

ence; for foreign aid and alliance, as much as war, meant final separation from the mother-country.

The resistance of the colonies to England had gradually attracted the attention of Europe. The continental governments generally were slow to see the importance of this transatlantic movement; but the French, still smarting under the loss of Canada, were quick to perceive how much it might mean to them in the way of revenge. Bunker Hill roused them and riveted their attention. Vergennes, watching events closely and from the first eager to strike at England, secretly sent M. de Bonvouloir, a former resident of the West Indies, to visit America and report. De Bonvouloir, on reaching Philadelphia, had a private interview with Franklin, and reported that, although the resistance to England was determined, the Americans hesitated to seek foreign aid. This, without doubt, was a true picture of the situation and of the state of American feeling at that time. Yet, a little later, in December, 1775, Congress made a first timid step toward outside assistance by authorizing Arthur Lee—then in London —to ascertain the feeling of the European governments in regard to the colonies. Arthur Lee was one of the distinguished brothers of the well-known Virginian family. He was intelligent and well-educated, having taken a degree in medicine and then studied law. He was an accomplished man with a good address, and ample knowledge of the world and of society. In ability he did not rise to the level of the very difficult task which developed before him later, and he proved to have a jealous and quarrelsome disposition which led him to intrigue against Franklin and into other serious troubles. At this time, however, he did very well, for

he had been the agent of Massachusetts, and knew his ground thoroughly. He seems to have obtained good information, and, what was still more important, he came into relations with a man who at this juncture was destined to be of great service to America. This was Beaumarchais, mechanician and merchant, orator and financier, writer and politician. Above all, Beaumarchais was the child of his time, the author of "The Barber of Seville," the creator of "Figaro," which played its part in preparing the way for what was to come. As the child of his time, too, he was infected with the spirit of change, filled with liberal views and hopes for humanity, which were soon to mean many things besides a philosophic temper of mind. So the American cause appealed to him as Frenchman, speculator, adventurer, and friend of humanity and progress. He saw Lee in London; is said to have gone there eight times for that purpose; and presently stood as the connecting link between the ancient monarchy and the young republic of America.

Vergennes, pressing steadily toward action in behalf of the revolting English colonies, was opposed in the Cabinet by Turgot, who sympathized deeply with the American cause, but rightly felt that France was in no condition to face another war. With Turgot was Maurepas, and Vergennes could advance but slowly in his policy. Nevertheless, he got something done. In May, 1776, he sent $200,000 to the Americans, and persuaded Spain to do the same. It was all effected very secretly through Beaumarchais, but still it was done.

Meantime, Congress was moving, too. In March, 1776, it appointed Silas Deane, a merchant of Connecti-

cut, as agent and commissioner to France, to sound secretly the government, and also to see what could be done in Holland. Deane was an energetic, pushing man, who rendered good service, but he was careless in making contracts, was attacked and misrepresented by Lee, recalled from Europe, and being injudicious in his defence, he dropped out of public life. Like Lee, however, he did well in the early days. He reached France in July, 1776, and was admitted on the 11th to an interview with Vergennes. On the 20th he obtained a promise of arms, and again Beaumarchais was authorized to supply merchandise to the value of three million livres. When the Declaration of Independence was known, Vergennes urged action more strongly than ever, and Congress—now that the die was cast—discussed the draft of a treaty with France, and, what was far more important, appointed Franklin as a commissioner with Deane and Lee to negotiate with the French Government. Franklin reached Paris as the year was drawing to a close, and was received with enthusiastic warmth. He was known all over Europe, and especially in France, where his reputation as a man of science and a philosopher, as a writer and philanthropist, added to his fame as a public man, made him as popular and admired as he was distinguished. His coming changed the complexion of affairs and gave a seriousness to the negotiations which they had lacked before. Public sympathy, too, was awakened, and Lafayette, young and enthusiastic, prepared to depart at his own expense to serve as a volunteer in the cause of liberty. So, too, went De Kalb, and a little later, Pulaski; and then Kosciusko, together with a crowd of less desirable persons who saw in the American war a field for adventure.

On December 28th Franklin was received by Vergennes and greatly encouraged by him. The opposition in the Cabinet was giving way, and although nothing could be done with Spain, despite the efforts of Vergennes to make her act with France, American affairs were moving smoothly and propitiously. Then came the news of the defeats on the Hudson, and everything was checked. It seemed, after all, as if it was not such a serious matter, as if England had but to exert herself to put an end to it, and so there was a general drawing back. France stopped on the way to a treaty and refused to do anything leading to war. She continued to secretly advance money, sent ships with arms, and allowed American privateers in her ports, but beyond this she would not go, and all the popularity and address of Franklin were for the time vain.

But as the months wore away, the attention of Europe was fixed on the northern campaign which was to break the colonies and crush the rebellion. Before the year closed, the news of Saratoga had crossed the Atlantic. It was received in England with consternation. Lord North was overwhelmed. He saw that it meant a French alliance, the loss of the colonies, perhaps French conquests. He went as far as he could in framing conciliatory propositions, and appointed a commission to take them to America—but it was all too late. As Washington said, an acknowledged independence was now the only possible peace. The King, who was not clever like Lord North, failed to see the meaning of Saratoga, and was ready to face a world in arms rather than yield to rebels. In England, therefore, Burgoyne's surrender brought nothing but abortive concessions, which two years earlier would have settled

everything, and fresh preparations for a struggle fast drawing into hopelessness.

In France the result was widely different. Paris heard the tidings of Saratoga with joy, and Vergennes received the commissioners on December 12th. He made no secret of his pleasure in the news which sustained the position he had taken, and he also understood, what very few at that moment comprehended, the immense importance and meaning of Washington's stubborn fighting with Howe while the northern victories were being won. On December 20th Franklin and Deane were informed that the King would acknowledge the colonies and support their cause. On February 6th two treaties were made between France and the United States, one of amity and commerce, and the other an eventual treaty of defensive alliance. On March 20th the American commissioners were at Versailles and were presented to the King, and on the 22d they were received by Marie Antoinette. On April 10th Gerard was sent as Minister to the United States, and the alliance was complete. England, formally notified of the treaties, accepted them as an act of war. Burgoyne's surrender had done its work, and France had cast her sword into the scale against England. The men who had fought side by side with British soldiers, and gloried in the winning of Canada, were now united with the French, whom they had then helped to conquer, in the common purpose of tearing from the empire of Britain the fairest and greatest part of her colonial dominion. The English Ministers and the English King, who had made such a situation possible by sheer blundering, may well have looked with wonder at the work of their hands.

The diplomacy of the Americans was as fortunate as their conduct of the original controversy with the mother-country. Almost everywhere they secured a reception which assured them, if not actual support, at least a benevolent neutrality. Russia refused troops to England and manifested a kindly interest in the new States. Holland, who had herself fought her way to freedom, and could not forget her kindred in the New World, not only refused to give troops to George III., but openly sympathized with the rebels, and later lent them money, for all which she was to suffer severely at the hands of England. The northern powers stood aloof and neutral. Austria sympathized slightly, but did nothing. Spain, despite the pressure of Vergennes, could not be stirred, and Lee's expedition to Burgos, where he met Grimaldi, in the winter of 1776-77, bore no fruit. Lee, who was not lacking in zeal and energy, also went to Berlin. He was well received there by Frederick, who looked with unfeigned contempt on the blundering of his cousin George, and predicted the success of the colonies, but who would not at that moment engage himself in the controversy. While Lee was in Berlin, the British Minister, Elliott, hired a thief for one thousand guineas to break into the American Envoy's room and steal his papers. Lee recovered the papers on complaining to the police, but this unusual diplomatic performance caused Frederick to refuse to see Elliott, to enter on his Cabinet record that the act of the British Minister was "a public theft," and to increase the kindness and consideration with which he treated Lee.

On the whole, the diplomacy of the new-born nation was highly successful. The American representatives

made a good impression wherever they appeared, and turned to excellent account the unpopularity of England. They soon satisfied themselves that they had nothing to fear from Europe and much to hope which cleared the ground and enabled the United States to face the future with the knowledge that England could look for no aid against them outside her own resources. They were destined to get much more from Europe than this negative assurance; but the beginning was well made. The scene of their greatest efforts was, of course, in France, and there they attained to the height of their desires on the strength of Burgoyne's surrender. Congress, appreciating more and more the work to be done abroad, sent out John Adams to replace Deane. He arrived after the signing of the treaties, but his coming was most fortunate, for Franklin's colleagues were disposed to be jealous of him and to intrigue against him. As so often happens, they were inferior men, who could not understand why the superior man was looked up to as the real leader. But no jealousy could obscure the facts. Franklin was the hero of the hour and the admired of Court and city. His simple ways, his strong and acute intellect, his keen humor, his astute diplomacy, all standing out against the background of his scientific fame, appealed strongly to Frenchmen and to the mood of the hour. Statesmen listened to him respectfully, the great ladies of the brilliant and frivolous Court flattered and admired him, the crowds cheered him in the streets, and when the Academy received Voltaire, the audience, comprising all that was most distinguished in arts and letters, demanded that he and Franklin should embrace each other in their presence.

The first impulse is to laugh at those two old men,

worn with experience and wise with much knowledge of the world, sceptics both in their different ways, solemnly kissing each oth · · amid the excited plaudits of that brilliant assemblage. It seems almost impossible not to imagine that the keen sense of humor which both possessed in such a high degree should not have been kindled as the wrinkled, withered face of Voltaire drew near to that of Franklin, smooth, simple-looking, and benevolent, with the broad forehead arching over the cunning, penetrating eyes. Yet this, if the most obvious, is also the superficial view. Both actors and audience took the whole ceremony with seriousness and emotion, and they were right to do so, for there is a deep significance in that famous scene of the Academy. Voltaire's course was run, while Franklin had many years of fine work still before him; but both were children of the century; both represented the great movement of the time for intellectual and political freedom, then beginning to culminate. Franklin, although he had passed the age of the Psalmist, represented also the men who were even then trying to carry into practice what Voltaire had taught, and to build anew on the ground which he had cleared. Voltaire stood above all else for the spirit which destroyed in order to make room for better things. If Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, Voltaire's sneering smile had shattered faiths, beliefs, and habits which for centuries had lain at the very foundation of government and society. Revolutions in thought are not made with rose-water, any more than other revolutions, and Voltaire had spared nothing. His wonderful intellect, as versatile as it was ingenious, had struck at everything that was accepted. The most sacred beliefs and the darkest superstitions, the foulest

abuses and the noblest traditions, had all alike shrivelled beneath his satire, quivered under his scorn, and shrunk from his ridicule. Those that deserved to live survived it all to bloom again. Those that deserved to die perished beneath the blight. He had mocked at religion until scepticism had become fashionable, and the Church itself was laughed at and disregarded. He had sneered at governments and rulers and courts, until all reverence for them had departed. He had lashed the optimism of those who possessed the earth, until their doctrines appeared a hideous sham, and the miseries of men the only realities. He was the destroyer without whom the deep abuses of the time could never have been reached or remedied. But he offered nothing, and men cannot live on negations. As he cleared the ground, other men rose up seeking to replace the ruined and lost ideals with new and better hopes. If mankind was miserable, there must be some cure. If governments were bad, and kings and courts evil, they must be replaced by the people whom they ruled and oppressed. If the Church was a fraud, and religion a superstition, salvation must be found in the worship of humanity.

In France, bankrupt, oppressed, misgoverned, and yet the intellectual centre of Europe, this great movement came to full life. It was there that the old dykes had been broken and the rushing tide of new thought had poured in. There Voltaire had swept men from their old moorings, and there Rousseau and many others were dreaming dreams and seeing visions of the regeneration of mankind. Suddenly, into this society fermenting with new ideas and preparing, all unconsciously, for armed revolution, came the news of the

American revolt. Here, then, it seemed were men 3,000 miles away who were actually trying, in a practical, tangible manner, to do that very thing about which the intellect and the imagination of France were reasoning and dreaming. Thus the American appeal thrilled through this great and brilliant French society which seemed on the surface so remote from the fishers and choppers and ploughmen, who, far away on the verge of the wilderness, were trying to constitute a state. The ministers and statesmen, dealing with facts, instructed as to precedents, and blind to the underlying forces, saw in the revolt of the American Colonies an opportunity to cripple England and thus reduce their enemy and rival. They saw correctly so far as they saw at all. France sustained the colonies, and the British Empire was broken. But they did not see what lay beyond; they did not understand that they were paving the way for the overthrow of monarchies other than that which ruled North America; nor was it in the deeper sense due to them that France became the ally of the United States.

They were borne along by a mightier force than anything they had ever known, and of which they had no real conception. The King, with a mental capacity sufficient only for a good locksmith, had a dumb animal instinct of race which made him dislike the whole American policy. He received Franklin coldly, almost gruffly, and yielded reluctantly to his Ministers. Yet he, too, was driven along by a force as irresistible as it was unseen, which finally having broken all bounds swept him to the prison and the scaffold. Louis's royal instinct was entirely right so far as he was concerned, and much truer than the judgment of his keen and well-

instructed Ministers. Kings had no business to be backing up revolted colonists, for the cause of America was the cause of the people against all kings. It was for this very reason that it appealed not only to the intellect of France, which had thrown down the old beliefs and was seeking a new creed, but to the French people, who were beginning to stir blindly and ominously with a sense of their wrongs and their power. This was why the American cry for aid aroused the enthusiasm and the sympathy of France. The democratic movements, still hidden in the shadows and the depths, but none the less beginning to move and live in France, recognized, instinctively, the meaning of the same movement which had started into full life in America with arms in its hand. This was the deep, underlying cause of the French alliance when the surrender of Burgoyne said, not merely to Ministers intent on policy, but to a nation with visions in its brain, here is an armed people, not only fighting for the rights of man, but fighting victoriously, and bringing to wreck and extinction a King's army which had been sent against them.

CHAPTER XII

FABIUS

THE intimate connection between the northern campaign against Burgoyne and that conducted at the same time by the main army, under Washington, has been too much overlooked. If the English army in the south had been able or ready to push forward to Albany at all hazards, nothing could have stayed the success of Burgoyne and the consequent control by the British of the line of the Hudson. Lord George Germain's pigeon-holed order and country visits counted for something in delaying any British movement from New York; but if the main army had been free and unchecked, not even tardy orders or the dulness of Howe and Clinton would have prevented an effective advance in full force up the Hudson instead of the abortive raid of a comparatively small detachment. The reason that relief did not reach Burgoyne from the south was simply that the British army there was otherwise engaged and could not come. Washington had entire confidence, after the British reached Ticonderoga, that the whole expedition would end in failure and defeat. He was confident, because he understood all the conditions thoroughly. He had been a backwoods fighter in his youth, he had seen Braddock routed; in the midst of that disaster he had saved the remnants of the shattered, panic-stricken army, and he knew that the people of New England and New York,

rising in defence of their homes, and backed by the wilderness, would sooner or later destroy any regular army with a distant base and long communications. For this success there was only one absolutely indispensable condition: no army from the south must be allowed to meet the invaders from the north. That they should not, depended on him, and hence his confidence in Schuyler's measures and in the ultimate destruction of Burgoyne. Yet the task before him was a severe one, in reality far graver and more difficult than that wrought out so bravely and well by the people of the north.

Washington, in the first and chief place, had no wilderness as an ally. He was facing the principal English army, better equipped, better disciplined, much more numerous than his own, and operating in a settled country and over good roads. His enemy controlled the sea, and a seaport was their base of supplies. They therefore had no long line of communications, were not obliged, and could not be compelled, to live off the country, were in no danger of starvation, and were quartered in towns where a large proportion of the inhabitants were loyal to the crown. Washington's problem was to hold the main British army where they were and make it impossible for them to march north while the season permitted. This he had to do by sheer force of his own skill and courage with a half-formed, half-drilled army, an inefficient government behind him, and meagre and most uncertain resources. To succeed, he had to hold his army together at all hazards, and keep the field, so that the British would never dare to march north and leave him in their rear. In order to accomplish this result he would have to fight again and again,

keep the enemy in check, employ them, delay them, consume time, and no matter what reverses might befall him, never suffer a defeat to become a rout, or permit his army to break and lose its spirit. The story of the campaign of 1777 on the northern border has been told. The way in which Washington dealt with his own problem and faced his difficulties is the story of the other campaign which went on all through that same spring and summer in the Middle States, and upon which the fate of Burgoyne so largely turned.

After his victory at Princeton, at the beginning of the year, Washington withdrew to Morristown, and there remained in winter quarters until May. His militia, as usual, left him as their terms of enlistment expired, his army at times was reduced almost to a shadow, but still he kept his ground and maintained his organization, which was the one great problem of the winter. In the spring the needed levies came in, and Washington at once took the field and occupied a strong position at Middlebrook. Howe came out from Brunswick, looked at the American position, decided that it was too strong to be forced, and withdrew to Amboy. He made another effort when he heard the American army was at Quibbletown, but Washington eluded him, and Howe then passed over to Staten Island and abandoned New Jersey entirely.

Washington saw so plainly what the British ought to do that he supposed Howe would surely make every sacrifice to unite with Burgoyne and would direct all his energies to that end. He therefore expected him to move at once up the Hudson, and accordingly advanced himself to Ramapo, so that he might be within striking distance of New York; for he was determined at all

costs to prevent the junction with Burgoyne, which he knew was the one vital point of the campaign. For six weeks he remained in ignorance of Howe's intentions, but at last, on July 24th, he learned that Howe had sailed with the bulk of the army, and that the entire fleet was heading to the south. Thereupon he marched toward Philadelphia, but hearing that the fleet had been seen off the capes of the Delaware and had then been lost sight of, he concluded that Howe was bound for Charleston, and made up his mind to return to New York, as he felt that the troops still there would certainly be used to reach Burgoyne, if the American army on any pretext could be drawn away.

He had not entirely fathomed, however, the intelligence of the British commanders. That which was clear to him as the one thing to be done, had not occupied Howe's mind at all. He was not thinking of Burgoyne, did not understand the overwhelming importance of that movement, and had planned to take Philadelphia from the south, having failed to get Washington out of his path in New Jersey. So when he sailed he was making for Philadelphia, an important town, but valueless in a military point of view at that particular juncture. Definite news that the British were in the Chesapeake reached Washington just in time to prevent his return to New York, and he at once set out to meet the enemy. His task at last was clear to him. If possible, he must save Philadelphia, and if that could not be done, at least he must hold Howe there, and stop his going north after the capture of the city. He therefore marched rapidly southward, and passed through Philadelphia, to try to encourage by his presence the loyal, and chill the disaffected in that divided

town. The intention was excellent, but it is to be feared that his army could not have made a very gratifying or deep impression. The troops were ill-armed, poorly clothed, and so nearly destitute of uniforms, that the soldiers were forced to wear sprigs of green in their hats in order to give themselves some slight appearance of identity in organization and purpose. Nevertheless, poorly as they looked, their spirit was good; they meant to fight, and when Washington halted south of Wilmington, he sent forward Maxwell's corps and then waited the coming of the enemy.

Howe having lingered six weeks in New York, with no apparent purpose, had consumed another precious month in his voyage, and did not finally land his men until August 25th. This done, he advanced slowly along the Elk, and it was September 3d when he reached Aitken's Tavern, and encountered Maxwell, who was driven back after a sharp skirmish. Howe pressed on, expecting to take the Americans at a disadvantage, but Washington slipped away from him and took a strong and advantageous position at Chad's Ford on the Brandywine, where he determined to make a stand and risk a battle, although he had only 11,000 effective men, and Howe had brought 18,000 from New York. Possessing the advantage of position, he had a chance to win, and he meant to take every chance. With the main army he held Chad's Ford; the lower fords were held by the Pennsylvania militia on the left, while Sullivan, in command of the right wing, was to guard those above the main army. This important work Sullivan failed to do, or did imperfectly, and from this failure came defeat. On the 11th, Knyphausen, with 7,000 men, came to Chad's Ford and made a feint

of crossing. Meantime, Cornwallis and Howe, with an equally strong column, marched north, and then swinging to the east around the forks of the Brandywine, crossed at the unguarded fords. At noon Washington heard of Cornwallis's movement, and with quick instinct determined to fall upon Knyphausen in his front and crush him. He had indeed begun to cross the stream, when word came from Sullivan that he had been assured by Major Spear, who had been on the other side of the river, that Cornwallis was not advancing, as reported. This blundering message made Washington draw back his men and relinquish his attack on Knyphausen, and meantime the battle was lost. Sullivan, indeed, could hardly have sent off his fatal misinformation before the British were upon him. He made a brave stand, but he was outnumbered and outflanked, and his division was routed. Washington hearing firing, made rapidly toward the right wing, where meeting the fugitives, he ordered Greene forward, who with great quickness brought up his division and supported the broken right wing, so that they were able to withdraw to a narrow defile, where they made good their ground until nightfall. At Chad's Ford, Wayne held Knyphausen in check until assured of the disaster to the right wing, and then drew off in good order and joined the main army at Chester. The battle had been lost through obvious faults on the American side, although Washington's dispositions were excellent. If he had crossed when he started to do so, and fallen upon Knyphausen with a superior force at that point, he would have won his fight, even if Sullivan had been crushed. Everything in fact was ruined by the carelessness which caused Sullivan to leave the fords un-

guarded, of which he did not know, but of which he should have known, and by the blundering message which prevented Washington from attacking Knyphausen. Nevertheless, it is a grievous error in war to be misinformed, and it shows that the scouting was poor and the General badly served by his outposts. These grave faults came, of course, from the rawness of the army and the lack of proper organization, yet it must be admitted that even in an army recently levied, such misinformation as Sullivan sent to Washington seems unpardonable. Still, despite the defeat, it is easy to perceive a decided improvement since the defeat at Long Island for, although Sullivan's men showed some unsteadiness, the army as a whole behaved well. The American loss was over a thousand, the British five hundred and seventy-nine, but there was no panic, and no rout. Washington had his army well in hand that night, marched the next morning from Chester to Germantown, then recrossed the Schuylkill at Swedes' Fort and moving in a westerly direction along the old Lancaster road on September 16th faced Howe near West Chester, ready to fight again. Skirmishing, in fact, had actually begun, when a violent storm came up and so wet the ammunition on both sides that the firing ceased, and Washington was compelled to withdraw for fresh supplies. He left Wayne behind, who got in the rear of the British advancing along the west bank of the river and who wrote Washington that a terrible mistake had been made in recrossing the Schuylkill, as a fatal blow might have been struck if he had only remained. Wayne sent this opinion off, supposing that the British were ignorant of his own position. Unfortunately they were not, and on the night of the 20th,

General Grey surprised him in his camp at Paoli, where the Americans lost one hundred and fifty men. By courage and presence of mind, Wayne escaped with his cannon and the rest of his men, but with his division much broken by the shock. Coming on top of the defeat at the Brandywine, and due to overconfidence and also again to lack of proper information, this unfortunate affair was not inspiriting to the general tone of the army.

Howe, on his side, after disposing of Wayne, made a feint which caused Washington to march up the river to protect his stores at Reading, and then turning, went straight on to Philadelphia. He reached Germantown on the 25th, and the next morning Cornwallis marched into Philadelphia with 3,000 men and took possession of the town. Congress, or whatever was left of it, had fled some days before to Lancaster, but the townspeople remained. Some received the King's soldiers with loud acclaim, most of them looked on in sullen silence, while the British on their side behaved perfectly well and molested nobody. Thus Howe smoothly and triumphantly had achieved his purpose. He sent word to his brother in command of the fleet that the city was won, started intrenchments, and prepared to remove the obstructions and forts by which the Americans still held the river. All indeed had gone very well. The rebels had been beaten, some of their detachments surprised, and their capital taken. Howe thought the business was about over, and, if he had been capable of the mental effort, may have been considering a quick march to the north after his conquest of the Middle States and a victorious junction with Burgoyne. While he was making his preparations to clear the river, he kept his main army in

Germantown quietly and comfortably, and there on the early morning of October 4th he suddenly heard firing, and riding out, met his light infantry running. He expressed his surprise at their conduct, and then rode back to his main line, for he found a general action had begun. It seemed that the beaten rebels did not understand that they were beaten, but were upon him again, a piece of audacity for which he was not prepared. Washington in fact had not only held his army together after defeat, but had maintained it in such good trim and spirits that, although inferior in numbers, he was able to assume the aggressive and boldly engage his enemy lying in nearly full force at Germantown. It was a well-planned attack and came within an ace of complete success.

Sullivan, supported by Washington with the reserves, was to make the main attack in front. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey militia were to distract the enemy's attention by demonstrations on the flanks, while Greene, taking a wide sweep with a large force, was to come up from the Limekiln road and strike the right wing of the British, forcing them back toward the river. Sullivan waited two hours to give Greene time to arrive, and then advanced. At first all went well; the morning was misty and the British were surprised. The Americans drove the enemy rapidly and in confusion before them, and were pressing on to the centre of the town when some companies of English soldiers opened fire from the Chew house, a large stone building, upon the reserves, who were following Sullivan. Very unwisely they stopped and tried to take the house, and then endeavored to burn it. Both attempts not only failed but wasted time and lost men. They should have

pushed on, leaving a small body to watch the house, instead of slackening as they did the momentum of the first rush. Even this unlucky delay, however, would not have been fatal if the attack from the east, which was the key of Washington's plan, had succeeded. Greene, however, was half an hour late, and then struck the enemy sooner than he expected, and had his line broken. He nevertheless reformed, kept on, and drove the British back, but reinforcements coming up, he was forced to retreat. Worse than this, one of his divisions going astray in the fog, came up to the Chew house and opened fire. Thereupon Wayne supposing the enemy was in his rear drew off, uncovering Sullivan't flank, and thus forced the latter to retreat also. The British pursued, but were finally stopped by Wayne's battery at Whitemarsh. The American attack had failed and the army had been repulsed. The causes of the defeat were the difficulties inseparable from a plan requiring several detached movements, the confusion caused by the thick mist, and the consequent unsteadiness of the new troops. The fighting was sharp, and the Americans lost 673 in killed and wounded, besides 400 made prisoners, while the British lost in killed and wounded only 521. Nevertheless, although repulsed, Washington had not fought in vain. He had shown his ability to assume the offensive immediately after a defeat, and this not only had a good effect at home, but weighed very greatly with Vergennes, who saw the meaning of a battle under such circumstances more clearly than those actually on the scene of action.

Moreover, Washington had brought off his army again in good spirits, with courage and confidence restored, and still held the field so strongly that Howe,

despite his victories, found himself practically besieged, with provisions running short. He could not move by land, and it therefore became a matter of life and death to open the Delaware River so that the fleet could come up to his relief. Accordingly, on October 19th, he withdrew from Germantown to Philadelphia, forced to do so by Washington's operations despite the repulse of the Americans, and turned his whole attention to the destruction of the defences of the Delaware. These defences consisted of two unfinished works: Fort Mifflin on an island in the Schuylkill, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank in New Jersey. Between these points the channel was blocked and the blockade defended by a flotilla of small boats commanded by Commodore Hazlewood and by some larger vessels built for Congress. The British fleet forced the obstructions below and came nearly up to Fort Mifflin on October 21st. The next day Count Donop with 2,500 Hessians attacked Fort Mercer, held by Colonel Greene with 600 men. Their first assault was repulsed with heavy loss. The British forces were to have been supported by the fleet, but Hazlewood beat off the vessels sent against him, and drawing in near shore, opened on the flank of the Hessians. Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such a murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop himself was mortally wounded and made a prisoner. The Hessians lost over four hundred men, the Americans thirty-five. Two British vessels also went aground, were attacked by the Americans, set on fire and blown up. The defence was admirably conducted, and the whole affair was one of the best fought actions of the war.

This attempt to carry the American redoubts by a simple rush had thus not only failed but had resulted in heavy slaughter. Even Howe saw that he must take more deliberate measures to attain his end. He accordingly erected batteries on the Pennsylvania shore, which reached Fort Mifflin with most serious effect. Men-of-war at the same time came up and opened fire on the other side. For five days the three hundred men held out, and then, most of their officers being killed or wounded, their ammunition nearly exhausted, their guns dismounted, they abandoned the heap of ruins which they had defended so well, and on the night of November 15th crossed over to Red Bank. This fort, now isolated, was menaced in the rear by Cornwallis, and before General Greene could reach it with relief, the garrison were obliged to retreat and leave its empty walls to be destroyed. The defence of these two posts had been altogether admirable, and had served an important purpose in occupying the British General, besides costing him, all told, some six hundred men and two vessels.

Nevertheless, Howe was at last in possession of Philadelphia, the object of his campaign, and with his communications by water open. He had consumed four months in this business since he left New York, three months since he landed near the Elk River. His prize, now that he had got it, was worth less than nothing in a military point of view, and he had been made to pay a high price for it, not merely in men, but in precious time, for while he was struggling sluggishly for Philadelphia, Burgoyne, who really meant something very serious, had gone to wreck and sunk out of sight in the northern forests. Indeed, Howe did not

even hold his dearly bought town in peace, for after the fall of the forts, Greene, aided by Lafayette, who had joined the army on its way to the Brandywine, made a sharp dash and broke up an outlying party of Hessians. Such things were intolerable, they interfered with personal comfort, and they emanated from the American army which Washington had now established in strong lines at Whitemarsh. So Howe announced that in order to have a quiet winter, he would drive Washington beyond the mountains. Howe did not often display military intelligence, but that he was profoundly right in this particular intention must be admitted. In pursuit of his plan, therefore, he marched out of Philadelphia on December 4th, drove off some Pennsylvania militia on the 5th, considered the American position for four days, did not dare to attack, could not draw his opponent out, returned to the city, and left Washington to go into winter quarters at Valley Forge, whence he could easily strike if any move was made by the British army.

Not the least difficult of Washington's achievements was this same refusal to come down and fight Howe at Whitemarsh. He had been anxious to do so some time before, for it was part of his nature to fight hard and at every opportunity. Yet when Howe marched against him at this juncture he refused, and the strength of his position was such that the British felt it would be certain defeat to attack. The country, with its head turning from the victory over Burgoyne, was clamoring for another battle. Comparisons were made between Washington and Gates, grotesque as such an idea seems now, much to the former's disadvantage, and the defeats of Brandywine and German-

town were contrasted bitterly with the northern victories. Murmurs could be heard in the Congress, which had been forced to fly from their comfortable quarters by the arrival of the victorious enemy in Philadelphia. John Adams, one of the ablest and most patriotic of men, but with a distinct capacity for honest envy, discoursed excitedly about Washington's failures and Gates's successes. He knew nothing of military affairs, but as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, he would have been ready to take command of the Channel Fleet on a day's notice, and so he decided and announced, in his impetuous way, the greatness of Gates, whose sole merit was that he was not able to prevent Burgoyne's defeat, growled at the General-in-Chief, who had saved the Revolution, and sneered at him as a "Fabius."

Washington knew all these things. He heard the clamors from the country, and they fell in with his own instincts and desires. He was quite aware of the comparisons with Gates and of the murmurings and criticism in Congress. Yet he went his way unmoved. He weakened himself to help the northern army, for he understood, as no one else then did, the crucial character of Burgoyne's expedition. When the news of the surrender at Saratoga came to him, his one word was devout gratitude for the victory he had expected. But no comparisons, no sneers, no rivalry could make him move from the lines at Whitemarsh. If Howe would attack him where victory was certain, well and good, but on the edge of winter he would take no risk of defeat. He must hold the army together and keep it where it could check every movement of the enemy. The conquerors of Burgoyne might disperse to their

homes, but the Continental Army must always be ready and in the field, for when it ceased to be so, the American Revolution was at an end. Hence the strong lines at Whitemarsh, as memorable in Washington's career as the lines of Torres Vedras in that of Wellington. Hence the refusal to fight except on a certainty, a great refusal, as hard to give as anything Washington ever did. Hence, finally, the failure of Howe to drive his enemy "beyond the mountains," and his retirement to Philadelphia to sleep away the winter while the American Revolution waited by his side, ready to strike the moment he waked and stirred.

Washington had thus saved his army from the peril of defeat without lowering their spirit by retreating. He had stood ready to fight on his own terms, and had seen his opponent withdraw, baffled, to the city, whence it was reasonably certain he would not come forth again until a pleasanter season. So much was accomplished, but a still worse task remained. He had, it is true, his army in good spirit and fair numbers, but he had to keep it through a hard winter, where it would hold Howe in check, and to maintain its life and strength without resources or equipment and with an inefficient and carping Congress for his only support.

Valley Forge was the place selected for the winter camp. From a military stand-point it was excellent, being both central and easily defended. Critics at the time found fault with it because it was a wilderness with wooded hills darkening the valley on either side. The military purpose, however, was the one to be first considered, and it may be doubted if the army would have found any better quarters elsewhere, unless they had cooped themselves up in some town where they

would have been either too distant for prompt action or an easy mark for attack. But, whether due to military expediency or not, the story of Valley Forge is an epic of slow suffering silently borne, of patient heroism, and of a very bright and triumphant outcome, when the gray days, the long nights, and the biting frost fled together. Middle of December in the North American woods; no shelter, no provisions, no preparations; such were the conditions of Valley Forge when the American army first came there. Two weeks of hard work, and huts were built and arranged in streets; this heavy labor being done on a diet of flour mixed with water and baked in cakes, with scarcely any meat or bread. At night the men huddled around the fires to keep from freezing. Few blankets, few coverings, many soldiers without shoes, "wading naked in December's snows"—such were the attributes of Valley Forge. By the new year the huts were done, the streets laid out, and the army housed, with some three thousand men unfit for duty, frostbitten, sick, and hungry. They had shelter, but that was about all. The country had been swept so bare by the passage of contending armies that even straw to lie upon was hard to get, and the cold, uncovered ground often had to serve for a sleeping-place. Provisions were scarce, and hunger was added to the pain of cold. Sometimes the soldiers went for days without meat—sometimes without any food, Lafayette tells us, marvelling at the endurance and courage of the men. There is often famine in the camp, writes Hamilton, a man not given to exaggeration. "Famine," a gaunt, ugly fact, with a savage reality to those who met it, and looked it in the eyes, although little understood by excellent gentlemen in Congress and

elsewhere. Then the horses had died in great numbers, and in consequence transportation was difficult, enhancing the labor of hauling firewood. Cold, hunger, nakedness, unending toil; it is a singular proof of the devotion and patriotism of the American soldier that he bore all these sufferings and came through them loyally and victoriously. We are told that, tried sometimes almost beyond the power of endurance, the men were more than once on the verge of mutiny and general desertion. But neither desertion nor mutiny came, and if contemplated, they were prevented by the influence of the officers, and most of all by that of the chief officer, whose patient courage, warm sympathy, and indomitable spirit inspired all the army.

And what was the Government, what was Congress doing, while against a suffering much worse than many battles their army was thus upholding the cause of the Revolution? They were carping and fault-finding, and while leaders like Samuel and John Adams and Richard Henry Lee criticised, lesser men rebelled and plotted against the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Clark, of New Jersey, thought Washington threatened popular rights because he was obliged to take strong measures to feed his army, and because he insisted that the people in the Middle States should take the oath of allegiance to the United States, after tampering with the British amnesty, so that by this proper test he might know friend from foe. Mr. Clark forgot that with a Congress which Gouverneur Morris said had depreciated as much as the currency, it was necessary for the most constitutional Fabius to be dictator as well as "Cunctator." Then James Lovell and others thought it would be well to supplant Washington with the al-

leged conqueror of Burgoyne, and Gates, slow and ineffective in battle, but sufficiently active in looking after his own advancement, thought so too, and willingly lent himself to their schemes.

This party in Congress found some allies in the army. One of the evils which Washington had to meet, and in regard to which he was obliged to oppose Congress and to do some pretty plain speaking, related to the foreign volunteers. Some of them were men like Lafayette, brave, loyal, capable, and full of a generous enthusiasm, or like De Kalb and Pulaski, good active soldiers, or like Steuben, officers of the highest training and capacity. To such men Washington gave not only encouragement, but his confidence and affection. Most of those, however, who flocked to America were what Washington bluntly called them, "hungry adventurers," soldiers out of work, who came not from love of the cause, but for what they could get in personal profit from the war. Deane had already been lavish with commissions to these people, and Congress, in the true colonial spirit, proceeded to shower rank upon them merely because they were foreigners, without regard either to merit or to the effect of their action. Already there had been serious trouble from the manner in which Congress had appointed and promoted native officers without reference to the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief or to the military situation, which they comprehended very imperfectly. But their policy in regard to foreigners was much worse, and meant the utter demoralization both of organization and discipline. Washington, who was not colonial in the slightest degree, simply because he was too great a man to be so, and who judged foreigners as he did all men, solely

upon their merits, at once saw the mischief of the Congressional practice, interposed, checked, and stopped it. As a consequence, much hostility arose among the "hungry adventurers" and their friends and admirers; so they all joined together in their envy of the General and began to weave a plot against him. The leader of the movement was an Irish adventurer named Conway, who is remembered in history solely by this intrigue against Washington. He desired to be made a major-general at once. Washington objected on grounds both general and particular, and said that "Conway's merit and importance existed more in his own imagination than in reality." Conway was rendered furious by this plain-spoken opposition, and set himself to work to secure both revenge and the gratification of his own ambition. He turned to Gates as a leader, and one of his letters in which he spoke of a "weak general and bad counsellors" came to the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief. This was absolute insubordination, and Washington wrote a curt note to Conway, who tried to apologize and then resigned, and also communicated with Gates, who passed several months in trying to twist out of his uncomfortable position while Washington held him relentlessly to the point. This exposure only added fuel to Conway's anger, and the intrigue to get control of military affairs went on. The Conway party was strong in Congress, where they succeeded in having the Board of War enlarged, with Gates at the head of it, and Thomas Mifflin, another opponent of Washington, a member. This Board appointed Conway Inspector-General with the rank of Major-General, a direct blow at Washington, and Gates set himself to hampering the movements of the

Commander-in-Chief by refusing men, and offering to him petty slights and affronts. They hoped in this way to drive Washington to resign, but they little knew their man. He had entered on the great struggle to win, and neither reverses in the field nor intrigues in Congress could swerve him from his course. He stood his ground without yielding a jot, he pursued Gates about the letter from Conway which had exposed the purposes of their faction, and kept him writhing and turning all winter. He also received Conway with utter coldness and indifference when he visited the camp, which was very galling to a gentleman who considered himself not only important but dangerous. The plotters in short could make no impression upon Washington, and even while they plotted against him, their schemes went to pieces, for they were not strong enough in ability or character to be really formidable. They failed in their plan for an invasion of Canada, and, what was far worse, they broke down utterly in the commissariat; so that, although they could neither frighten nor move Washington, they succeeded in starving his soldiers and adding to their sufferings, something which he felt far more keenly than any attacks upon himself. The failures of the cabal, however, could not be concealed but soon became apparent to all men, even to a committee of Congress when they visited Valley Forge. Such confidence as had ever been given to the new Board of War vanished, the members fell to quarrelling among themselves and telling tales on each other, and the intriguers and their party went to pieces. As spring drew near, the end of the "Conway cabal" came. Wilkinson resigned the secretaryship of the Board, Mifflin was put under Washington's orders,

Gates was sent to his command in the north, and Conway, resigning in a pet, found his resignation suddenly accepted. He then fought a duel with General Cadwalader, a friend of the Commander-in-Chief, was badly wounded, wrote a contrite note to Washington, recovered and left the country. The cabal was over and its author gone. Washington had withstood the attack of envy and intrigue, and triumphed completely without the slightest loss of dignity. It must have been a trying and harsh experience, and yet there were other things happening at that very time which he felt far more.

He looked upon his suffering men and knew that at that moment, in Philadelphia, the enemy were warmly housed and amply fed, amusing themselves with balls, dances, and theatrical performances. The bitter contrast touched him to the quick. Yet even then the Legislature of Pennsylvania thought that he did too much for his army by hutting them in Valley Forge, and that they should keep the open field, live in tents, and try to attack the enemy. This thoughtful criticism was too much even for Washington's iron self-control. He wrote a very plain letter, setting forth bluntly the shortcomings of the Pennsylvanians in supporting the army with troops and supplies, and then, added:

"I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my

soul I pity their miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent."

So we get the picture. There are the British, snug, comfortable, and entertaining themselves in Philadelphia. There are the members of Congress and foreign adventurers intriguing and caballing for military control, with Pennsylvania legislators in the background growling because the army is not camping out in the open and marching up and down in the wintry fields. All around there are much criticism and grumbling and wounding comparisons with the exploits of the northern army. And there, out in Valley Forge and along the bleak hillsides, is the American Continental army. All that there is existent and militant of the American Revolution is there, too, just as it was during the previous winter. In the midst is a great man who knows the grim facts, who understands just what is meant by himself and the men who follow him, and whose purpose, the one thing just then worth doing in the world, is to keep, as he says, "life and soul" in his army. He is a man to whom courage and loyalty appeal very strongly, and it wrings his heart to watch his brave and loyal men suffer; yes, wrings his heart in a way that well-meaning gentlemen in Congress and legislative assemblies, self-seeking adventurers and petty rivals cannot understand. It makes his resentment against injustice stronger, and his determination to win sterner and more unyielding even than before.

We see in imagination, but Washington saw face to face, his soldiers huddling around the fires at night while the huts were building. He saw them hungry, half-dressed, frost-bitten, hatless, shoeless, struggling to get a shelter. Then the huts were built, and still he

was striving to get them clothes and food and blankets, as well as medicine for the 3,000 sick. He levied on the country; he did not stop for trifles; he meant that, come what might, he would keep his men alive, and in some fashion they lived. With March, Greene became Quartermaster-General, and then the clothing and the food came, too. The weather began to soften and the days to lengthen. The worst had been passed, and yet, through all that darkness and cold, more had been done than keep "life and soul" in the troops, marvellous as that feat was. In their huts on the bleak hillsides, upon the trampled snow of the camp-streets, Washington had not only held his men together, but he had finally made his army. Excellent fighting material he had always had, and he had been forming it fast under the strain of marches, retreats, and battles. But still it lacked the organization and drill which were possessed by the enemy. These last Washington gave it under all the miseries and sufferings of Valley Forge. Good fortune had brought him a man fit for this work above almost any other in the person of Baron Steuben, a Prussian soldier, a distinguished officer of the Seven Years' War, trained in the school of Frederick, the most brilliant commander of the time. A man who had followed the great King when he had faced all Europe in arms against him, knew what fighting was and what discipline could do. All he needed was good material, and that he found at Valley Forge. So Washington brought his army out of this awful winter not only with "life and soul" in them, but better equipped, thanks to Greene and the French loans, than ever before, increasing in numbers, owing to the new levies which came in, and drilled and organized in the fashion of

the King of Prussia. Early in May came the news of the French alliance, which was celebrated in the American camp with salvoes of cannon and musketry, and with the cheers of the troops for the King of France and for the United States of America. This event, so anxiously awaited, cheered and encouraged everyone, and with his army thus inspirited, disciplined, and strengthened, Washington took the field and assumed the offensive.

Meantime the British lingered in Philadelphia. As Franklin truly said, Philadelphia took them, not they the city; but this fact, clear at the outset to Franklin and Washington, was not obvious to others for some time. At last glimmerings of the truth penetrated the mists which overhung the British Ministry. They vaguely perceived that Howe had consumed a great deal of time and lost a great many men, while all that he had to show for these expenditures were comfortable winter quarters in Philadelphia, where he did nothing, and where Washington watched him and held him cooped up by land. So the Ministry decided to recall Howe and give the command to Clinton, an entirely unimportant change, so far as the merits of the two men were concerned. It seemed, however, a very serious matter to the British in Philadelphia, and a pageant called the Mischianza was held in Howe's honor on May 18th. There was a procession of boats and galleys on the river, moving to the music of hautboys, between the lines of the men-of-war dressed in bunting, and firing salutes. Then followed a regatta, and after that a mock tournament, where "Knights of the Burning Mountain" and of the "Blended Rose" contended for the favor of a Queen of Beauty. In the evening

there were fireworks, a ball, and a gaming-table with a bank of two thousand guineas; all in honor of the General, whom the tickets described as the setting sun, destined to rise again in greater splendor. Stimulated by this pasteboard radiance and blaze of millinery, Howe waited for a last touch of glory, which was to come by surprising Lafayette, whom Washington had sent forward to observe the enemy at Barren Hill. The attempt was well planned, but the young Frenchman was alert and quick, and he slipped through his enemy's fingers unscathed. It being now apparent that the time for rising in greater glory had not quite arrived, Howe shortly after took himself off, out of history and out of America, where Clinton reigned in his stead.

The change of commanders made no change of habits. Clinton tarried and delayed, as Howe had done before him. It was obvious that he must get to New York, for he was isolated where he was, and the French alliance would soon produce fleets, as well as fresh troops. Yet still he lingered. The Peace Commission, with Lord Carlisle at its head, was one fruitful cause of hesitation and delay, but like every conciliatory movement made by England, this also was too late. The concessions which would have been hailed with rejoicing at the beginning, and accepted even after war had been begun, were now utterly meaningless. Washington was determined to have independence; he would not sheath his sword for less, and he represented now as ever the sentiment of Americans. The only peace possible was in independence. The colonies were lost to England, and the sole remaining question was, how soon she could be forced to admit it. So the Peace

Commission broke down, and not having been consulted about the evacuation of Philadelphia, and having failed conspicuously and rather mortifyingly in their undertaking, retired in some dudgeon to England, to add their contribution to the disapproval and disaffection fast thickening about the King's friends who composed the Ministry.

Clinton, for his part, gradually got ready to carry out his orders and leave Philadelphia. Having made all his arrangements, he slipped away on June 18th, so quietly that the disheartened and deserted loyalists of Philadelphia hardly realized that their protectors had gone. Washington, however, knew of it at once. He had made up his mind that Clinton would try to cross New Jersey, and he meant to attack, although he was still inferior in numbers; for the British, notwithstanding the fact that they had been weakened both by desertions during the winter and by losses in battle during the previous autumn, appear still to have had 17,000 men against 13,000 Americans. Despite this disparity of force, Washington had entire confidence in the instrument which he had been fashioning at Valley Forge, and he meant to use it. General Lee, who, unfortunately, had been exchanged and was now again in the American camp, had but one firm conviction, which was, that the British army was invincible, and that our policy was simply to keep out of its way. He argued that the British would never yield Pennsylvania, and that they were in fact intending to do everything but what they really aimed at, a speedy march to New York. Washington quietly disregarded these opinions, and as soon as the British left Philadelphia, broke camp and moved rapidly after them. At Hopewell a council

of war was held, and Lee now urged building bridges of gold for the enemy and aiding them to get to New York. A majority of the council, whom Alexander Hamilton scornfully called "old midwives," still under the spell of an "English officer," sustained Lee. But Washington had passed beyond the time when he would yield to councils of war which stood in the way of fighting, and supported by active men like Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette, he firmly persisted in his plans. He detached Wayne and Poor with their forces to join Maxwell and the New Jersey militia, who were to engage the enemy, while he brought up the main army. Lee, entitled to the command of this advanced division, first refused to take it, and then changed his mind most unluckily, and displaced Lafayette, to whom the duty had been assigned when Lee declined.

Meantime, Clinton, much harassed by the New Jersey militia, and with his men suffering from heat and thirst, and dropping out of the ranks, was slowly making his way north. At Crosswicks, which he reached just in time to save the bridge, he found Washington on his flank. To escape, he had to take a quicker route; so sending ahead his baggage-train, which was from eight to twelve miles long, he swung toward Freehold, making for the Neversink Hills and the coast. On the 26th he encamped at Monmouth Court-House, while his left was still at Freehold. The American army was now only eight miles distant, and the advance under Lee but five miles away. Washington sent orders to Lee to attack the next day, as soon as the British resumed their march; but Lee made no plan, and the next morning did nothing until the militia actually opened fire on Knyphausen's rear-guard, who

turned to meet them. As the militia retired they met Lee, who engaged the enemy and then began to fall back and move his troops about here and there with the intelligent idea of cutting off isolated parties of the enemy, an unusual way of beginning a general action. His men were ready and eager to fight; but they became confused by Lee's performances, lost heart, and finally began to retreat, while Clinton, seeing his advantage, pushed forward reinforcements. Washington, hearing that Dickenson and his New Jersey militia were engaged, sent word to Lee to attack and that he would support him. He was pressing on with the main army, the men throwing away their knapsacks and hurrying forward through the intense heat, when word came to him that Lee was retreating. He would not believe it. He could not conceive that any officer should retreat as soon as the enemy advanced, and when he knew that the main army was hastening forward to his support. Filled with surprise and anger, he set spurs to his horse and galloped to the front. First he met stragglers, then more and more flying men, then the division in full retreat. At last he saw Lee, and riding straight at him, asked, with a fierce oath, as tradition says, what he meant by retreating. Self-control was gone, and just wrath broke out in a storm. The dangerous fighting temper, so firmly kept in hand, was loose. Lee, impudent and clever as he was, quailed and stammered. The question was repeated. There was and could be no answer. Lee went to the rear, to a court-martial, and to private life, sinking out of history, not without a strong suspicion of treason clinging to him, to join Conway and the rest of the unenviable company of adventurers who wanted to free America

by obtaining high rank for themselves and admiring the enemy.

This particular scene was soon over and the real work then began. The master had come at last. Like Sheridan at Cedar Creek, the retreating men rallied and followed the Commander-in-Chief. The broken division was reformed in a strong position, the main army was brought up, the British were repulsed, and Washington, resuming the offensive drove the enemy before him and occupied the battle-ground of the morning. Then night fell, and under cover of darkness Clinton retreated as fast as he could, dropping men as he went, and finally reaching his fleet and New York before the Americans could again come up with him.

Contrast this fight with Long Island, and it can be seen how an American army had been made in the interval. Thrown into disorder and weakened by the timid blundering of their General, the advance division had been entirely rallied, the main army had come up, the battle had been saved, and a victory won. Had it not been for Lee, it would have been a much more decisive victory, and Clinton's army would have been practically destroyed. As it was, he lost some 500 men at Monmouth to the 229 of the Americans. Along his whole retreat he lost nearly 2,000. "Clinton gained no advantage," said the great soldier at Sans Souci watching events, "except to reach New York with the wreck of his army."

Washington was victor at Monmouth, and had lost Brandywine and Germantown, but he had won the campaign. The British had been driven from the Middle States as they had been expelled from New England, for they held nothing now but the port of

New York, which was actually covered by the guns of their fleet. They had tried to reach Philadelphia from the north, and had been baffled and forced back by Trenton and Princeton. They had approached and occupied it from the south, but it was worthless and a source of weakness unless they could establish a line to New York which would enable them to control both cities and the intervening country. This Washington had prevented by holding Howe fast in Philadelphia and checking any movement by land. When spring came it was evident that to attempt to hold both cities, isolated as they were, required two armies, and under existing conditions was a source of weakness which threatened a great disaster. Clinton had no choice but to retreat; he lost a battle and 2,000 men in doing so, and reached New York with a beaten and broken army. New York he continued to hold, Newport he held for a time, and that was all. There were some affairs of outposts, some raids here and there, some abortive invasions, but the Middle States had gone as New England had gone from the British, swept clear by Washington's campaigns.

As the evacuation of Boston closed the British campaign for the control of New England, so the battle of Monmouth ended all effective military operations to recover English supremacy in the Middle States. The victory at Monmouth also marks the beginning of the best work of the American army, finally made such by hard fighting and by the discipline and drill of Valley Forge. Never again did the Continental Army under Washington suffer defeat. From the victory at Monmouth, the last general engagement in the north, to the surrender of Yorktown, the army of Washington en-

dured much, but they were never beaten in action when he led them. This was the result of two years of victory and defeat, of Trenton, and of Germantown, of steady fighting and patient effort. But, above all, it was the outcome of two bitter winters and of Valley Forge, when the man sneered at in those days as "Fabius" not only kept "life and soul" in his army, but in the American Revolution, which that army represented when it faced alone the power of England.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED

AFTER the Battle of Monmouth the war in the Northern Department dragged on through the summer without any general campaign, and without any results which affected the final outcome, except that thus far time was always on the side of the Americans, and the failure of the British to advance was equivalent to defeat. On July 8, 1778, the French fleet, under D'Estaing, appeared off New York, but they were unable to get their large ships-of-the-line through the Narrows, and could not attack the British squadron. D'Estaing then desired to sail away and conquer Newfoundland, which would have been a wholly barren undertaking, but Washington persuaded him to go to Newport and join in a combined naval and land attack upon the British, who held that place with 6,000 men. For this purpose Washington called out the militia of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and sent a brigade from his own small army, together with Greene and Lafayette, to the aid of Sullivan, who commanded in that district, but everything went wrong from the start. The French arrived on August 8th, were kept outside by Sullivan for ten days, and then ran in past the batteries and forced the British to destroy their men-of-war and galleys in the harbor.

Meantime Sullivan, without notice to D'Estaing, crossed over to the island of Newport, and had hardly

done so when Howe appeared outside with his squadron. D'Estaing put to sea to fight him, but both fleets were scattered and severely damaged by a heavy storm. Howe was forced to put back to New York, while D'Estaing returned to Newport, only to announce that he must go to Boston to refit. The Americans were disheartened and disgusted. The combined attack had broken down, and the militia began to leave for their homes. The storm, moreover, had wrecked their camp and largely ruined their ammunition, so that they presently found themselves with only 6,000 men, cooped up on an island with an enemy whose forces were already superior, and would soon be greatly increased by the arrival of Clinton with reinforcements 4,000 strong. There was nothing for it but to withdraw to the mainland, and the retreat had begun when the British attacked. Greene, instead of defending, changed the retreat to an advance, charged the British and drove them back to their works. The American loss was two hundred and eleven, the British two hundred and sixty. It was a well-fought action under adverse circumstances, but it led to nothing, for the expedition had failed, and bore fruit only in recriminations between the Americans and their allies, which it took time and effort to allay. Clinton, arriving as usual too late, returned to New York, having done nothing but burn the shipping at New Bedford, and rob the farmers of Martha's Vineyard of some cattle and money. A year later he withdrew the remaining troops from Newport. The British occupation had been pointless and fruitless, and had led to nothing but the abortive naval attack of the French and the retreat of the Americans.

The affair at Newport was, however, typical of the

sporadic fighting of the summer, differing only from the rest in the presence of the French and English fleets, and in the considerable number of men engaged. The British did nothing effective. They could hold no extensive country, nor could they control any important military line which would divide and hamper the States. A foray into New Jersey in September and the defeat of some surprised militia, the burning of shipping at Little Egg Harbor and the wasting of the neighboring country by Captain Ferguson in October, an Indian raid into Cherry Valley in November, which failed to take the fort, but burned houses and scalped some thirty persons, mostly women and children, completed the sum of Clinton's military achievements during his first summer of command. When winter came he was again settled in New York, the only place he held, except Newport, while Washington cantoned his men so as to form a line of defence from Long Island Sound to West Point and thence south to the Delaware. His head-quarters were at Middlebrook, but he held Clinton fast, and permitted him to have nothing but the ground upon which his men camped and which the guns of the English fleet covered.

It is easy to see now how completely the military situation in the North was making in favor of the Americans; that all that region had been wrested from England and could never be regained by her. The English had been campaigning in the Middle and New England States for three years, and they had lost, or failed to retain, everything except New York, where they had landed, and the outlying Newport. In other words, they could hold a town under the guns of their fleet, the Americans having no organized navy, and that was

the extent of their power. This, of itself, showed that they were utterly defeated in the attempt to conquer, and could not hold America by force of arms; but the real state of the case, which is so obvious now, was not so plain then. The fact which most impressed those who were fighting America's battles in 1778 was that there was practically no general government. The Revolution had been carried forward by Washington and his army, who were permanent active forces, and by vigorous, although sporadic, uprisings of the armed people when invasion actually threatened their homes. But of effective government and executive power, outside the army and the diplomatic representatives, there was practically none. Their own enforced flight from Philadelphia, the condition of the army, and Washington's vigorous letters, had made Congress feel that perhaps all the reasons for defeat were not to be found in the shortcomings of their General. They therefore turned to the long-standing business of forming a better union, and, after much labor, produced the Articles of Confederation. Beyond the fact that such action showed a dim awakening to the dire need of efficient national government and better union, this instrument was quite useless. The separatist, States-rights theory prevailed so far in the construction of the Confederation, that the general government had no real power at all, and could only sink, as it afterward did, into imbecile decrepitude. Moreover, this feeble scheme, which had no value, except in teaching people what to avoid, could not go into effect until ratified by each State, and this process took so long that the war was nearly over before the poor Confederation got enough life in it to begin dying.

The efforts for better government thus came to but small results, and Congress stumbled along as best it could, trying to borrow money abroad, and getting little except in France; trying to persuade the States to give, a very uncertain resource, and finally falling back on emissions of more paper money, fast-sinking and worthless. Without executive power, with no money, with constant and usually harmful meddling in military matters, with no authority to raise soldiers, the Congress of the United States presented a depressing spectacle. It would have foreboded ruin and defeat had it not been for the fact that each State had an efficient Government of its own, which prevented anarchy, while the people, accustomed to self-government, managed to carry the war along in some fashion—haltingly and expensively, no doubt, but still always stubbornly forward.

In the field of diplomacy, the Congress showed to great advantage, as it had from the outset. Some of the ablest men had been sent abroad, and had proved themselves the equals of the diplomatists of Europe. Everywhere on the Continent, at every Court they visited, the American envoys made a good impression and secured, at least, good-will. The great triumph was the French alliance, and although elsewhere the tangible results at first seemed less than nothing, the good-will then obtained and the favorable impression made were before long to bear fruit in loans which carried on the war, and in the assured neutrality of the Northern powers. In any event, the Americans had at least succeeded in alienating Europe from England, which at that time seemed to enjoy her "splendid isolation" less than she has professed to do in more recent

days. One European power, however, showed itself distinctly hostile, and that was the very one upon which the Vergennes relied for support, and which was finally drawn into war against England. This was Spain, which manifested an instinctive hatred of a people in arms fighting for their rights and independence. To Spain, decrepit and corrupt, the land of the Inquisition, and the owner of a vast and grossly misgoverned colonial empire, nothing but enmity was really possible toward revolted colonists fighting for independence, free alike in thought and religion and determined to govern themselves. Spanish statesmen hung back from the invitations of Vergennes, and gave the cold shoulder to Arthur Lee when he went to Burgos. They hated England, undoubtedly, and were more than ready to injure her and to profit at her expense, but they had no love or good wishes for her rebellious colonies. Florida Blanca, the prime minister, held off from the French, tried to bargain with the English, and aimed at nothing but Spanish advantage in North America. When France, heedless of his wishes, formed the American alliance, he was filled with profound disgust, all the deeper because his hand had thus been forced. He drove a hard bargain with France in the treaty which pledged Spain to join in the war against England, refused to recognize the independence of America, and was left free to exact from the Americans, if he could, as the price of Spain's support, the control of the Mississippi Valley, of the Great Lakes, and of all the vast region between the great river and the Alleghanies. The policy of Spain aimed, in fact, at the possession of the North American Continent, and the whole future of the United States was staked on the issue. Yet

even while Spanish statesmen wrangled with Vergennes, and schemed and intrigued for Spanish dominion on the Mississippi, the question was being settled far out among the forests by a few determined backwoodsmen, with rifles in their hands, no knowledge of diplomacy, and a perfectly clear idea of what they wanted to do and meant to have.

The early intrigues with the Southern tribes, and the war-parties of Indians who came with Burgoyne and deserted him when the tide turned against him, formed but a small part of the English efforts in this direction. The British policy was a far-reaching one, and was designed to unite all the tribes of wild Indians against the Americans, harry the borders with savage warfare, and prevent the Western expansion of the United States. It was not exactly a humane or pleasing policy, but it was much in favor with the Ministry, although it led to some sharp criticisms in Parliament, especially when the item of scalping-knives came up in a supply-bill. None the less, it was a scheme fraught with possibilities, and, properly handled, might have caused lasting injury to the United States, not by Burgoyne's war-parties, which did more harm than good to their employers, but by destroying the settlements beyond the mountains and checking for a time the Western movement of the American people.

So far as uniting the Northwestern and Western tribes went, the English were singularly successful, and secured their active alliance and co-operation. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest, whose headquarters were at Detroit, was Henry Hamilton, and to him the department of Indian warfare against the colonies was entrusted. The task could not have been com-

mitted to more capable hands, so far as organizing the Indians and sending them out on the war-path was concerned. Where he failed was in the largeness of conception which was needed to tell him the vital point at which to strike. In 1776 he had his alliances secure, and for the next two years he turned the savages loose upon the settlers of the American border. It was a cruel, ferocious war, as all Indian wars are, marked by ambush, murder, fire, pillage, and massacre. It fell not on armies and soldiers, but on pioneer farmers, backwoodsmen, and hunters, with their wives and families. To the prisoners who were brought in, Hamilton was said to have been entirely humane; but the Indians were rewarded for their burnings and pillagings, and for the slaughter of American settlers. They earned their wages by evidences of their deeds, and the proofs furnished were human scalps, which were bought and paid for in Detroit. It is of no consequence who paid for these hideous trophies; it was done at an English town and fort, with English money, and the frontiersmen who nicknamed Hamilton the "Hair-buyer" reached the essential truth.

This method of warfare was cruel in the extreme and caused untold anguish and suffering, but it had no effect upon the fortunes of the Revolution at the point where Hamilton made the greatest exertion. In carrying out his orders to push back the American frontier, he directed the weight of his attack against the borders of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. This caused an incalculable amount of misery to individuals, but made absolutely no impression upon the strong, populous, and long-settled States against which the attack was aimed. Very different was the case to the south

of the Ohio, where bold hunters and adventurers had pushed beyond the mountains, and, just as the Revolution was beginning, had established in the forests the half-dozen little block-houses and settlements which were destined to be the germ of the future State of Kentucky. These outposts of the American advance across the continent were isolated and remote, separated from the old and well-established States of the seaboard by a range of mountains, and by many miles of almost pathless wilderness. If they had been broken up, the work would have been to do all over again; for they were not branches from the main trunk, like the outlying settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but an independent and separate tree, transplanted and growing on its own roots. If Hamilton had come down with a force of his own and given the Indians white leadership, he might have systematically uprooted and destroyed these Kentucky settlements and flung back the American border to the east of the mountains; but he preferred to direct his main forces elsewhere, and left it to the Indians alone to deal with the Kentuckians. He may have thought, and not without reason, that this would be sufficient to destroy these few and scattered settlements, the importance and meaning of which he, no doubt, underestimated. If he so thought he erred gravely, for he failed to reckon on the quality and fibre of the men who had crossed the mountains and settled in the beautiful woods and glades of Kentucky. The Indians did their part zealously and faithfully, and, for two years after Hamilton had unchained them, Kentucky well deserved the name of the "dark and bloody ground." It was continuous fighting of the most desperate kind, band to band, and

man to man. Ambushes, surprises, hand-to-hand struggles, hair-breadth escapes, imprisonment among the savages, torture, murder, and the stake were part of the daily life. The block-houses were successfully held with stubborn courage, the women battling side by side with the men. It was savage fighting, filled with endless incident, where personal prowess played a great part, and with a certain barbarous simplicity and utter indifference to life and deadly peril, which recall the heroes of the Nibelungenlied, remote kinsmen of these very men who now stood at death-grips with the Indians in the depths of the American forest.

This battle of the Kentucky pioneers, under the lead of Boone, Logan, Kenton, and the rest, forms one of the finest and most heroic chapters in our history, too largely lost sight of then and since in the greater events which, on the Atlantic seaboard and in the cabinets of Europe, were deciding the fate of the Revolution. None the less it was a very great and momentous fact that these hunters and farmers held firm and kept the distant wilderness a part of the United States. They rise up to us from the past as Indian-fighters and explorers, hunters, trappers, and adventurers, but we must not forget that they were primarily and more than anything else settlers. They had entered into the land to possess it, conquer it, and hand it down to their posterity. So they clung to their forts and settlements with grim tenacity and much desperate fight, and were satisfied, as well they might be, to beat off invasion and yield no inch of ground. But among them was one leader who was not content with this—a man with "empire in his brain," with an imagination that peered into the future, and a perception so keen as to be almost

akin to genius. This man was George Rogers Clark. He was a young Virginian, twenty-five years old, one of the best and most daring of the leaders who were holding Kentucky against the Indian allies of Great Britain. But Clark was not satisfied with a mere defence of the settlements. On the western edge of the great wilderness which lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were the old, long-established French settlements, which had passed to the British crown with the conquest of Canada. Clark's restless spirit and quick imagination became filled with the idea that the way to defend Kentucky was to carry the war into the Illinois country and attack England there, instead of being content to beat her off at home. In this plan he saw, as he believed, the true method of breaking down the Anglo-Indian campaign, and also—which probably moved him much more—of adding all this vast region to the territory of the United States. Without breathing a word of the plans he was weaving, he sent out two young hunters to penetrate into the Illinois country and get him information. His scouts went forth, and reported on their return that the French sometimes joined the British and Indian war-parties, but that they took little interest in the revolutionary struggle, and stood much in awe of the American backwoodsmen. This encouraged Clark, for he believed that under these conditions he could deal with the French; and he forthwith set out, in October, 1777, and made the long and toilsome journey back to Virginia to get aid and support for his expedition.

When he reached the capital he saw Patrick Henry, who was then Governor, and laid his plans before him with all the eager enthusiasm of youth and faith. Very

fortunately, Henry, too, was a man of imagination and ardent temperament. He was touched and convinced by the young soldier's brilliant and perilous conception, and gave him his hearty sympathy, which was much, and all the material aid he could command which, in the stress and strain then upon Virginia, was very little. Clark received from Henry public authority to raise men to go to the relief of Kentucky, secret instructions to invade Illinois, and a small sum of money in depreciated currency. Thus meagrely provided, everything depended on Clark's own energy and personal influence. Very fortunately, these were boundless; and although he encountered every difficulty, nevertheless, by spring he had raised a hundred and fifty men, and started in flat-boats down the Ohio, taking with him some families of settlers. On May 27th he reached the Falls of the Ohio, and there established a post, and left those families who had remained with him to form a settlement, destined to become the city of Louisville. Here he heard of "the French Alliance," which, he felt sure, would help him in his progress; and here some Kentuckians joined him, under the lead of Kenton, as well as a company from Holston, most of whom deserted when they learned the distant and dangerous purpose of the expedition. When every preparation had been made, Clark carefully picked his men, taking only those who could stand the utmost fatigue and hardship, and formed them into four companies of less than fifty each. With the lightest possible equipment, he started on June 24th, and shot the falls at the moment of an eclipse of the sun, which his followers, for the most part, regarded as a good omen. Descending the river safely, Clark landed nearly opposite the mouth

of the Tennessee, and there met a party of American hunters, who gladly joined him, and who were able to inform him fully about the situation at Kaskaskia, the principal town, which he meant to attack. They said that Rocheblave, the Commandant, who was devoted to the British cause, had his militia well drilled, and was looking out for an attack; that the French had been taught to dread the Americans, and that if warned of their coming would undoubtedly fight, but if surprised might be panic-stricken. Clark immediately conceived the idea that if the French were first thoroughly frightened and then had opportunity to discover that the Americans meant them no harm, the revulsion of feeling would swing them to his side. To take the town by surprise, therefore, became absolutely essential. With this purpose, he set out at once, marched for fifty miles through dense forests, then across open prairies, where he was nearly lost, and finally, on the evening of July 4th, reached the Kaskaskia River, three miles from the town. Capturing the people on an outlying farm, he learned from them that the rumors of the coming of the Americans had died away recently, and that the garrison of Kaskaskia were off their guard. Still, Rocheblave, although he had been unable to get aid from Detroit, had two or three times as many men as Clark, and, if warned in season, was sure to fight hard. But everything yielded to the young Virginian's coolness and energy. He procured boats, ferried his men silently across the river in the darkness, and then marched swiftly to the town in two divisions, one of which surrounded the town itself, while the other followed Clark to the fort, where he placed his riflemen, and then, led by one of his prisoners, slipped in himself

through the postern. Within the great hall in the main building of the fort lights were burning brightly, and the sounds of music floated out upon the summer night. Inside there was a ball in progress, and the light-hearted, pleasure-loving French Creoles were dancing and making merry. To the music and dancing of the Old World civilization, the flare of torches and the figure here and there of a red man crouching or leaning against the wall gave a picturesque touch of the wide wilderness in which the little town was islanded. On went the dance and the music. The pretty Creole girls and their partners were too deeply absorbed in the pleasures of the moment to notice that an uninvited guest had come quietly among them and was watching the dancers. Suddenly one of the Indians lying on the floor, with the canine instinct of a hostile presence, looked up, gazed a moment at the stranger, and then sprang to his feet and gave the warwhoop. As the wild cry rang through the hall the startled dancers turned and looked, and there they saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark in his fringed buckskin, the American backwoodsman, the leader of the coming, conquering race. The music ceased, the dancing stopped, the women screamed, but Clark, unmoved, bade them dance on, and remember only that they were under the rule of Virginia, and not of Great Britain. At the same instant his men burst into the fort and seized all the military officers, including the Commandant, Rocheblave.

The surprise was complete and town and fort were now in the hands of the Americans. Clark ordered every street secured, and commanded the people to keep their houses, under pain of death. He wished to

increase the panic of terror to the last point, and no finely trained diplomatist of the Old World ever played his cards with greater subtlety. In the morning a committee of the chief men of the town waited on Clark to beg their lives, for more they dared not ask. Clark replied that he came not to kill and enslave, but to bring them liberty. All he demanded was that they should swear allegiance to the new Republic, of which their former King was now the ally. The French, caring little for Great Britain, were so overcome by the revulsion from the terror which had held them through the night that they took the oath with delight and pledged their loyalty to Clark. Then the American leader promised that they should have absolute religious freedom, and the priest, a most important personage, thus became his firm supporter. In a word, the whole population rallied round Clark, and became, for the moment at least, zealous Americans. Rocheblave alone, deserted and helpless, undertook to be mutinous and insulting, and so Clark sent him off a prisoner to Virginia, where he thoughtfully broke his parole and escaped.

Despite the brilliancy of his victory, Clark's difficulties were really just beginning. Cahokia and Vincennes followed the example of Kaskaskia — eagerly accepted the rule of the United States and raised the American flag—but he had no men to garrison either place, and all he could do was to send an officer in each instance to take command. He had thus made himself master of a great country, and had less than two hundred absolutely trustworthy troops with whom to hold it. Even these men were anxious to be off. They had done the work for which they had enlisted, they wanted

to go home, and Clark, with difficulty, persuaded a hundred to remain. Then he told the French that he, too, meant to go, whereupon, as he expected, they implored him to stay, which he consented to do if they would furnish him with men to fill his depleted ranks. This done, he turned his attention to the much more thorny and perilous problem of the Indians. He drew the leaders of the tribes to Cahokia, and, by a mixture of audacity and firmness, backed by a little actual violence, with much astute diplomacy and good temper, he broke the English confederacy and secured pledges of peace. Through all this difficult and anxious work Clark kept steadily drilling his new Creole recruits and getting his little army on the best possible footing. He was beset with perils, but his high spirits never flagged, and he played his parts of statesman, diplomatist, and soldier with unwearied energy and ability.

Meantime to Hamilton, planning an expedition against Fort Pitt, came the amazing news that the Americans had invaded Illinois and taken Kaskaskia and then Vincennes. These were evil tidings, indeed, for this was a blow at the very heart of the whole British campaign in the West. Hamilton, who was both determined and energetic, immediately abandoned his expedition against Fort Pitt, sent out French couriers to recall the Western Indians to their allegiance and rouse them again to war, while he himself rapidly organized an expedition for the relief of the Illinois towns. On October 7th all was ready, and Hamilton left Detroit with a strong force of five hundred English, French, and Indians, well provided with artillery and every munition of war. After a long and toilsome journey of seventy-one days, they reached Vincennes on

December 17th. The French deserted Helm, the American Commandant, as quickly as they had abandoned his predecessor, and went over to Hamilton, who took possession of the town and the fort without difficulty. Then came the crucial moment. Hamilton had three times as many men as Clark, was nearer his base of supplies, and knew that the Indians were returning to their old alliance. At all hazards, he ought to have gone to Kaskaskia at once and crushed Clark then and there, as he could easily have done. But, although Hamilton was a good soldier and an extremely competent man, he lacked the little touch of imagination or genius, call it what we will, which was absolutely needful at that moment. He concluded, very reasonably, that it was the dead of winter, that a march through the Illinois wilderness to Kaskaskia was a rather desperate undertaking, and that the affair could be dealt with just as well and with much greater safety in the spring. So he sent most of his men back to Detroit, to return in the spring with a powerful force, a thousand strong, and sweep over the whole country. He then suspended operations for the winter, and contented himself with holding Vincennes with the hundred men he kept with him. It was all reasonable, and sensible, and proper, and yet it was a fatal mistake, for opposed to him was a man who had just the spark of genius and imagination which he himself lacked.

Clark heard of Hamilton's arrival at Vincennes with feelings which we can guess, for he knew how helpless he was in the presence of such a superior force, and he supposed that Hamilton would do at once what he would have done in the former's place. Nevertheless he put on a bold front. The French began to waver,

but he held them in line; the bolder and more adventurous stood by him, and he made preparations for a vigorous defence. Still the British did not come, and on January 27th a French trader came into Kaskaskia and told Clark that Hamilton was wintering in Vincennes and had with him less than a hundred men. Then the difference between the commonplace man and the man of imagination flashed out. Clark would do what Hamilton should have done. He would not wait until spring to be overwhelmed, he would take Vincennes and Hamilton now. He first equipped a galley with guns, and sent her to patrol the Wabash and cut off British reinforcements. Then, on February 7th, he started with a hundred and seventy men to march two hundred and forty miles. For the first week all went well. They marched rapidly, killed abundance of game, and encouraged by Clark, fed freely and sang and danced about the camp-fires at night. Then they came to the branches of the Little Wabash, now one great stream five miles wide, for the cold had broken, and the thaw had brought floods. Clark in some way got pirogues built, and in three days had everything ferried over. This brought them so near Vincennes that they dared not fire, and so could not get game. They struggled on through the flooded country, could not find a ford, and camped by the Wabash on the 20th, having had no food for two days. The Creoles began to lose heart and talked of returning, but Clark laughed, told them to go out and kill deer, and kept steadily on. The next day he got them ferried over the Wabash and on the same side with Vincennes. They could hear the morning and evening guns from the fort, so near were they, and yet the worst was still to come. All day they strug-

gled along, wading over the flooded land, and when they came to a place where the canoes could find no ford the line halted, and it looked as if ruin had come. But Clark raised the war-whoop, plunged in, and ordering them to start their favorite songs, led them through, for no one could resist his leadership. They camped, wet, shivering, and hungry, on a hillock six miles from the town. The night was very cold, and ice formed over the surrounding water; but the sun rose clear, and Clark, making a passionate speech, told them victory was before them, and plunged into the water. His men followed, in Indian file, with twenty-five told off at the end to shoot any who tried to turn back. On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain, four miles of wading in water, sometimes breast high. The strong helped the weak, Clark urging and appealing to them in every way. It was a desperate, almost a mad undertaking but they kept on through the cold water and the floating ice, and got through. In the afternoon they crossed a lake in their canoes, and were then within two miles of the town. The prey was in sight, so the men looked to their rifles, dried their ammunition, and made ready for the fight.

From a prisoner captured while hunting, Clark learned that there were two hundred Indians just come to town, and this gave Hamilton a great superiority in numbers. Clark had it in his power to surprise Vincennes completely, as he had Kaskaskia, and trust to that advantage to overcome the odds against him. He reasoned, however, that if he sprang upon the town both French and Indians would fight, because they would be suddenly plunged into battle without the opportunity of choice. On the other hand, if they knew

of his coming, he thought the Indians might desert, and felt quite sure that the French would remain neutral. Accordingly, he sent in his prisoner to announce his coming, and at sundown started for the town, in two divisions. All went as he had hoped. The French retreated to their houses in terror. The Indians drew off or held aloof, some of them, with the engaging simplicity of their nature, offering to help Clark, who evidently struck them as a man likely to win victories. Hamilton meantime had sent out a party, having seen the American camp-fires of the night before; but these men did not wade through icy water, found nobody, got nowhere, and slipped back into the fort the next day, where the British were soon closely besieged, for Clark opened fire on the fort at once, and, under cover of night, threw up an intrenchment. From this vantage-ground the American riflemen picked off Hamilton's artillerymen, so that the guns, which did but little execution at best, were quickly silenced. Clark then summoned the fort to surrender. Hamilton declined, and asked for three days' truce, which Clark refused, and ordered the backwoodsmen to open fire. While these negotiations were going on, one of Hamilton's scalping parties came back and ran right into Clark's men. They were all killed or captured, and the six Indian prisoners were tomahawked and thrown into the river, which showed the tribes that Hamilton's power was at an end, and made his own French volunteers from Detroit waver and lose heart. Hamilton had now only his English to depend on, and, in the afternoon of the 24th, sent out a flag. There was some bickering, and Clark made, apparently, some unpleasant remarks about murdering women and children, and buying scalps, after

which Hamilton and his seventy-nine men who had remained true to him surrendered as prisoners of war. Most of the prisoners were paroled, but Hamilton and twenty-seven others were sent to Virginia.

The victory was complete. It was a very shining and splendid feat of arms. In the dead of winter, with a large part of his force composed of men of doubtful loyalty and of another race, Clark had marched across two hundred and forty miles of flooded wilderness. With no arms but rifles, he had taken a heavily stockaded fort, defended by artillery and garrisoned by regular troops under the command of a brave and capable soldier. The victory was not only complete, but final. Clark had broken the English campaign in the West; he had shattered their Indian confederacy, and wrested from them a region larger than most European kingdoms. He had opened the way, never to be closed again, to the advance of the American pioneers, the vanguard of the American people in their march across the continent. When the treaty of peace was made at Paris, the boundary of the United States went to the Lakes on the North, and to the Mississippi on the West, and that it did so was due to Clark and his riflemen. It is one of the sad questions, of which history offers so many, why the conqueror of Vincennes never reached again the heights of achievement which he attained in the first flush of manhood. But, whatever the answer may be, the great deed that he did was one of the glories of the Revolution which can never be dimmed, and which finds its lasting monument in the vast country then wrested from the British crown by American riflemen inspired by the brilliant leadership of George Rogers Clark.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INVASION OF GEORGIA

THE first idea of the English Government in dealing with its revolted colonies was to subdue the North, where the Rebellion had broken out. For this purpose, they had seized Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and planned with such care the expedition of Burgoyne. They had been driven from Boston; Burgoyne had been beaten and his army made prisoners, and they had been forced to retreat from Philadelphia. New York alone remained. It was evident to everybody that the attack from the North had failed, so the Ministry determined, as a last resort, to conquer America from the South, and Lord George Germain proceeded to plan this new movement as carefully as he had that of Burgoyne. Invasions were to be made, under Prevost, from Florida, whither troops had already been sent, while more were to be detached from New York to aid in the conquest of Georgia, and a separate expedition of 5,000 men was also to be directed against that State. Ignorant of the fact that their Western campaign was even then being shattered by Clark, and equally uninstructed as to the hardfighting backwoodsmen in the settlements beyond the mountains, the Ministry also intended to let loose the Indians on the western border of the Southern States. Thus, with attacks along the sea-coast, the

seizure of the ports, Indian war upon the frontier, and a strong support from the loyalists, Germain and his King and colleagues hoped to conquer the Southern colonies, bring them under the British flag, and, that done, once more assail and try to divide the Middle and Eastern States. It was an extensive and sufficiently intelligent plan, and no effort was spared to carry it to success. Ships and troops were furnished in abundance; the flames of a bitter civil war were lighted in the Carolinas and Georgia, and the last struggle of England to retain her Colonies proved the most protracted, and at times the most successful, of any she had hitherto attempted.

A beginning was made in the autumn of 1778 by Prevost sending out two expeditions from East Florida composed of regulars and Tory refugees from Georgia and South Carolina. They were repulsed from the Fort at Sunbury and at the Ogeechee River, but they ravaged the country, robbed the houses, and carried off slaves, plate, and cattle. Robert Howe, who was in command in Georgia, undertook a retaliatory expedition against St. Augustine, but the movement was ill-planned; his men suffered from disease in the swamps, and he was forced to retire without having accomplished anything. Hardly had he returned when Colonel Campbell appeared off Tybee with 3,000 men from New York. He passed the bar successfully and advanced on Savannah. Howe attempted to oppose him, with less than one-third as many men, and those raw militia. The effort naturally was entirely vain. Campbell outflanked the Americans, routed them, and, with but trifling loss, captured Savannah, taking nearly five hundred prisoners and a large amount of stores and munitions of war. Campbell then offered protection to

all who would support the British cause in arms, and the American soldiers who refused to enlist were sent to die of fever on prison-ships. Many of the inhabitants submitted, others fled to South Carolina, or to the hill-country of the interior, thence to carry on the conflict as best they might. It was evident that the British war in the South was to be absolutely merciless, and that property was to be destroyed and plundered without let or hindrance.

Cheered by the news of the taking of Savannah, Prevost marched up, reducing Sunbury on the way, while Campbell, with eight hundred men, took Augusta. The State had thus fallen completely and quickly into the enemy's hands, and been again subjected to the Crown. The ease and rapidity of the British success were due to the fact that Georgia was the weakest and most thinly populated of the colonies. The only troops were militia hastily called out, and they were badly equipped and ill-led. Nor was the situation improved by the new commander of the Southern department, Benjamin Lincoln, sent down there by Congress. Lincoln was a worthy man, brave and patriotic, but he had seen little service, had been unfortunate in what he had seen, was slow, and without military capacity. He collected some 1,100 men and took up his position on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River. Then he and his opponents looked at each other, neither daring to cross. While they waited, it seemed, for a moment, as if fortune was turning again to the American side. Prevost sent out a detachment to Beaufort, and Moultrie whipped them and drove them back to their ships, while another and stronger party, sent to ravage the western part of South Carolina, was attacked by Colo-

nel Pickens, routed, and driven back beyond the Savannah. Encouraged by these events, and having received large reinforcements of militia from both North and South Carolina, Lincoln made the fatal mistake of detaching Ashe, with 1,500 men, to occupy Augusta and then descend the river to Savannah. Without discipline or any military precautions, ill-led and inexperienced, Ashe and his men offered an easy prey to the British, who, on March 3, 1779, cut them off, routed them, captured their arms and cannon, and made prisoners of all but some four hundred and fifty, who escaped by swimming the river. Undeterred by this loss of a fourth of his entire army, which showed how unfit it was as yet to undertake offensive operations, and how much it needed care in handling, drill, and organization, Lincoln decided to march against Savannah with the troops he still had left. Instead of waiting for him, Prevost very wisely crossed the river with 3,000 men and his Indian allies, drove Moultrie before him, and made direct for Charleston. There all was confusion. Defences were prepared, but there was only the militia behind them. Washington and his army were far away, no help came from Congress, many people began to regret independence, others urged taking a neutral position between Great Britain and the United States, while the voice of the majority seemed to be in favor of surrendering the town to avoid the horrors of a storm. When Prevost appeared, parleys and negotiations were opened instead of batteries, and while these proceeded the British learned, by an intercepted letter, that Lincoln was advancing to the relief of the city. Prevost immediately abandoned the siege, took to his boats, and sailed back to Savannah. Lincoln, having failed to

reach Prevost, retired to the hill-country with only about eight hundred men, to avoid the intense heat of the summer, and the English were left in complete possession of Georgia.

They were not destined, however, to remain long undisturbed, and the attack came from an unexpected quarter. On September 1st, D'Estaing, who had been cruising successfully in the West Indies, appeared suddenly off Savannah and captured four British men-of war. He at once sent word to the Government of South Carolina, asking them to join with him in reducing Savannah, and then, unassisted, landed his own forces, and summoned Prevost to surrender. While notes were being exchanged, Colonel Maitland, by a forced march, succeeded in bringing up the troops from Beaufort, and, thus reinforced, Prevost refused to capitulate.

The South Carolinians responded eagerly to the invitation of D'Estaing, but, no army being ready and in the field, it took time to get out the militia, and it was September 23d before Lincoln arrived to aid the French. Prevost had employed the interval well. He had worked day and night with the ample slave labor at his command, and had thrown up a strong line of redoubts and intrenchments. The result was that the days slipped by and the besiegers made no progress. At last, on October 8th, D'Estaing announced that he could no longer endanger his fleet by remaining in this exposed situation, with the storms of autumn at hand, and an assault was accordingly determined upon for the following day. It was a desperate undertaking, and the event proved its rashness. One column, under Count Dillon, became entangled in a swamp, was exposed to

the British batteries, and never came into action at all. The other, led by D'Estaing himself, and composed of French and South Carolinians, assailed the works in front. It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the rampants, but the allies could not effect a lodgment. While they were still struggling to hold their ground, a well-directed charge, led by Maitland, drove them back, and the day was lost. The attack was ill-advised and unfortunate, but was delivered with great courage and daring. D'Estaing was hit twice; Pulaski fell mortally wounded, and gave his life to the country he had come to serve. The Americans lost two hundred men, the French nearly six hundred, while the loss of the British was very small. Prevost and Maitland defended their position with the utmost firmness and bravery. Their works were good, their arrangements excellent, and they fairly earned their victory.

This repulse was a heavy blow to the cause of the Revolution in the South. The French retired to their ships and the fleet withdrew. Having failed to accomplish anything when, for the first time, they controlled the sea and also had a large body of regular troops to support them, the Americans had a gloomy outlook for success by their own unaided efforts. The militia of Georgia and South Carolina retired to their homes, while Lincoln withdrew to Charleston with the remnants of his army. Without men, without money, and without apparent ability for effective preparation, South Carolina seemed helpless, if the enemy continued their invasion. The loyalists in the South, moreover, were very numerous and far more active than in the North.

They now came forward zealously in support of the Crown, while disaffection began to spread among the people, who saw themselves exposed to war without, as it seemed, any support from the General Government or any means of effective resistance or vigorous leadership among themselves.

Georgia, upon which the first attack had been made, passed in this way wholly into the power of the British, who re-established their government, and then proceeded to pillage and plunder everyone suspected of favoring the Revolution. Slaves were seized and sold everywhere, plate and all valuables that could be found were taken, houses and plantations were wrecked and ruined. The war in the South thus assumed, at the start, a character of ferocity and terror which had been wanting, as a rule, in the North, where the British never succeeded in controlling any large region of country, and were constantly held at bay and brought to battle by Washington and his army. This policy of destruction, accompanied, as it was, with much burning and slaying, had at first an effect of paralyzing opposition, but in the end it developed a resistance all the fiercer and more stubborn because inflamed by the sense of wrong, suffering, and cruelty. When the French fleet, however, sailed away, and Lincoln withdrew, disheartened, with his broken army to Charleston, nothing could have looked fairer on the surface than the prospects of the British. They had actually regained one colony, which they held firmly with the armed hand, and, as far as Virginia, the whole South, as yet undefended and unprepared and with disaffection rife among the people, lay open to their invasion.

The attack was not long delayed. Clinton, having

received reinforcements from England and withdrawn the troops from Rhode Island, set sail on December 26, 1779, with 8,500 men, in the fleet commanded by Admiral Arbuthnot. After a stormy voyage, from which the ships suffered severely, Clinton reached Tybee toward the end of January, where he was reinforced by 3,000 men, and more were ordered from New York. He then began to move on Charleston. Lincoln had come to the city with 2,000 men, and, yielding to the wishes of the people, decided to remain and defend the town, which, with his little force, was a hopeless undertaking and a blunder of the first magnitude. Against such overwhelming numbers there was nothing to be done by fighting; and his one plain duty was to abandon the city and hold the field, as Washington had done at Philadelphia. Even if he was unable to fight, he then would have offered a rallying point for resistance, and would have been able to gather troops and check the enemy's movements. As it was, he simply devoted himself and his army to a feeble and useless resistance, and to certain capture. His North Carolina militia left him, but he allowed seven hundred veterans of the Virginian line to join him, thus involving in certain disaster a body of tried troops which would of themselves have made the nucleus of an effective army if they had been held outside the city.

The British moved slowly but surely. Their army advanced deliberately along the coast, and it was not until April 9th that Arbuthnot ran past Fort Moultrie and made himself master of the harbor. Even then there was time for Lincoln to withdraw and take to the open country. But he stayed on, quiet and helpless, where he was, and watched the British, now reinforced

by Cornwallis with three thousand men, gradually draw their lines and parallels until every approach was closed and all escape was impossible. On May 12th the city surrendered, and Lincoln and his army were made prisoners of war.

It was a great disaster, but the loss of the city was the least part of it. The fatal blow was in the capture of Lincoln's army, the only organized American force in the South. Washington, too distant to be heard in time, had protested against the attempt to hold the city, and, when the news that Arbuthnot had crossed the bar arrived, urged immediate withdrawal. But his advice was too late, and would have been unheeded in any event. Then came the inevitable capitulation, and the result he had foreseen. No centre of resistance was left. No American army, however small, was in the field and the British ranged the State unopposed. One expedition marched up the Savannah to Augusta. Another took the post in Ninety-six, and a third, crossing the Santee, came on a portion of the Virginia line intended for Charleston, and, under the lead of Tarleton, massacred most of them after they had surrendered. Panic seized upon the country. A general confiscation of property was ordered, as had been done in Georgia; and those who had surrendered found no safety. Ruin was threatened to all who had supported the American cause; and the proclamation of June 1st, offering pardon to every one who came in and submitted, was superseded on June 3d by another proclamation, which Clinton put forth just before his departure, declaring that all who failed to take the oath of allegiance would be treated as rebels, and would suffer the extreme penalties of the law. South Carolina, like Georgia, now lay

at the feet of the British. For six weeks all resistance ceased, but the savage policy of the English Generals soon began to bear fruit. They had conducted their military operations well, and were in possession of two States where the loyalists were numerous and powerful. Instead of seeking to conciliate and divide they took the course of ruining and killing in all directions. Friends as well as foes were involved, and the people soon saw that there was no safety except in armed resistance. No braver people lived than those of the Southern States, and they were thus put with their backs against the wall to fight for all that made life worth having. They were stunned at first by their misfortunes; but they were soon to rally, and then the British policy of rapine and ruin was destined to bring its natural results.

CHAPTER XV

THE SOUTH RISES IN DEFENCE

THREE weeks after the fall of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton wrote home to the Ministry: "I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us." The assertion was not extravagant, for the State seemed to lie prostrate at the foot of its conqueror. Yet, although the native loyalists were numerous and active, the submission of the mass of the people was more apparent than real. Many of them, stunned by the surrender of the capital, and well aware that the only American army in the State had ceased to exist, were ready to yield and accept British rule in silence. If they had been properly and judiciously dealt with, they could have easily been kept quiet; and if not loyal, they would at least have been neutral. But the policy of the British Commanders made this impossible. To the people of South Carolina, brave, high-spirited and proud, they offered only the choice between death, confiscation, and ruin on the one side, and active service in the British army on the other. Thus forced to the wall, the South Carolinian who was not a convinced loyalist quickly determined that, if he must fight for his life in any event, he would do his fighting on the side of his country. Major James, for example, went into

Georgetown to offer, in behalf of himself and his neighbors, to remain neutral. The usual choice was brutally offered him by the Captain in command. James replied that he could not accept such conditions; and the gallant Captain thereupon said that James was a "damned rebel," and that he would have him hanged. Then, with a chair, James knocked down the representative of Great Britain, left him senseless, and went off with his four brothers to take up arms against England and fight her to the death. In one form or another, barring perhaps the little incident of the chair, James and his brothers were typical. The people began to rise in all directions, take their arms and withdraw to the woods and swamps, thence to wage a relentless, if desultory, warfare against their invaders.

All that was needed to direct the popular force thus roused to life and make it as effective as a guerrilla war could be, was proper leadership, and that was found at once. Among the few who were neither prisoners nor in arms with the British, and to whom Sir Henry Clinton so carelessly referred, was Francis Marion, soon to become very well known to the British, and called by them, both in hatred and in fear, the "Swamp Fox." He was of Huguenot descent, and had served in the old French war, taken arms early against England, fought at Charleston and Savannah, and had been saved from surrender with Lincoln by a broken ankle, which had forced him to leave the city before it was surrounded. Others of the "few" mentioned by Clinton were Davie, Pickens, and Davidson, all familiar with partisan warfare, all brave and able to rally men around them. The most important, however, in the Clintonian exception, was Thomas Sumter, a Virginian by birth, like Marion

a soldier of the old French war, and of the Revolution from the beginning. He was Colonel of a Continental regiment, and in recognition of this fact the British turned his wife out of doors and burned his house. It was not an exceptional performance at all, but quite characteristic of the war which Tarleton opened by the slaughter of the surrendered Virginians at the Waxhaw, which was inflamed by the bitterness between loyalist and patriot, both active in arms, and which was marked by fire and sword among the peaceful villages as well as in the soldiers' camps. Yet even if a common incident, it was one well calculated to edge the blade of a bold fighter like Sumter when he saw his wife a wanderer and his home in ruins. Rallying a few followers about him, all men like the user of the chair, with wrongs to avenge, he organized and armed them as best he could and prepared to strike. Opportunity soon came. July 12, 1780, Captain Huck was out on a patrol with twenty mounted infantry and sixty loyalists. He had reached what is now Brattonsville, some twenty miles from Fishing Creek, the day before, and had passed the night at the house of one Williamson and had taken some prisoners on the estate and then threatened the life of Mrs. Bratton, who lived hard by and whose husband was with Sumter. The next day was to be given to the usual work of destruction. But negligent watch was kept and Colonel Bratton, one of Sumter's men, with about seventy-five followers, reached the place unobserved during the night and divided his force into two parties which advanced along the road from opposite directions. Captain Huck, roused from sleep, rushed out, mounted his horse, and tried to rally his troops against the enemy, charging in upon him with

loud shouts. The Americans were inferior in number, but they were unexpected; they were desperate, and they had the advantage of a complete surprise, for it was understood that the country was conquered, and the spirit of the people broken. All was soon over. Huck was killed with most of his men, and his party was destroyed. It was the first slight change in the long run of defeat. Many heavy reverses were still to come, but a beginning on the right side at least had been made. The great fact made evident in this skirmish was that the people of the South were up in arms and much in earnest.

The victory of Colonel Bratton too, although small in itself, was nevertheless potent in its results. Cornwallis had undertaken to hold the State by taking possession of scattered posts, and so long as the people were submissive this answered very well, but when the country rose around him every outlying garrison was in danger. The fight of Sumter's men and their complete destruction of Huck and his party also had an immediate effect upon the public mind. Men ceased to think of yielding to the British as the only resource, and many who had given way in the first panic returned to the patriots' cause. A large detachment under Colonel Lisle, who had been forced into the British army in this way, left the English colors and joined Sumter, who, thus strengthened, attacked the British at Rocky Mount. He did not take the post, but a week later he surprised the British at Hanging Rock, routed the loyalist regiment, sacked their camp, and inflicted severe losses upon the regiment of the Prince of Wales. He then drew off to the Catawba settlements, and recruits began to come in to him rapidly. The war was spread-

ing, the people were taking up arms, and Cornwallis, instead of being able to invade North Carolina, confident in the possession of South Carolina and Georgia, found that as he advanced the country behind him broke out in revolt, and that he really held little more than the ground which he could occupy.

On the other hand, the full effects of the disaster at Charleston, where Lincoln had cooped himself up, only to surrender, became more than ever apparent. Sumter and Marion and Pickens, it is true, had stemmed the tide setting toward submission. They had roused the people, and forced the British to fight for everything they held, but they could do no more than carry on a partisan war of post attacks and skirmishes. They had merely the men they could collect themselves, under the rudest discipline, and so poorly armed that they were obliged to depend in large measure upon victory over their enemies for the guns, powder, and small arms, which were only to be procured as the prizes of a successful battle. The crying need was an organized, disciplined force, no matter how small, which would form a centre of resistance and to which men could rally. This Lincoln ought to have preserved, and this force it was now sought to supply once more from the North.

Washington, before the fall of Charleston, ever ready to take risks himself in order to help against invasion elsewhere, now, as in the case of Burgoyne, detached from his small army DeKalb, with the Maryland division and the Delaware regiment, amounting to 2,000 men in all, and sent them South. They moved slowly, for transportation was difficult, and DeKalb was unfamiliar with the country. To the call for aid Virginia responded generously, authorizing a levy of

2,500 men, and the small force of the State already in arms, some three to four hundred strong, joined the Continental forces. Still it was June 20th before De-Kalb reached North Carolina, only to find when he arrived there no magazines, no preparation, and a militia anything but subordinate. Nevertheless, here at least was the beginning of an army for the South—a good body of well-disciplined troops from the Continental army quite sufficient to form a rallying point. All that was required to develop it was a competent General. For this difficult work Washington had picked out Greene—undoubtedly the best selection that could have been made—but Congress thought otherwise, and chose their favorite Gates to take command in the Southern department with an entirely independent authority. They honestly believed, no doubt, that Gates would clear the South, as he had in their opinion vanquished Burgoyne, but even if the victory at Saratoga had been in any way due to him, which it was not, he now had before him a widely different task. Here, in the Carolinas, he succeeded to no Schuyler, who had hampered the invaders and checked their march by skilfully prepared obstructions, nor did he come to an army flushed with success, and growing every day by the arrival of well-armed recruits. In the South there was no American army; the British, instead of being concentrated in a single united force, held all the posts in two States, and were able to go where they pleased, and draw supplies from the coast, instead of being cut off from all communication as Burgoyne had been. The people, stunned by the disasters which had fallen so rapidly upon them, were only just rousing themselves to fight, and in that sparsely settled region were singularly

destitute of arms and equipments, which, with their seaports in British hands, could only be obtained after long delays from the North. It was a situation which demanded not only great military capacity, but patience, endurance, and the ability to avoid a decisive action until there had been time to rally the people to the nucleus of regulars and make an army able to march and fight, to win victories and sustain defeats.

Such were the difficult but imperative conditions of success in the South, and Gates disregarded every one of them. As soon as he arrived in DeKalb's camp he made up his mind to march at once on Camden, a most important point, which he apparently expected to take without trouble. On July 27th, having sent Marion out to watch the enemy—almost the only intelligent step taken at this time—Gates started for Camden along a line which led him through a poor and barren country, where his army was hard pressed for subsistence. On August 3d he was joined at the crossing of the Pedee by Colonel Porterfield with a small but excellent body of Virginians. Thence he moved on against the advice of some of his best officers, and formed a junction with Caswell and the North Carolina militia, who were so ill-organized and badly disciplined that Colonel Williams, of Maryland, actually rode through their lines without being challenged. With these dangerous reinforcements Gates marched on cheerfully toward the British, who, under the command of Lord Rawdon, an active and enterprising officer, had called in their outlying parties and taken up a strong position on Lynch's Creek. Instead of marching up the creek, turning Lord Rawdon's flank, and then moving on Camden, which under these conditions would probably have fallen an

easy prey, Gates lingered about for two days, doing no one knows what, and then, bending to the right, took the road from Charlotte and advanced to Clermont, where he was joined on August 14th by Colonel Stevens with seven hundred Virginia militia. The same day Sumter came into camp with four hundred men, and asked for as many more, in order that he might cut off the British baggage-train and convoy. It seems almost beyond belief, but Gates granted this request, and deliberately allowed the best fighter in the South to leave his army with eight hundred men when he was on the eve of battle, in the presence of a strong, well-disciplined, well-commanded enemy, and when his own forces were largely composed of raw militia, who, unlike Sumter's men, had never been under fire. Even more incredible than the fact is the explanation. Gates actually did not know how many men he had under his command. He thought he had seven thousand, and, finding that he had but three thousand and fifty-two, he coolly said, "That will be enough for our purpose." The English spies, who seemed to have had the run of his camp, no doubt made a more accurate and earlier count than that of the American General.

While Gates was thus weakening himself in the face of the enemy, Cornwallis arrived in the British camp and determined to surprise the Americans. With this purpose he started on the morning of August 15th, and Gates, who had set forth at the same hour, blundered into the arms of the advancing British, not having apparently the slightest idea where his enemies were or what they were doing. Colonel Armand, a French officer, was in front with a small body of cavalry, and gave way before the British advance. Gates, on learning

that he was in the presence of the enemy, determined, after a hasty conference with his officers, to fight. His position was a bad one, for although his flanks were protected by a marsh, this narrowed his front and gave advantage to the smaller but compact, well-led, and well-disciplined force of the British. When it was seen that the enemy was forming to advance, Stevens was ordered to charge with the Virginia militia, utterly raw troops, who had only joined the army the day before. Cornwallis, to meet them immediately, threw forward his right wing, consisting of his best troops under Webster. The Virginians gave way at once without firing, dropped their guns, and fled in a wild panic. The next line, consisting of the equally raw North Carolina militia, followed the example of the Virginians without a moment's hesitation, except for one regiment, which fired a few rounds. This left only the Continental troops, the regular soldiers of the Maryland and Delaware line under DeKalb, to meet the whole British army. These men stood their ground so stubbornly and successfully that DeKalb, not realizing fully the utter disaster on the left wing, ordered a charge, and drove the British back. No men could have fought better than these soldiers of Washington's army in the face of disaster. Eight hundred of them fell on the field, and DeKalb, wounded eleven times, died a prisoner in the hands of the British. But they were fighting against hopeless odds; they were outnumbered and outflanked, and, after rallying twice gallantly in the midst of their enemies, they finally broke and retreated.

To defeat these Continental soldiers cost Cornwallis nearly four hundred men—a severe loss to an army no larger than his, and one he could ill afford.

The American army, however, was utterly broken and dispersed. Colonel Williams said that DeKalb's fate was "probably avoided by the other Generals only by an opportune retreat," which was a euphemistic way of stating that Gates went off with the militia and that very night reached Charlotte, sixty miles away, which was a highly creditable feat of hard riding. He was closely followed by Caswell, the North Carolina Commander, and others, and the next day, still restless apparently, he betook himself to Hillsborough, where the North Carolina Legislature was in session, for he always seems to have been more at home with congresses and legislatures than with armies. Either an abounding charity or a love of paradox has tempted some recent writers to say that Gates has been too harshly judged, but it is difficult to discover any error he could have committed which he did not commit. He came down to form an army, where none existed, around a nucleus of regular troops, not to take command of one already organized. He should not have fought until he had made his army, disciplined it, marched and manœuvred with it, and tested it in some small actions. Instead of doing this he took the Continentals and marched straight for the main British army, picking up reinforcements of untried, undisciplined militia on the way. Arriving within striking distance of the enemy, he actually did not know how many men he had, and sent off eight hundred of his best troops, the only militia apparently who had seen fighting. When he stumbled upon the enemy he put his poorest troops in front, without apparently direction or support, and first of all the militia who had been with him only twenty-four hours. Colonel Stevens of Virginia, a brave man, said that the

rout was due to the "damned cowardly behavior of the militia," and as he commanded one division of them he probably knew what he was saying. But to lay the fault on the militia is begging the question. The unsteadiness of perfectly green troops in the field is well known, and these men ought not to have been brought into action against regulars at all at that moment—least of all should they have been put in the van to resist the onset of seasoned veterans without instructions or apparent support. The defeat of Camden was due to bad generalship, and resulted in the complete dispersion of the militia, and the sacrifice and slaughter of the hard-fighting Continentals. Sumter even was carried down in the wreck. He had cut off the convoy and baggage with perfect success, but the victory at Camden set the British free to pursue him. He eluded Cornwallis, but, encumbered and delayed by his prize, he was overtaken and surprised by Tarleton. Half his force was killed, wounded, or made prisoners; the rest were scattered, and it is said that Sumter, a few days later, rode into Charlotte alone, without a saddle and hatless, to begin all over again the work of forming a regiment, which he performed as usual with great energy and success.

Cornwallis did not follow up his victory very energetically, but there was really little need to do so. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution in the South, which now lay well-nigh helpless and quite open to the enemy. A second army had been swept away, and again no organized American force held the field. The three Southern Colonies were, for the time at least, conquered, if not subdued, and the way seemed clear for the British march upon Virginia, the great State which was one of the pillars of the American cause. Yet it

was just at this gloomy time that the first grievous disaster came to the British arms, from a quarter where no danger was expected, and where it seemed as if armed men sprang up from the earth.

CHAPTER XVI

KING'S MOUNTAIN AND THE COWPENS

BEFORE moving on Virginia it was deemed desirable by the British Commanders to trample out the last embers of rebellion still smouldering in the interior of the conquered States. For this purpose Cruger and a detachment of loyalists went after the Americans under Clarke, who was attacking Augusta. Clarke was defeated, driven off, and forced to take to the mountains, while the victorious loyalists hung some thirteen prisoners, a practice in which the British and their allies were just then fond of indulging. With the same general object, another and larger force, composed chiefly of loyalists, but with some regular troops also, was sent to sweep along the borders of the Carolinas and complete the absolute reduction of the country. This division was under the command of Patrick Ferguson, a son of Lord Pitfour, a soldier of twenty years' experience in Europe and America, a gallant and accomplished officer, and one of Cornwallis's most trusted lieutenants. He was the very model of a brilliant and dashing partisan leader, and by his winning manners was especially successful in encouraging the loyalists, and in drawing them out to enlist under his standard, which they did in large numbers. He was less merciless than Tarleton, for he did not massacre prisoners nor permit women to be outraged after the manner of that distinguished officer, but he did a good deal of burning and pillaging and hung rebels occa-

sionally. He was a brave, effective, formidable fighter, and the pacification of the borders could not have been intrusted to better hands.

Ferguson, in the performance of his task, advanced to the foot of the mountains, and sent word by a prisoner that he would penetrate the hills and destroy the villages there if the people sent aid to their brethren of the plain and sea-coast. It was an ill-timed message and had results very different from those expected by the sender. Beyond the mountains which Ferguson was skirting with his army lay the frontier settlements of Franklin and Holston, destined to develop one day into the State of Tennessee. The inhabitants were pioneers and backwoodsmen of the same type as those who followed Boone and Logan and Clark in Kentucky. They had cleared their farms in the wilderness, and, while they drove the plough, or swung the axe, the rifle was never out of reach. Like the men of Kentucky, they had been doing stubborn battle with the Indians stirred up against them by the British, and they had taken but little part in the general movement of the seaboard colonies. Isaac Shelby, indeed, had crossed the mountains with two hundred men, in answer to an appeal for help from the Carolinas, but with this exception the men of the West had had no share in the Revolution other than the desperate work by which they had held their own against the savages. Now they heard that Ferguson was on the edge of their settlements, threatening them with fire, sword, and halter. This brought the war, in very grim fashion, to their own doors, and as they were neither a timid nor a peace-loving race, they did not wait for the enemy to come, but set out to meet him.

Shelby heard the news first, and rode in hot haste to the home of Sevier, the other County Lieutenant, to carry the tidings. At Sevier's settlement there was a barbecue, a horse-race, and much feasting going on, but when Shelby gave his message the merrymakers all promised to turn out. Thence Shelby rode back to raise his own men, and sent a messenger to the Holston Virginians, who had already been out in one campaign, and were even now organized to go down and fight Cornwallis. At first they refused to change their plans, but on a second and more urgent summons they too agreed to join their brethren of the mountains.

They all assembled at the Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, on September 25th. Four hundred of the Virginians came under William Campbell, 500 from the more southern settlement under Shelby and Sevier, and 160 refugees under McDowell, of North Carolina. The next day they started, after a stern old Presbyterian minister had prayed and asked a blessing upon them. They gathered in an open grove, and, leaning on their rifles, these backwoodsmen and wild Indian fighters bowed their heads and listened in silence to the preacher who blessed them and called upon them to do battle and smite the foe with the sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Then they set out, a strange-looking army, clad in buckskin shirts and fringed leggings, without a tent, a bayonet or any baggage, and with hardly a sword among the officers. But every man had a rifle, a knife, and a tomahawk, and they were all mounted on wiry horses. Discipline in the usual military sense was unknown, and yet they were no ordinary militia. Every man was a fighter, bred in Indian wars, who had passed

his life with horse and rifle, encompassed by perils. They were a formidable body of men—hardy, bold to recklessness, and swift of movement. They pushed on rapidly over the high tableland covered with snow, and then down the ravines and gorges—rough riding, where there was hardly a trail—until, on the 29th, they reached the pleasant open lowlands near the North Forks of the Catawba. Here they were joined by more than three hundred North Carolina militia, led by Colonel Cleaveland, a hunter and Indian fighter, quite the equal in prowess and experience of any who had crossed the mountains, and with a long list of private wrongs to avenge, for he had been in the thick of the civil war and partisan fighting which, since the fall of Charleston, had desolated the Southern States. On October 1st the forces, thus increased, passed Pilot Mountain and camped near the head of Cane and Silver Creeks. Thus far they had proceeded, as they had gathered together, each band under the command of its own chief, but such an arrangement involved too much disorder even for so unorganized an army as this, and the next day, dropping all local differences and personal jealousies, they agreed that Colonel William Campbell should take command of the entire expedition. On October 3d they started again, after Shelby had addressed them. He first told any man to go who desired to do so, and not one stirred. Then he bade them remember that each man must be his own officer, fight for his own hand, draw off if need be, but never leave the field, and when they met the British, "give them Indian play." Thus reorganized and instructed they set forth. As they marched they picked up small bands of refugees, and heard of a large body of four

hundred militia crossing the country from Flint Hill to join them. They were near Gilbertown on the 4th, with their numbers raised now to nearly fifteen hundred men. Here they had expected to come up with Ferguson; but the English leader, who had good eyes and ears and was well informed, had moved rapidly away, doubling and turning, and meanwhile sending diligently in all directions for reinforcements and urging the loyalists everywhere to rally to his support. He marched so rapidly and with so much cunning that he would easily have baffled any regular army, no matter how quick in motion or how lightly equipped. But his pursuers were no ordinary soldiers. They had passed their lives in tracking game and in following or eluding savages, wilder and more artful than any beast of prey that roamed their forests. Now they pursued Ferguson as they would have hunted an Indian war-band. They rode in loose order, but followed the trail with the keen fidelity of hounds upon a burning scent. They had no bayonets and no tents, but they could go for many hours without sleep or food, and minded bad weather as little as the animals they stalked and killed. These "Backwater men," who had sprung up so suddenly from the wooded hills, were tireless and determined, and they meant to fight.

When they found that Ferguson was no longer near Gilbertown, that many of their horses were worn out, and that some of the militia who had joined them on foot were weary with marching, they did not stop for rest and refreshment, but picked out the strongest horses and the best men to the number of seven hundred and fifty and pressed on. To their minds the fact that Ferguson was retreating meant simply that he was

afraid, and they did not intend to let him escape. So, with half their number, the strongest and best mounted, they hurried on. They rode hard all day, and it was growing dark when they reached the Cowpens, and were there joined by the bands of militia from Flint Hill. On the way they had heard of bodies of loyalists, some very large, going to Ferguson's assistance, but they were not turned aside to win an easy victory and lose that which they had crossed the mountains to gain. They were a simple-minded, rough folk, and hence they were disposed to have one idea at a time, and cling to it—a very unfortunate propensity for their enemies at this precise moment. So they heeded not the loyalists making for the British camp, but made their final preparations, for they were near at last to the object of their pursuit.

Ferguson had gradually drawn away from the mountains, but he was unwilling to leave the Western loyalists wholly undefended. So he moved slowly, gathering such help as he could, until he was as near to Cornwallis at Charlotte as he was to the mountaineers. Here, on October 6th, he established himself in a very strong position on a spur of King's Mountain, just south of the North Carolina boundary. He fixed his camp upon a rocky ridge some seven hundred yards long, with steep wooded sides, and about sixty feet above the valley level. The heavy baggage-train was massed on the northeastern end of the ridge, and the soldiers camped between that and the southern declivities. So confident did Ferguson feel in the strength of his position that he did not move on the morning of the 7th, and was probably quite willing to receive an attack.

The "Backwater men," as the British leader had called his enemies, started on the evening of the 6th, and, through the darkness and rain, marched slowly on. The next morning the rain was still falling, but they kept on, indifferent to weather, merely wrapping their blankets about the gunlocks. From two captured Tories they learned just where Ferguson was, from a Whig friend what his dispositions were and how he was dressed, which last little bit of information was the death-warrant of the gallant Scotchman when he faced those deadly rifles. Nearer they came and nearer, and when within a mile of the mountain, the rain having ceased, they dismounted, tied their horses, and prepared for an assault on foot. The Colonels made their last arrangements. Campbell's and Shelby's men were to hold the centre and to attack in front. The left wing was under Cleaveland, and was formed of his men and the Flint Hill militia. The right wing was led by Sevier, and threw out a detachment which swung far around, by desperate riding got to the rear, and thus cut off the only avenue of escape before the battle was over. The countersign was "Buford," the name of the leader whose troops had been massacred by Tarleton after surrendering at the Waxhaw, and the riflemen were again ordered to follow their officers, to fight each for himself, to retreat if necessary, but never to run away, and once more to let the foe have "Indian play." The word of command was given, and on and up they went. The backwoodsmen were nearly as numerous as their enemy, but the British forces had all the advantage of position; they were chiefly loyalists, with some regulars, but were all well disciplined, thoroughly drilled, and equipped with bayonets. Ferguson

was alert and well informed, and yet so swift and silent were the movements of these backwoodsmen that he was surrounded and found himself attacked almost unawares. Suddenly the steep sides of the mountain seemed to start to life with armed men, and the flash of the rifle flared out from among the trees, silent and dark but a moment before. Ferguson, however, was never unprepared. Short as the warning was, he got his men in line and, blowing his silver whistle, with which he directed the charges, flung his column upon Campbell's men. The riflemen gave way before the bayonet and slipped back down the hill; but when Ferguson turned there were Shelby's men swarming up the other side. Again the silver whistle blew, again the column formed and charged down, and again the mountaineers gave way. But even while he flung back Shelby, Campbell's men were again coming up, gliding from tree to tree, picking off their foes with deadly certainty, and constantly getting nearer the top. Ferguson rode from point to point rallying his men. The silver whistle would blow, the compact, well-disciplined soldiers would charge, repel their assailants, and return to meet another attack. The moment the red line paused in the charge and prepared to repulse an assault from another quarter, the riflemen would turn and follow them up the slope. So the fight raged fiercely, the British rallying and driving their foes back with the bayonet in one place only to meet them in another, and each time the wave of backwoodsmen came a little higher. At last, as Sevier's men were nearing the crest, they caught full sight of the gallant figure they had so long been looking for. The rifles rang out, and Ferguson, pierced by half a dozen bullets, fell dead from his

horse. De Peyster, the next in command, bravely rallied the men, but the end was near. The deadly aim of the rifles had done its work. Half the British regulars were killed, and the rest were broken and dispersed. The loyalists and riflemen fought hand to hand along the crest of the ridge, brother with brother, kinsman against kinsman. Then the loyalists broke and fled to the baggage-wagons, only to find that they were completely surrounded. Further resistance was hopeless, and De Peyster raised the white flag and surrendered. The hard-fought fight was over. The British had lost, all told, in killed and disabled, between three and four hundred, and the Americans about one hundred and twenty. The resistance which sacrificed nearly forty per cent. of its force was desperate, but the British overshot, while the hunters and Indian fighters made all their shots tell. The victory was complete. Ferguson was killed, and his whole force either left on the field or captured. The Americans departed at once with their prisoners, and their great spoil of arms and equipment. They sullied their victory a few days later by hanging nine of their prisoners, in revenge for the many hangings by the men of Tarleton and Ferguson, and especially for the thirteen just hanged by Cruger. The officers, however, interfered at this point and checked any further executions, thirty in all having been condemned to death. Then, leaving their prisoners with the lowland militia, the men of the Western waters shouldered their rifles, took their spoils, crossed the mountains, and in due time celebrated their victory with much feasting, shooting, racing, and eating of whole roast oxen at their blockhouses and log-cabins beyond the Alleghanies.

Cornwallis, appalled by this sudden disaster, very naturally feared that after their great victory the backwoodsmen would pour down and assail him on flank and rear. His alarm was needless. The riflemen burst out of the wilderness to hunt down the man who threatened their dearly bought and hardly defended homes. They caught their enemy, killed him, captured his army, and then, the thing they came for done, they disappeared among the Western forests as suddenly as they had come. They swept down from their hills like a Highland clan, won a complete and striking victory and withdrew, but they were incapable of doing the work or carrying on the patient labors and steady fighting of a disciplined army, by which alone campaigns are won. At the same time they were perfect for the particular feat they actually performed, of swiftly pursuing a hostile force, surrounding it, and then, without strategy or tactics, by sheer hard fighting and straight shooting, win a victory from which hardly a single enemy escaped. It was only by superior fighting that they won, for they were slightly inferior in numbers, very much at a disadvantage in position, and without military discipline or proper equipment. Yet it so happened that the battle of King's Mountain—won without any plan or object beyond the immediate destruction of an invader whom the backwoodsmen dealt with as they would have done with a large Indian war-party, if they could have penned it up in the same fashion—proved one of the decisive battles of the Revolution. It turned the tide of war in the Southern States. From that time, with ups and downs, of course, the British fortunes declined, while the spirits of the Southern people rose at a bound. The back country

was freed, for Ferguson and his men constituted the force upon which Cornwallis counted to subdue the interior and crush out all local risings. That force and its very brave and efficient commander were wiped out of existence. The British General had lost one of the most important parts of his army, and his campaign for the future was permanently crippled in consequence. The immediate effect was to check his movement northward, and the first advance through North Carolina to Virginia failed. On October 14th he began his retreat from Charlotte, and after a hard march of fifteen days, through rain and mud and with scant food, he reached Winnsborough, near Camden. All the way his men had been attacked and shot down by the militia, something quite impossible before King's Mountain. Encouraged in the same way, Marion had again taken the field and begun to cut off outlying British posts. Tarleton went after him, burning and ravaging as he rode, but Marion eluded him, and then he was forced to turn back, for Sumter had broken out near Camden and was intercepting supplies, beating loyalist militia, and generally making the life of the commanding General uncomfortable. The interior country, in fact, was slipping from the British control, and even the position of their main army was menaced. So Tarleton went after his old enemy with his usual zeal. He came up with Sumter at the Blackstock plantation, did not stop to consider either Sumter's position or numbers, and dashed at him with two hundred and fifty men. This time Sumter was neither surprised nor encumbered with baggage, and fought on ground of his own choosing. He repulsed Tarleton's charge, and then drove back the infantry with such severe loss that

Tarleton was forced to retreat rapidly, leaving his wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The year closed cheerfully for the Americans. Cornwallis had been forced to abandon his Northern march and retreat. The country was up in arms, and Sumter and Marion threatened British posts and communications in all directions, while the victory at King's Mountain had destroyed an important part of the British force. But at the same time the riflemen had disappeared silently and swiftly as they had come, and the only American forces were, as before, scattered bands. It is true the spirit of the people had revived, but there was still no army, and without a regular army the British could not be driven from the South. Twice had the central government tried to supply the great defect, only to have one army captured at Charleston and another flung away at Camden. Now a third attempt was to be made, and on it the fate of the war in the Carolinas would turn. This time Congress allowed Washington to choose a Commander, and he selected Greene, as he had done in the first instance. He said that he sent a General without an army, for, generous as he was, he could now spare only three hundred and fifty men from the regular line. But he felt that the Commander was really the main thing, since experience had shown that there was abundance of material in the South for soldiers, and he knew that in this instance he sent a man who not only could make an army, but who would not fight until his army was made.

Greene, thus chosen to command, at once went to Philadelphia, where he delivered Washington's letter and made his report to Congress. Then he examined all papers relating to his new department, and in two

days made another report to Congress, setting forth his needs. It appeared that he wanted pretty much everything—money, men, stores, arms, and ample authority. Congress had never liked Greene overmuch, but since the wreck of their favorite, Gates, they were in a chastened frame of mind, and with extraordinary promptness they proceeded to comply with their new General's demands. They assigned Steuben to the Southern department; they gave Greene every possible power and authority, together with letters of recommendation and appeal to all the State legislatures. In the more important material things they could give less, because they had little to give. Fifteen hundred stand of arms was about the measure of their contribution, for money, men, and clothing they had not. Greene, the indefatigable, reached out in all directions, trying to beg or borrow everywhere money, clothing, medicine, or anything else. Pennsylvania, through Reed, helped him to some wagons to replace those lost by Gates, but he got little else. Then Greene, believing that he could use cavalry in the South, persuaded Congress to give him Henry Lee, "Lighthorse Harry," commission him as a Lieutenant-Colonel and authorize him to raise a regiment. All these things done, or at least vigorously agitated, Greene set forth to his command. As he went he steadily kept up the work he had begun in Philadelphia, demanding, urging, praying for men, money, and supplies to be sent with him or after him. He went with his story and his requests before the legislatures of Delaware and Maryland, and presented the letters of Washington and of the Congress. He roused both States, and obtained pledges which were later to bear fruit. Thence he

pressed on to Richmond, where he met Jefferson, then Governor, and the legislature. The spirit, the disposition of all were excellent, but everything was in confusion. Clothing could not be had, recruits were coming in slowly, a body of the enemy had landed in the southeast, and there was an infinity of work to be done before the great State on which chiefly he would have to rely could be brought to a condition where its resources would be available. Greene gave them Steuben to take charge of their military affairs, set other matters in such train as was possible, wrote urgent letters to Congress and to Washington, and then set forward again. Now he began to get reports from the scene toward which he was going—vague, contradictory, fluctuating reports which troubled him much, and seemed to presage a very troublesome and chaotic situation to be met and overcome. Finally, on December 2d, he reached Charlotte. Almost his first act was to answer Cornwallis's complaint of the hanging of prisoners at King's Mountain, by sending a list of fifty prisoners hanged by order of the British Commanders, and at the same time declaring that he did not intend to wage war in that fashion. But it was the work of army-making which chiefly concerned him, not verbal controversies with Cornwallis. Unlike Gates, he at once counted his army instead of waiting until the eve of battle for that information, and the result was not inspiriting. He found that he had 2,300 men, who had been gathered together by Gates since his defeat. They were poorly equipped and badly disciplined. The militia were in the habit of going home when the humor took them, but Greene, in his prompt fashion and with a painful disregard for local customs, declared this to

be desertion, shot the first offender, and demonstrated that a new commander had really come. While he was organizing the army he also examined and surveyed the rivers, found where the fords were, and then, instead of plunging headlong at the enemy, withdrew to the fertile meadows of the Pedee and there formed a camp and proceeded to drill his troops and prepare them for work. He acted quickly, quietly, and without much conversation. "I call no councils of war," he wrote to Hamilton on December 20th. Yet, bad as was the condition of the weak and broken army, Greene was extremely fortunate in his officers. Harry Lee, the most brilliant cavalry officer of the Revolution, in which cavalry was but little used, had come with him. On the spot he had found John Eager Howard and Colonel Otho Williams, of Maryland, and William Washington, of Virginia. These were all brave, experienced, dashing officers, just the men who would prove invaluable to Greene. There was also another officer, higher in rank than any of these, who had come to Charlotte as soon as he heard of the rout at Camden. This was Daniel Morgan, of Virginia, an abler soldier than any whom Greene found at Charlotte, and far more suggestive of the deeper meanings of the American Revolution. Lee and Howard and the rest represented the rich landholders, the well-established aristocracy of the Colonies. They had wealth, position, and education as a birthright, in addition to their own courage and capacity. At them could not be flung the constant sneer and gibe of the loyalist satirist and pamphleteer, that the American officers were men of lowly birth, fishers and choppers and ploughmen. Yet that at which the loyalist and the Tory sneered was

one of the great signs of the time, a portent of the democratic movement, a new source of strength in war and peace. The custom of the world then was to give military power and command by favor, to treat them as plunder to be shared among a limited class. Rank, birth, political service, the bar sinister, if it crossed a coat of arms sufficiently illustrious, were the best titles to high military command. England, forgetting whence she had taken Clive and Wolfe, had relapsed into the current system of favoritism, and sent out Howes and Clintons and Burgoynes to command her armies in America. Many men of this class were physically brave—now and then one, like Cornwallis or Rawdon, was efficient—but as a rule they lacked ability, were self-indulgent, and sometimes cruel. They represented an old system now rotten and broken, and against them came a new system with the blood of youth in its veins, for the democratic movement was to draw most of its leaders from the people, whence its real strength came. Twenty years later, that which was a little-understood fact in the American war, had been formulated into an aphorism in the mighty revolution sweeping over Europe, and men learned that the new order of things meant *la carrière ouverte aux talens,* and that every private soldier had perchance a marshal's *bâton* hidden in his knapsack.

Of this class, so pre-eminently children of their time and of the great social forces then stirring into life, Daniel Morgan was a most typical example. Born in New Jersey,[1] the son of a poor Welsh emigrant, he

[1] Morgan's birthplace is disputed. A strong claim has been made that he was born in Bucks County, Pa. The statement in the text is that generally accepted, and has the support of Grahame, Morgan's biographer.

began life as a day-laborer. Drifting out to the frontier he became a wagoner, then a soldier in the Braddock expedition, was brutally flogged under the savage military code of the time for striking a companion, kept on in spite of this hideous wrong, and so distinguished himself in battle that he was promoted from the ranks and given a commission. Desperately wounded, he escaped from the Indians in one hot skirmish, by clinging blindly to the neck of his frightened runaway horse. Thus he lived on the frontier—reckless, fighting, drinking, gaming—saved only from destruction by his gigantic strength and hard head. A fortunate marriage turned him from his wild life and brought his really fine and gentle nature uppermost. He settled down in Virginia, and although he fought in Pontiac's and Lord Dunmore's wars, he became a steady, hardworking planter. When the Revolution came only one side was possible to such a man—he was the friend of Washington, the way was open to ability, and his time had come. With his riflemen raised in Virginia he had distinguished himself in almost every action from Boston to Monmouth, and had been taken prisoner in the desperate night assault at Quebec. He had been especially conspicuous in the Burgoyne campaign, playing a very large part in all the fighting which culminated in the surrender of Saratoga, where the British commander told him that he commanded "the finest regiment in the world." Congress did not, however, seem impressed in the same way. In the promotions so lavishly given to foreigners and favorites, Morgan was passed over, and at last withdrew in disgust to his home in Virginia. But when he heard of the defeat at Camden he at once said that this was no

time for personal feelings or resentments, and went directly to Hillsborough to join the defeated Gates. Then, at last, Congress gave him his tardy promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and when Greene arrived he found Morgan already at work. With excellent judgment Greene confirmed Morgan in his separate command, and the latter, threatening Cornwallis's flank, crossed the Catawba and, picking up some small additional bodies of militia, moved along the Pacolet River, where he cut off and defeated with heavy loss a large body of loyalists who were ravaging that country. His operations and his position alike threatened the British seriously, and Cornwallis could not advance into North Carolina or against Greene until he had disposed of Morgan's division. He therefore detached Tarleton with the light infantry and some cavalry—eleven hundred men in all—to follow Morgan, while he moved in such a way himself as to cut Morgan off if he attempted to retreat to North Carolina.

Tarleton moved rapidly, and Morgan fell back before him, until, on January 16th, he reached the Cowpens, where cattle were rounded up and branded, a place about midway between Spartanburg and the Cherokee ford of the Broad River. Morgan, brought up in the school of Washington, and having a perfect understanding of the situation in the South, wished just then, as much as Greene, to avoid a decisive action. At the same time, as he wrote his chief, this course might not be always possible, and he knew that he was in a position at once difficult and dangerous. Well informed by his scouts, he was aware that he was between two armies, and when he reached the Cowpens he determined to stand his ground and fight, although some of

his officers recommended otherwise. In the evening he walked about among the camp-fires talking to the militia, who were of the same class from which he himself had sprung. He told them that he was going to fight, took them into his confidence, assured them that "the old wagoner would crack his whip over Tarleton," and that if they gave three fires they would surely win. The next morning he had his men roused early, so that they could breakfast well, and then he formed them for battle. His main line was composed of the Maryland Continental troops in the centre, with the Virginia riflemen on each flank. In front he placed the militia under Pickens, and in the rear, out of sight, Colonel Washington and the cavalry. Then Morgan rode up and down the line, and told the militia to give the enemy two killing fires and fall back. He explained to the Continentals that the militia would retire after delivering these volleys, that they must stand firm in the centre, and, placed as they were on rising ground, fire low.

As soon as Tarleton came in sight of the American army thus posted and drawn up, he raced at them, hardly waiting to form his line or to allow his reserve to come up. It was Tarleton's way, and had proved very pleasant and successful on several occasions in dealing with raw militia. But here he was face to face with an experienced soldier, and with an army resting on a body of tried veterans in the centre. As he advanced, the militia, under Pickens, delivered two or three well-aimed and destructive volleys, and then gave ground and fell back, as they had been told, but without disorder, round the wings of Howard and the Marylanders, who held the centre. The main line in turn poured in such a heavy and well-sustained fire that

the British hesitated, and Tarleton, calling for his reserves, flung himself upon Howard's men. Howard, seeing that his flank was being turned, ordered the right company to face about. The order was misunderstood, and the whole line faced about and began to retreat. This blunder was turned into the stroke of victory by Morgan's quickness. Pickens and his militia had reformed and were assailing the British right wing, while Colonel Washington, charging suddenly and breaking the right wing, got to the rear of the enemy, and saw them rushing forward pell-mell after Howard's retreating line. "They are coming on like a mob," he sent word to Morgan. "Give them a fire and I will charge them." Suddenly, at the command, the steady Continental troops halted, faced about, poured in a heavy and deadly fire, and followed it with a bayonet charge upon the disordered British line. At the same moment Washington dashed in upon them in the rear. All was now over in a few minutes. The rout was utter and complete, and the British infantry, outflanked and surrounded, threw away their arms and began to cry for the quarter which they had refused to Buford's men, but which was here accorded to them. Six hundred of Tarleton's eleven hundred were captured. Ten officers and over a hundred men were killed, showing the gallantry with which they fought until taken between two fires, while Tarleton himself, by personal prowess and hard riding, barely escaped. All the cannon, arms, equipage, everything fell into the hands of the Americans, who on their side lost only twelve killed and sixty wounded.

The numbers engaged at the Cowpens were small, only eight hundred Americans and about eleven hun-

dred British, but it was one of the best-fought actions of the war. Morgan, no doubt, took a serious risk in fighting with the Broad River in his rear and with no protection to his flanks, but he knew his men, he did not intend that they should have any temptation to retreat, and he had confidence in them and in himself. Tarleton, no doubt, was rash in the extreme and blundered in his hasty advance, but he was one of the best of the British officers, and his error arose, as the British errors usually did, from contempt for his opponent. Yet, after all allowances for Tarleton's mistakes, the fact remains that Morgan's tactics were admirable, and he handled his men, who behaved with the utmost steadiness, so perfectly that he turned a blunder in an important order into a decisive opportunity for immediate victory. How well he fought his battle is best shown by the fact that he not only defeated his enemy, but utterly destroyed him. Moreover, his coolness and judgment, so excellent before the fight and in the heat of action, were not affected by his victory. He crossed the Broad River that very night, and when Cornwallis, stung by the defeat of Tarleton, rushed after Morgan, actually burning his baggage that he might move the faster, he reached the Little Catawba only to learn that the victorious Americans had crossed with their prisoners two days before and were on the way to join Greene's army.

The victory at the Cowpens was a fit supplement to that at King's Mountain. In the latter fight the backwoodsmen had sprung out of their hills in defence of their homes and swept away the strong corps to which Cornwallis trusted for scouts, outpost work, and the conquest of the interior. In the former a regular army,

commanded by one of Washington's Generals, had utterly defeated a select body of British troops, and crushed out of existence the light infantry which Cornwallis had used so effectively, and which he was to need so much in the future. There was much hard fighting still to do, but the days of panic and submission were over. The question had ceased to be how much the British would overrun and conquer, and had become the very different one of how long they could hold their ground, and how soon the Americans, represented at last by a regular army and an able General, could drive them out. The first chapter in the British invasion of the South, England's last and most effective attempt to conquer her colonies, closed at Charleston with the loss of Lincoln's army and the utter prostration of the American cause in that region. The second chapter began with Camden and ended with King's Mountain and the Cowpens. After Morgan's victory a new campaign opened in the South.

CHAPTER XVII

GREENE'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH

TO tell within moderate limits the story of Greene's campaign in the South is not easy. The subject is one which deserves to be studied in the minutest details, and success was achieved not by a single brilliant stroke, but through a long series of movements made under trying difficulties, and with many checks, finally culminating in the complete result which had been striven for so long and so patiently. It was a campaign which began with the formation of an army from very raw material, and under almost impossible conditions. It included three pitched battles, many lesser actions, dexterous retreats, masterly manœuvres, and the solution of the immediate problem without ever failing in the long look ahead to the ultimate purpose, or in the grasp of the many phases of a conflict which was carried on not only by the main army, but by detached forces over a wide extent of country. That Greene proved himself fully equal to this difficult task, from which he at last emerged victorious, demonstrates his high ability, both as a soldier and administrator, and gives him a place in the purely military history of the Revolution second only to that of Washington. No correct judgment, either of the man or of his achievement, can be formed from any single incident, or even from the most important battles

of his campaign. What he was and what he did can be appreciated only by a survey which comprehends all his labors. Thus alone can we see how ably, patiently, and brilliantly he worked on steadily toward his great objective point, how he thrust himself between the divided British forces, and then leaving Cornwallis to go to his fate in Virginia, how he held grimly to his purpose, and unrelentingly pressed his enemy to the South, until he had driven the English armies from the States which at the outset they had overrun so easily.

He was engaged in the most preliminary work of making his army, when the division under Morgan met Tarleton and won the striking victory of the Cowpens. It was an inspiriting and unlooked-for piece of good fortune to win such a fight, and win it so completely at the very start of the campaign, when neither Greene nor Morgan desired to run the risk of a decisive action. It was also a heavy blow to the enemy. But although Greene well knew the importance and meaning of what had been done, his head was not turned by the success, and he was well aware that he was as little able to fight Cornwallis with his own army as he had been before the rout of Tarleton.

When the news of Morgan's victory reached the camp on the Pedee, nearly a week after the event, Greene's first feeling was one of great joy, and his second, one of deep anxiety, for his army was divided and the enemy were between him and Morgan. The situation was full of danger, and the fate of the campaign at that critical moment turned on the escape of the victors of the Cowpens. Sending expresses in all directions to call out the militia, even while the exultant shouts of his soldiers filled the air outside his tent, mak-

ing rapid arrangements to have the prisoners taken to the North, ordering boats to be prepared for the crossing of the Yadkin, and even of the Dan, he put his army under the command of Huger, with directions to meet him at Salisbury, and then started himself to join Morgan. He went alone, accompanied only by an orderly sergeant, and rode night and day for a hundred and fifty miles in bad weather and through a country infested by loyalists, for he knew that Morgan's army was the important point, and he counted no risk in the one fixed determination to reach it. Morgan himself had shown equal wisdom. He had retreated as promptly and decisively as he had fought, and Cornwallis, on his arrival at Ramsour's Mills, found that his active foe had already crossed the river and escaped. When Greene learned that Cornwallis, in the eagerness of pursuit and the desire for revenge, had burned his baggage, he saw at once that his opponent had committed a capital mistake in not only missing his prey, but in crippling himself for an extended movement, and he exclaimed, when the news was brought to him, "Then he is ours." At that moment he hoped, if the waters of the Catawba did not fall, to check Cornwallis in crossing and force him back to the Santee. Unfortunately, after the manner of those rivers, the Catawba fell suddenly and Morgan was ordered to press on to the Yadkin, while Greene himself tried to collect the militia. Some eight hundred of them, under Davidson, attacked the enemy when they began to cross at McGowan's ford, and came very near inflicting a serious blow. But the British, breasting the stream with great gallantry, and not without serious losses, forced the passage, and, Davidson being killed, the

militia rapidly dispersed. Only a third of them, indeed, remained together, and these were driven to rapid retreat the next morning by Tarleton. With the road thus cleared, Cornwallis hurried on to the Yadkin, where Greene's admirable foresight at once became apparent. The boats he had ordered were ready, and Morgan's whole army crossed easily and rapidly, his rear having a sharp skirmish with the British van, but getting safely over with only the loss of two or three wagons. The river was high and was running full and swift between the armies. Cornwallis had been energetic, but he had no boats. He was therefore helpless and could only soothe his feelings by a heavy cannonade, quite harmless to the Americans, who regarded him in safety from the opposite bank.

Greene, who had changed the place of meeting from Salisbury to Guilford, as he had been compelled to do by events, reached the latter point with Morgan on February 8th, and on the 9th the main army, under Huger, came up. Thus the first object had been attained. The Cowpens had been won, the prisoners brought off, and the junction effected so that Greene's army was no longer divided. This in itself was a feat, and a solid gain obtained in the face of great obstacles and through many dangers. But the great peril yet remained, for the united army was still in a most hazardous position, as Morgan's division had been before. Greene who, like all other able commanders, had carefully studied the character and habits of his adversary, hoped that Cornwallis's eagerness and zeal would lead him into a position where he could be attacked successfully. So when he heard that Cornwallis, baffled at the Yadkin, and informed that the Americans had no

boats, had determined to cut them off at the fords of the Dan, he thought that there would be an opportunity to fight. But now there came upon him the ever-returning curse of short enlistments and of dependence on uncertain and unstable militia to shatter all his schemes and hopes. He could get no fresh recruits, could hardly indeed hold those he already had, and so found himself with only a little over two thousand men with whom to face a superior British force. To retreat toward Virginia, where Arnold was now ravaging and plundering with a strong body of troops, was dangerous in a military sense, and most undesirable in every other way because of its effect upon public opinion and the spirit of the people on which so much turned. But Greene did not hesitate. He had said that the one thing for which Cornwallis ought to make every sacrifice was the destruction of the American army, and his single determination was that his army should not be destroyed, for it carried in its hands the fate of the war in the South. To this one object everything else must yield. He not only did not throw himself upon the British, after the fashion of Gates, but he prepared for his retreat as carefully and methodically as he would have done for a battle. To Sumter, recovered from his wound, went word to call out the militia of South Carolina; to Marion to cross the Santee; to Pickens to follow up the rear of the enemy. The heavy baggage was sent to a place of safety, urgent letters were dispatched to the Governors of North and South Carolina, and then Greene, on February 10th, started for the fords of the Dan, with the British close on his heels. He had only seventy miles to go, but the roads were deep in mud, well nigh impassable. His means

of transportation were bad, his men wretchedly clothed, and in a large measure barefooted. Quick marching was impossible, and the enemy, well equipped and provided, were in hot haste after him. He had in his favor good officers, his own clear brains and indomitable courage, and the confidence and love of his men. "How you must suffer from cold," said Greene to the barefooted sentry. "I do not complain," came the answer. "I know I should fare well if our General could procure supplies; and if, as they say, we fight in a few days, I shall take care to secure some shoes." This little story brings out general and army in a clear light, and we see the sympathy and the knowledge of the one, and the faith and courage of the other—qualities by which victories in war are often wrung from adversity.

To delay the enemy, Greene detached seven hundred of his best men, cavalry and infantry, under Colonel Williams. They were to mislead, to retard, but to avoid all serious action. Well did they do their work. For three days the two armies pressed on, one in hot chase of the other. The main American army struggled forward through mud and water, marking their road, as Greene wrote to Washington, with blood-stained tracks. On the third day most of the North Carolina militia deserted, but the regulars and the rest of the militia moved steadily forward, suffering in grim silence. Meantime the flower of the army under Williams hung on the flank of Cornwallis, embarrassing him at every stream and every defile, and leading him off on the road to the wrong ford. It was hard to keep the men in hand, and to avoid a serious fight, especially on the third day when Harry Lee's cavalry had a sharp brush with Tarleton's men in which the English lost

eighteen men and the Americans two. The days of the easy slaughtering of the militia were drawing to a close, and Tarleton had been given a lesson, which it was a sore temptation to his teachers to continue. But Williams, with great self-control, drew off his men, and despite all his efforts, Cornwallis at last discovered that he was being misled, and turned back once more into the right road. When night fell, Williams and his men, with indescribable alarm, saw lights ahead, and breathed freely only when they found that it was Greene's deserted camp of the day before. Cornwallis, after a brief halt, started again at midnight, and pressed on through forest and over streams, Williams still hanging stubbornly on his flank. In the morning came a messenger from Greene that wagons were over, and that the troops were crossing, whereupon all Williams's men broke into a loud cheer, heard with much misgiving in the British camp, where they had felt sure of their prey. Still Cornwallis pressed forward faster than ever, and in the late afternoon came another message to Williams that all the American army was over, the men posted and waiting for the gallant light troops who had made their escape possible. Thereupon Williams at once stopped his attacks, spurred forward at full speed, and he and all his men rapidly crossed, while Cornwallis came up close behind only to look at the deep and rapid river which flowed between him and his foe. It appeared after all that the Americans had boats, and, more than this, that Greene had sent Kosciusko ahead to the ford to prepare earth-works on the other side. Evidently this general was very different from the easy victim of Camden. It was clear that he knew just what he meant to do and was neither to be

caught nor fought with at pleasure. Hence much natural perplexity to his opponent. Crossing the river was out of the question. The attempt would have been madness, and could have resulted only in disaster, so Cornwallis, feeling now the loss of his baggage, sullenly withdrew to Hillsborough. He gave out that he had driven the Americans beyond the Dan, which was true, but he omitted to state that he had utterly failed to reach them or to bring on an action. By this masterly retreat, with every contingency accurately and punctually provided for, Greene had won his first victory, for not only had he baffled his enemy and defeated his purpose, but he had his own army in existence and in the field, cheered and inspirited by their success. He also had the country around Cornwallis and to the southward flaming out again into armed resistance, and even while the loyalists were crowding into Hillsborough to rejoice in the presence of the royal army, news came that the American army was again south of the Dan. Suddenly, as the tidings spread, the eager crowd faded away, loyalty cooled, recruits ceased to appear, and Cornwallis wrote, "I am amongst timid friends and adjoining to inveterate rebels." The results of the retreat over the Dan were beginning to appear at once, for a victory is sometimes won in other ways than on the field of battle.

Greene, when he began to retrace his steps, sent Lee and Pickens forward and followed himself with the main army, for he was determined that there should be no loyalist rising and no reinforcements for the British if he could help it. His detachments under Williams, Lee and Pickens hung about the British army and swooped down on communications and on loyalist

recruits with a sudden and unsparing hand. Pursuing Tarleton, who was out on one of his plundering expeditions, Lee came upon three hundred loyalists marching to join Cornwallis. He did not want to lose his blow at Tarleton, who, only a few miles ahead, was quite unconscious of his presence, and so trusting to the resemblance in uniform, he tried to slip by the Tory companies. He very nearly succeeded, and was fairly in the midst of them when one of the loyalist riflemen detected the trick and fired. There was no help for it; Tarleton must be abandoned. Out came the sabres, and in a few moments ninety of the loyalist militiamen were lying on the field; their commander was desperately wounded, and the rest of the men were racing away for safety in all directions. The destruction of this large body of loyal recruits made enlisting under the crown so unpleasant and unpopular that it ceased in that neighborhood entirely, for there was clearly no use in trying to serve a king who could not give better protection than this to his volunteers.

This little affair illustrated the situation of Cornwallis. He could not get reinforcements, his communications were cut, and to reach supplies and ammunition he would have to go to Wilmington and leave Greene behind. Thus it became absolutely necessary to him to fight a battle. But Greene, disappointed by perverse, well-meaning and ill-acting legislatures, could not get the additional men he so sorely needed, although clamorous messages went speeding forth for them in all directions. He, too, wanted a battle, for he felt that even if he could not win, he could at least cripple the English by a hard fight and still bring his army off in good order after a defeat. But fight he would not until

he had enough men to give him at least a fair chance. So he took up a position between the two streams which fed the Haw River, and then marched about, shifting his camp every night, keeping Cornwallis constantly on the move, and never allowing him to come near enough for anything more than a sharp skirmish. At last the baffled Cornwallis gave over the pursuit and went into camp at Bell's Mills to rest his men, who were beginning to get weary and to desert.

This gave Greene likewise opportunity to rest and recruit his own forces. By the individual exertions of leaders like Stevens and Lawson of Virginia, and Eaton and Butler of North Carolina, militia had finally been raised, and, in the time given by skilful delays, had been gradually joining the American army. Thus strengthened and rested, Greene determined to accept battle, and, on March 14, 1781, he marched to Guilford Court House and took up a position on ground which he had already carefully examined with a view to fighting there. He had now with him forty-two hundred foot, and not quite two hundred cavalry. Of these less than fifteen hundred were regulars. The rest were militia, and Greene was only too well aware that he could place but little dependence upon them against the onset of regulars and veterans. Still he believed that perchance he might win, that at the worst he could only lose the field and have his militia dispersed, and that he was reasonably certain to so damage the enemy that they would be compelled to retreat to Wilmington. On the fifteenth, therefore, he selected his ground and placed his troops with great care. In the first line he put the North Carolina militia; in the second, the Virginians, also militia, but men who had been under fire,

and among whom were many old Continentals; in the third line were the regulars from Maryland and Virginia, but only one regiment, the First Maryland, was composed of veterans. On the right flank were posted Washington and his dragoons and part of the light infantry, and on the left Lee and his light cavalry and the rest of the light infantry, backed by Campbell with some of his King's Mountain riflemen, all veterans and the pick of the army.

Lee, thrown forward on the skirmish line, drove in Tarleton, and then fell back before the main column of the enemy. The British van came in view about one o'clock and Cornwallis opened a sharp cannonade, and then forming his men advanced rapidly. Greene had addressed the North Carolina militia and besought them to give two volleys and then retire; but when they saw the British coming on at a charge, although they apparently fired a first and probably a second volley,[1] they then broke in wild panic, and, despite all the officers could do, fled in all directions without inflicting the slightest further damage upon the enemy. Now appeared the wisdom of Greene's dispositions. As the British rushed forward, cheering, Washington and Lee fell on their flanks, checked them, and gave the Virginians time to pour in a steady and well-directed fire. The British line was shaken, and men began to drop fast, but the well-disciplined regulars still kept on, while the Virginians gave way on the right, retreating slowly and without panic. The British, now somewhat broken,

[1] The generally received account is that the North Carolina militia ran without firing a shot, but I think that Judge Schenck, in his history of North Carolina, fairly proves that they were only ordered to fire two volleys, and that they certainly did some effective firing before they broke and fled.

pushed through on the right and came on the veteran Maryland regiment, which opened a close and destructive fire, and then, charging, drove the British back in confusion. Had Greene dared to throw in his other Continentals at this point he might have won, but this he would not do; for he lacked confidence in the new regiments, and did not intend to risk, in the slightest degree or under any temptation, the loss of his army, which would have followed the dispersion of his regular troops. His foresight was justified, for the Virginian left, having fallen back at last, the British columns again united and before their attack the Second Maryland broke and ran. The first regiment again charged on the advancing British, and at the same moment Washington and his dragoons once more fell upon their flank. Again the British gave way, this time in utter disorder; and Cornwallis, whose horse had been shot under him, seeing the flight of his army, ordered the artillery to open. His officers remonstrated, declaring that he would destroy his own men, but Cornwallis persisted, and the artillery firing through their own ranks checked the American pursuit, thus giving the British time to re-form their broken lines.

Greene, like Cornwallis, well at the front and taking in the whole field, but ignorant as to Lee's whereabouts and fearing that his flanks would be turned, decided at once to take no further risks. He was confident that the enemy had been badly crippled, and being determined not to allow his regulars to suffer further, ordered a retreat. The British attempted to pursue, but were easily repulsed, and Greene, in good order, moved off his whole army, leaving only some guns, the

horses of which had been killed. He proceeded as far as Reedy Fork, three miles distant, waited there quietly for some hours to gather the stragglers, and then marched on and occupied his old camp on Troublesome Creek.

The battle had been stubbornly fought, and the British had suffered severely. Cornwallis had lost, by his own report, 406 killed and wounded and 26 missing, while Greene's information was that the enemy had lost 633, exclusive of officers, among whom the casualties had been exceptionally severe, many of the most conspicuous having been killed or wounded. Over a thousand of the Americans were missing. In other words, the militia had gone home, as Greene said, "to kiss their sweethearts and wives." Five hundred and fifty-two of the North Carolina militia, who had only lost nine men in battle, and 294 of the Virginians, who had fought well, had departed in this quiet and unobtrusive way. But these men could be recovered, and the American loss in killed and wounded was only 163, less than half of that which they had inflicted on the enemy. Greene, moreover, after the fight was over, had his army in high spirits and good condition, ready for further work. Cornwallis, for his part, issued a proclamation announcing a triumph, and when his glowing dispatch reached England, Charles Fox said that "another such victory would destroy the British army." Cornwallis, if judged by his actions and not by his words, took much the same view. Leaving his own and the American wounded on the field, he not only did not pursue his beaten foe, but began an immediate retreat from the scene of his loudly proclaimed victory. Greene, the defeated, started after him, and although holding his

short-term militia with great difficulty, the vanquished eagerly pursued the victor, and tried to catch him by the most hurried marches, while the conqueror just managed to get over the Deep River before the Virginians, finally abandoning Greene, obliged him to desist from the chase. The victorious Cornwallis then went on to Wilmington to refit, and the American General, having lost his battle and won his campaign, took the bold step which marks more than anything else his military capacity, and which finally resulted in his driving the British from the South.

Up to this time Greene had been devoting all his efforts toward making his army, stopping any loyalist rising, and preventing the advance of Cornwallis to the North. In all these objects he had been entirely successful. Cornwallis, with his army much broken, had been forced to retreat to tide water, thus abandoning the State of North Carolina, except where his army camped, and leaving all the rest of the State practically free. An important portion of the British forces in the Southern department, the second division, in fact, under the command of Lord Rawdon, were stationed in South Carolina, and held that State and Georgia firmly, by their presence and by their possession of a chain of fortified posts. With the British forces in this position, two courses were open to Greene at this juncture. One was to follow the line he had hitherto pursued; hover on Cornwallis's flank, cut his communication, isolate him, prevent his advance to the North, and fight him again as soon as he could sufficiently recruit his army. This was the safe and obvious plan in conformity with the original purpose for which Greene and his army were intended, and it would have been difficult to have

criticised him if he had adopted it. The alternative course was bold and hazardous, but pregnant with the possibility of much greater and more decisive results. This second plan was to give over all thought of checking Cornwallis's northern movement and by marching boldly to the southward, thrust himself between the main army and the Southern division, and then attack the latter and their posts. From this course of action, as Greene wrote, one of two results must come. North Carolina was free, was too difficult a country, and too sparsely settled, to invite further attack from the British, who had been forced down to the coast. Cornwallis therefore, either would have to march on to the North, leaving Greene free to break up the British posts and drive the enemy from South Carolina and Georgia, or he would be compelled to follow Greene, in which case the British campaign would have failed, and the war be narrowed to the two southernmost States, with the North to draw upon for men and supplies. It was true that Virginia was in Greene's department, and that by marching South, he would leave it open to the enemy, but Virginia was the most populous and one of the strongest of the States, with no loyalist element, as in the Carolinas, and able to make, unaided, a formidable defence. Moreover, every step that Cornwallis took to the North brought him nearer to the principal American army under Washington, now reinforced by the French troops.

Greene, having decided on his new movement and upon this daring change in the plan of campaign, acted quickly, so quickly indeed that he was out of Cornwallis's reach before the British knew what he was intending to do. April 2d he bade farewell to his home-

loving militia, and on the 6th, after detaching Lee to join Marion and assail Lord Rawdon's communications with Charleston, he began his movement to the South. His objective point was Camden, and thither he directed his march, halting that night and making his camp at Hobkirk's Hill, less than two miles from the enemy's works. His antagonist, Lord Rawdon, was a bold and enterprising officer. Hearing of the near approach of Greene, and learning from a deserter that Sumter had not come up, and that the artillery had not arrived, he determined to surprise the Americans. He therefore marched out early on the morning of April 7th with this end in view, but, unluckily for him, Greene was never in a condition to be surprised. He had his men encamped in order of battle with a strong picket line, and it was this characteristic and sleepless watchfulness which now saved him, for he had not anticipated an attack the very morning after he had crossed the border. Lord Rawdon's prompt movement was unexpected, and would have been much more disastrous had it not been for Greene's arrangements. As it was, his excellent picket-line fell back slowly, skirmishing heavily and delaying the enemy's advance, which gave time to form the American army. The opposing forces were pretty nearly matched, Greene having about fourteen hundred men and Rawdon about a thousand, but the advantage in equipment, discipline, and experience was with the British. The attack was made with rapidity and vigor, the British charging boldly up the low slopes of the hill. Greene watching keenly, saw that the enemy's front was narrow and gave orders to extend his lines, but Lord Rawdon was too quick and threw out his reserves before either Ford or Campbell

could reach his flanks. In the centre the Marylanders, who had fought so admirably at Guilford, got into confusion in one company, and then badly handled by their commander, Colonel Gunby, began to retreat just at the critical moment when they were actually piercing the enemy's line, and when Greene thought that victory was in his grasp. This sudden and unexpected misfortune compromised the whole position; and Greene, with the self-control and quick decision which saved his campaign on so many occasions, determined to take no further risk and withdrew his men in good order. There was a sharp fight over the artillery, but Washington, who had been delayed and entangled in the woods, coming up with his dragoons, charged vigorously, and the Americans brought off all the guns. The American loss in killed, wounded, and missing appears to have been two hundred and seventy-one, the British two hundred and fifty-eight, but the proportion of killed and wounded was heavier with the latter than with the former.

Saved by his unresting vigilance from a surprise, but defeated in battle by the utterly unexpected blundering of an experienced officer, Greene was sorely depressed by the result at Hobkirk's Hill. Yet he made no sign. With the same dogged persistence as when he outmarched Cornwallis he withdrew to Rugely Mills, and despite the usual heart-breaking disappointments in getting reinforcements, he reposed and recruited his army and then moved out again and once more threatened Camden.

Lee and Marion, who had been sent forward when Greene quitted North Carolina, had failed to intercept Watson, who joined the main army on May 7th. Thus

reinforced, Rawdon left Camden and started again after Greene, intending to pass him on the flank and attack him in the rear. But although Rawdon was enterprising and quick, he was no match for Greene when it came to manœuvring. Greene moved off in such a manner as to defeat Rawdon's plan, and then took up a strong position which the British looked at and feared to attack. Unable to bring Greene to action, except on ground of his own choosing, Rawdon's position became untenable; for while Greene threatened him on the flank, Lee and Marion were menacing his communications and his fortified posts, especially Fort Motte. Thus forced by his opponent's movements, Rawdon, on May 10th, evacuated Camden, leaving his wounded behind him, and withdrew to Monks Corner, only thirty miles from Charleston. Like Cornwallis, he had been compelled to retreat to the seaboard and leave the interior of the State free to the operations of the American army. Again Greene, by his strategy and by the manner in which he manœuvred his army and disposed his outlying detachments, had forced the British to retreat. Again he had lost a battle and won a campaign.

Now began to appear the results of the bold movement to the South in more substantial form than the retreat of the English army to the seaboard. "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again," wrote Greene to the French minister, and now the "fighting again" had fairly begun. Lee and Marion had failed to stop Watson on his way to Lord Rawdon, but they besieged the fort which bore the former's name, and took it on April 27th. May 10th Camden was evacuated, and Greene marched in and levelled the works. After this, events

moved fast, the second part of Greene's campaign, involving the destruction of the British posts, having now fairly opened. Very precious among these posts was Fort Motte, and one motive of Lord Rawdon's hasty retreat was to save this particular place. On May 12th, so quickly did he move, his campfires were seen by the Americans on the opposite side of the Congaree. But with all his effort, he was too late, arriving only in time to see the Americans set fire to the Motte house, in the centre of the stockade, with burning arrows, provided by Mrs. Motte herself, and thereupon the surrender of the post and the garrison. The day before the fall of Fort Motte, Sumter had taken Orangeburg; on the 14th, Neilson's Ferry was evacuated, and on the 15th, after a sharp attack, Lee took Fort Granby and captured the garrison. In less than a month from the day when he reached Camden, Greene had occupied that town, forced back the main British army to the coast, and by his well-led and well-directed detachments, had taken four posts and compelled the abandonment of two more. The British grip on the Carolinas was being rudely broken, and the States which they had believed firmly within their power, were slipping rapidly away from them. North Carolina was free, and South Carolina nearly cleared of the enemy. Georgia, the first to fall into the hands of the British, the most strongly held and remote enough from the camp on the Pedee, where Greene withdrew at the beginning to rest and gather his army, and whence he set forth upon his campaign, still remained in the control of the enemy. To Georgia, therefore, Lee directed his march after the fall of Fort Granby, and capturing a small post on his way, joined Pickens in the siege of Augusta on May 21st. The

town was well defended by two strong works, Fort Cornwallis and Fort Grierson. While Pickens attacked the former, Lee besieged the latter. Driven from Fort Grierson, the garrison undertook to withdraw to Fort Cornwallis, and were nearly all killed or captured in the attempt. The whole American force then concentrated their attack on the remaining fort, which was the larger and more formidable of the two. There was a strong garrison within its walls, consisting in part of some of England's Indian auxiliaries, and both the red and white soldiers of the Crown fought gallantly and well. They made several fierce sallies and met the besiegers obstinately at every point. But the Americans, with equal obstinacy, drew their lines closer and closer. They mounted their one gun on a log tower devised at Fort Watson by Lieutenant-Colonel Mayham, and by this bit of American invention were able to use their extremely limited artillery with great effect. At the same time the riflemen covered every point of the fort, and picked off the garrison with unerring aim. Steadily the Americans pushed nearer, until at last all was ready for an assault upon the now broken works. Then, at last, the garrison, which had suffered severely, surrendered after their long and stubborn defence, and Augusta and all its brave defenders passed into the hands of the Americans.

Meantime Greene had directed his own course with the main army against Ninety-six, about twenty-five miles from Augusta, and the strongest British post in the South. It was now held by Coloned Cruger with five hundred men, and was a well-fortified place of great strength. Greene made the mistake of opening his trenches too close to the fort, within seventy yards,

and was forced to withdraw and begin again at a distance of four hundred yards. Time was thus lost, but although Greene, weakened by his detachments, which had been so well employed and by the customary failure of the militia to come in when expected, had only a thousand men, the besiegers' lines were pushed vigorously and rapidly. June 8th, Lee arrived from Augusta, and was assigned to the siege of the outlying stockade, which protected the water-supply of the besieged, and the evacuation of which he forced on the 17th. Cruger and his men were now helpless, their works were swept by the American fire, and in two or three days the place must have surrendered unconditionally. But Lord Rawdon was determined that so large a detachment as that in Ninety-six should not be sacrificed, and with his army refreshed and strengthened, he started from Charleston on June 7th, just when Lee was leaving Augusta. Greene heard of his coming, and knew by the 18th that Rawdon had eluded Sumter, who was not behaving well in a subordinate position, and was within two or three days' march of Ninety-six. The advancing British army, now drawing near so rapidly, outnumbered the Americans more than two to one, and it was plainly impossible to give them battle. Greene, therefore, impelled by the eager desire of his men, determined to try an assault, which was delivered with the utmost gallantry. Lee on the right was successful, but the main attack was repulsed after some very savage fighting, which cost the Americans one hundred and eighty-five men in killed and wounded. After this failure, there was no alternative left, and Greene, bitterly disappointed, raised the siege and withdrew. The British army marched into Ninety-six on

June 21st, and then went after Greene, who, too weak to meet them in the field, easily eluded their pursuit and kept out of the way, until Lord Rawdon, his men being utterly exhausted, abandoned the chase. This done, Greene resorted to his usual tactics. Unable to meet his adversary in the open field he wrote "that he should endeavor to oblige the British to evacuate Ninety-six and to manæuvre them down into the lower country." As he planned, so it fell out. Before his skilful movements Rawdon once more found himself unable to either fight or hold his ground. Dividing his army he evacuated Ninety-six, and in two columns took his way to Charleston, carrying with him into exile the unhappy loyalists who dared not remain now that the British post was abandoned. The whole region, in fact, commanded by the strong detachment at Ninety-six, was once again in American control, and the British, again forced from the interior, were pushed back to the seaboard where they could get support from their ships.

After Rawdon had retreated, Greene withdrew his army to the hills of the Santee to rest and recruit during the extreme heat of the summer; but the withdrawal of the main army did not stop the fighting. Lee, Marion, Sumter and the commanders of detachments under Greene's direction followed the retreating British troops and skirmished actively with the rear guards of Rawdon and Cruger. They swept down even to the picket lines at Charleston, destroyed ships in the Cooper River, in a series of small actions cut off and routed several outlying parties of the enemy, and made prisoners to the number of seven officers and a hundred and fifty men. Throughout the region from which the British had been driven, civil war of the most intense kind

raged, the American loyalist fighting with the American patriot, brother with brother, and kinsman with kinsman. The fate of the loyalists was in truth pitiable. Those who had followed the English army to Charleston, suffered there from disease, bad quarters, and bad food. Those who remained behind were left exposed to the attacks of their fellow-Americans whom they had helped to persecute in the brief days of British ascendancy. The British themselves, unable to protect their supporters, made matters worse by proclamations, confiscations of property within their reach, brutality to prisoners, and occasional hangings, which culminated in the execution of Colonel Hayne, a prisoner of war, after a mere mockery of a trial. The hanging of Hayne filled Greene with wrath and he threatened immediate reprisals, which put a stop to the executions of any more American prisoners, but the people were not so temperate. They not only threatened reprisals, but made them. Greene, at once strong and merciful, could not restrain the Americans beyond the lines of his camp, and the British made no effort to hold back their allies. On the one side were the patriots or Whigs, as they called themselves, returning to their homes, too often mere heaps of ashes; embittered by a sense of many wrongs, exultant and confident, inflamed by the hangings at Charleston and thirsting for revenge. On the other side were the loyalists, deserted by the royal army, inspired by hatred of their antagonists, and utterly desperate. The result was that the State was filled with partisan fighting, with much burning and plundering, and not a few bloody deeds. The English policy of encouraging a local civil war and of giving the people she sought to retain as subjects no choice but

to fight against their country or go to ruin, prison, and death, bore bitter fruit in South Carolina and Georgia during that summer of 1781.

While Greene, in the midst of all this wild fighting, was resting and drilling his army and slowly drawing in reinforcements to his well-ordered camp among the cool hills of Santee, his late opponent, Lord Rawdon, in order to repair his broken health, took ship for England, only to fall into the hands of the French. He was succeeded in the command at Charleston by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who, in the latter part of August, moved out with about 2,300 men, and marched to the junction of the Congaree and Wataree, where he encamped. Informed as to the enemy's movements, Greene also moved out on August 22d, and, making a wide circuit, marched toward Stewart, whose communications were threatened by detachments sent forward by Greene, and who was forced to fall back to Eutaw Springs. On September 7th Greene was at Burdell's plantation, within easy striking distance, and here he was joined by Marion, who had just routed a party of three hundred Hessians and British, inflicting a loss of over a hundred, and breaking them completely. Good news this to come to the army, for Greene had determined this time to attack, although he had no more men than his antagonist. Stewart, moreover, had posted his men in a very strong position, and was so confident that, had it not been for two deserters, he would have been surprised. As it was, he had just time to make his arrangements the next morning, before the Americans were upon him. His cavalry, sent forward under Coffin, were cut to pieces, and the Americans, formed by Greene in two columns, came on rapidly and unflinch-

ingly. This time the militia fought well. The North Carolinians fired seventeen rounds before they gave way, and, when they fell back, the Virginians and the men of Maryland rushed promptly into their places. Twice the steady British lines repelled the assault, but, as they became disordered by their success, Greene saw that the critical moment had come and put in his Continentals. With a fierce bayonet charge, the men in buff and blue broke through the British centre, while Lee flanked the enemy on the left. The rout seemed complete, the victors poured into the British camp, carrying all before them, and then, forgetting the bonds of discipline, scattered in every direction to seek plunder and drink. It was a fatal error, and only Greene's coolness and the steadiness of his best troops prevented his victory from being turned into utter disaster. The retreating British had flung themselves into a brick house which stood in the centre of the camp, and poured from this vantage-ground a galling and deadly fire upon their assailants. Meantime the right wing of the British held their ground, and repulsed the American attack with a heavy slaughter. Lee also had got separated from the main line, and the Americans, scattered and dispersed, were suffering heavily in all directions. Greene saw that his position was fatally compromised. With great difficulty and supreme exertion he re-formed his lines and got the army again in order of battle. But the complete victory which he had won by his first attack had slipped from him through the failure in discipline of his men when they believed that the field was theirs. His soldiers were exhausted, and he decided, as he had so often, with stern self-control, decided before, that he must not hazard the existence of the army,

no matter how glittering the prize of a possible victory. Reluctantly he gave the word to retreat, and with nearly five hundred prisoners he withdrew to the plantation he had left in the morning, confident only that he had crippled his opponent and would force him to retreat to Charleston. It had been a hard-fought fight. The Americans had lost, in killed and wounded, four hundred and eight; the British, four hundred and thirty-three, and at least as many more in prisoners. Stewart, as Greene had anticipated, was obliged to retreat, and marched back to Charleston, leaving seventy of his wounded to the Americans. At Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, Greene had lost his battle and won his campaign. At Eutaw he had fought a drawn battle, but he had broken Stewart, as he did Cornwallis, and once more had won his campaign. The British had come out in the open, made a hard fight and been obliged to return to the sea-shore. They had failed once more to break the American army, they had failed to hold the country beyond the reach of tide-water and of their garrisoned town. This was defeat, for the loyalists could not sustain themselves alone, and, with the British shut up in Charleston, the States of the South were in control of the Americans, as New York and New Jersey were in the North.

Marion and Lee followed Stewart's retreating army to Charleston, harassing his march and cutting off stragglers and detached bodies of troops, while Greene, his main purpose effected, withdrew again to the high hills to rest and gather reinforcements. Recruits were slow in coming in, and the enemy made a raid into North Carolina which revived partisan warfare in that State. But the movement was only sporadic. Yorktown fell,

Virginia was cleared of the enemy, North Carolina was also free, and Wilmington was evacuated. The surrender of Cornwallis enabled Washington to send Wayne, with the Pennsylvanians, to the Southern army, and thus encouraged by the welcome tidings from the North, Greene took the field on November 18th and marched against the enemy. Leaving the main army to pursue Stewart, he went himself with a small detachment of picked troops, drove back a strong but detached British division to Charleston, and thus forced Stewart to retreat to the city, where the greatest alarm prevailed. Having thus again confined the enemy to Charleston, Greene encamped at the Round O, in a strong position, and held the British, who outnumbered him five to one, in check within the Charleston lines.

St. Clair and Wayne arrived with the Pennsylvanians as the year was closing, and early in January, 1782, Greene detached the latter with five hundred men to operate in Georgia. Wayne was, as ever, bold and enterprising. He re-established the State government, and, although very inferior in numbers, he harassed the British and kept them cooped up in Savannah. In April he cut off a detachment of the enemy which had gone out to rouse the Indians, and a little later he repelled a night attack made by the Indians themselves, their chief and the British guides all falling in the dark and murderous conflict. Too weak still to attack, Wayne circled about Savannah, keeping the garrison hemmed in, until, on July 11th, the city was evacuated and Georgia passed finally into the hands of the Americans.

The war was now practically over. There were a few skirmishes, in one of which John Laurens fell,

young, gallant, leading a charge and giving his life uselessly when his country's victory was won. But these affairs had no real importance. Greene held the field and watched his foe, while the British remained clinging helplessly to Charleston, and, despite their superiority of numbers, unable to do anything against their vigilant enemy. Slowly another year rolled round, and, finally, on December 14th, the British evacuated Charleston, and Greene's soldiers marched in on the very heels of their departing foes and posted themselves at the State House. At three o'clock Greene himself, escorted by Lee's famous cavalry, rode in with his officers and with the Governor of South Carolina restored at last to his capital. Outside lay the English fleet, now spreading their sails and dropping down to the sea to carry the English army back across the Atlantic. As Greene passed along the streets the crowds welcomed him with cheers, cast wreaths from the windows, and cried to God to bless him. So it is well to leave him in the sunshine and the flowers, with the light of a great triumph radiant upon him. The patient, brave, enduring, often defeated, but never conquered, man, the hard-fighting soldier, the keen strategist had come to his reward at last. His work was done and well done. He passed out of the sunshine of victory to die all too early among the people for whom he had fought, leaving the memory of his deeds of war as his last memory, untouched by any of the trials and differences which the coming years of political strife brought to so many of his comrades in arms.

No outline of Greene's campaign can do full justice to him and to his army. There is no great dramatic moment when he arose at once triumphant to the complete

victory at which he aimed. From the day when he took command of a beaten army at Charlotte to that other day, two years later, when he rode victorious into Charleston, he had been laboring incessantly with the single purpose of pressing the British back to the sea and setting free the Southern States. The forces under his command had fought four pitched battles. Morgan won at the Cowpens, and Greene was defeated at Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, and had fought a drawn battle at Eutaw. Judged merely by this statement of his battles, one would call him an unsuccessful General, and yet he was steadily victorious. By his detachments under the really brilliant leadership of Marion, Lee, and Sumter, of Williams and Washington and the rest, by his masterly retreats and equally masterly strategy, he held his army together with grim tenacity, and surely and steadily forced the British back before an advance not always apparent but as resistless as the incoming tide, which seems never to gain and yet ever rises higher and higher. And always behind and hand in hand with the operations in the field went on continually the grinding, harassing work of making and remaking his army, shifting perpetually under the wretched system of short enlistments. In the North, miserable as the arrangements were, the army was near Congress, they were supplied by contract, they were in the most settled parts of the country, and the loyalists there were generally few and weak. Greene fought through a country where a large part of the native population was in arms against him, and where it was often difficult to distinguish friend from foe. He had no contracts, but was obliged to rely on the changeable, well-meaning, but often weak and ill-informed, State governments. There

was never a moment when he was not short of men, money, ammunition, and supplies, and when he was not writing, supplicating, demanding all these things, and but rarely obtaining them. Under these conditions, aided by his singularly gallant and enterprising officers, and by the picked fighting men of the South, whom he gradually gathered round him, he came to a complete victory. Steadily he out-generalled, out-marched, and, in the long run, out-fought his opponents. Slowly and surely he narrowed the enemy's field of operations and forced the English to the coast. Gradually the three States which the British had overrun so rapidly and triumphantly passed from their control, and the loyalist support withered away before the advance of Greene's army and the sweeping raids of his lieutenants. So the end came with a victory as complete as the patient labor, the unresting energy, and the keen intelligence which made it possible. A fine piece of soldier's work, very nobly and ably done, and deserving of great praise and remembrance from all those who call Greene and his army countrymen. Wayne, who watched by the death-bed of Greene, wrote when the end came, "He was great as a soldier, great as a citizen, immaculate as a friend. The honors—the greatest honors—of war are due his remains. Pardon this scrawl. My feelings are but too much affected because I have seen a great and good man die."

So, with the simple words of the comrade who fought by his side, we may leave the victor of the campaign which carried the American Revolution to triumph in the South.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE

1779-1781

AS the year 1778 was closing, the scene of action was shifted from the North to the South. All eyes at the time were fixed on the events which began with the appearance of the British in Georgia, and, so far as this period of the war is concerned, the habit has continued, in large measure, down to the present day. Thus it happens that these two years in the North, in the Congress and the camp, as well as over seas, are less well known, less rightly valued than any other part of the Revolutionary War. That this should be so was, at the time, wholly natural. The fall of Savannah, and its subsequent defence against the French and Americans, the capture of Charleston, the rapid success of the British arms, the defeat of Gates, the gradual development and hard fighting of Greene's great campaign, all drew the attention and filled the minds of men everywhere. Yet, important as these events were, the vital point still remained where Washington and his army watched the Hudson and kept the enemy pinioned in New York. If that army had failed or dissolved, the English forces would have swept down from the North to meet their brethren in the South,

and nothing then could have saved Greene; for the one primary condition of his campaign was that no British soldiers should come from the North to break his communications, cut off his supplies, and take him in the rear. None came from the North and none could come. With a singleness of purpose and a strategical soundness which have never been fully appreciated, Washington clung to the central zone of the Middle States. Whatever happened, he was determined that the British should never get the line of the Hudson and divide New England—whence he drew most of his troops—from the great Middle Colonies. Neither Burgoyne on the North, nor Cornwallis on the South, could draw him from his position. Attacks on the extremities he knew were not deadly, and he felt sure that they could be repulsed; but if the centre was once pierced, then dire peril was at hand. So long as he kept an army together and the line of the Hudson open, so long as he could move at will, either eastward into New England or southward into Virginia, he knew that the ultimate success of the Revolution was merely a question of time. The period of active fighting in the North was over; that of waiting—dreary, trying, monotonous waiting—had set in, and it lasted until the moment for which Washington was watching arrived—the great moment when a decisive stroke could be given which would end the war. Two years the waiting and watching went on—years of patience, suffering, and trial. Nothing was done that led straight to anything—nothing but the holding fast which was to bring the final victory.

Very hard to understand now was the victory thus achieved by keeping the army in existence and the Rev-

olution alive during that time of sullen, dogged waiting. Everywhere were visible signs of exhaustion, of longings to have done with the business before it was really finished. Over seas the symptoms of fatigue were painfully apparent. England, as has always been the case when she is sore bested—and never was she in worse plight than then—was making a bold front to the enemies who ringed her round. She was suffering enormously. American war-ships and privateers were tearing her commerce to pieces. Her naval prestige was hurt to the quick by John Paul Jones taking the Serapis in a hand-to-hand fight and circling Great Britain with his cruisers, wrecking and pillaging on land and sea. A race of seamen as bold and hardy as her own, flying the flag of her revolted Colonies, swarmed along the highways of her commerce, and even in the English Channel were seizing her merchantmen and crippling her trade. Insurance rates rose ruinously, and English merchants faced losses which they would have deemed impossible five years before. France and Spain had both gone to war with her, threatened her coasts, employed her fleets, and soon beleaguered her great sentinel fortress at Gibraltar. Wherever her vast possessions extended, wherever her drum-beat was heard, there was war; in the Indian Ocean, as well as in the Antilles, no colony was safe, and there was no Pitt now to guide the forces as in the days when she humbled the power of the House of Bourbon. But England set her teeth and would not yet cry hold. Her European enemies were suffering, too, and worse than she, for they were both unsound within, politically and financially. In France the disease which the monarchy had engendered and which the Revolution alone could cure was

already deeply felt. France was beginning to long for rest, and, despite her early energy in the American cause, she was ready to sacrifice that cause to her own interests at any moment. France desired peace—an ill omen for America, with its Revolution only half fought out. With the ally of France the condition was even worse. Spain was corrupt, broken, rotten to the core, merely hiding her decrepitude under the mask of an empire which had once been great. Dragged into the war by France, she had no love whatever for the Americans—desired only to prey upon them and gather in what she could from the wreck of the British Empire. She, too, was feeling the strain of war; exhaustion was upon her, and she, too, longed for peace.

In such a situation, amid these powers of the Old World, occupied only with their own interests and enfeebled by their own maladies, the fortunes of the young nation struggling painfully into life on the other side of the Atlantic were in sufficiently evil case. The work of saving them fell heavily upon the envoys of Congress, manfully battling for their cause abroad in the midst of these adverse and selfish forces. But help came to them and to the Revolution, as it had come to the American armies so often, from the blunders of their adversary. Instead of trying to conciliate, England grew more and more offensive to all the neutral powers, and especially to those which were weak. She seized and searched their ships, interfered with their trade, and assumed to exercise an arrogant control over all their commerce. Hence protracted bickerings, protocols, notes, and all the machinery of diplomacy put into violent action, with much running hither and thither of eminent persons, and much speeding about of dusty

couriers riding post-haste with despatches. It is very difficult and not very profitable to follow these performances with their turns and windings and futilities of all sorts. But out of these dim and confused discussions came two results of genuine importance to the world of that day, and particularly to the American Revolution. One was the neutrality of the Northern powers, headed by Russia and her redoubtable Empress, aimed against England, and very troublesome and crippling to the latter in the days of a conflict which had grown world-wide. The other result of real importance and meaning was England's making war upon the Dutch. This was pure aggression, born of a desire to break down a power once formidable as a rival and still a competitor in trade. The Dutch were innocent enough, their only real crime having been a refusal to become England's ally. But whether they were innocent or guilty was of no consequence, and England made war upon them. She dealt a last fatal blow to the nation which had shattered the power of Spain, played an equal part among the great states of Europe, and given to England herself the one great man among her modern kings. Holland sank eventually under the attack; but England added one more foe to those who now surrounded her in her "splendid isolation," and she threw open to her revolted colonies another money-market rich in capital, which went forth in loans to the Americans, quick enough to take advantage of such an opportunity.

In the United States in 1779 the same relaxation of energy was apparent. Congress passed the winter and spring in long debates as to the terms of peace. Gerard, the French Minister, was active among the members,

urging them to accept conditions which involved every sort of sacrifice, largely for the benefit of Spain. So eager, indeed, was the desire for peace that a strong party in Congress backed up all the wishes of the French envoy. At one time it looked as if the navigation of the Mississippi might be given up, and the great Northeastern fisheries were actually abandoned. Finally Congress evaded both issues by resolving to send an envoy to Spain, for which post John Jay was chosen, and meantime to insist on the navigation of the Mississippi, while the matter of the fisheries was put over to a future treaty with Great Britain. In other respects the instructions were weak, with a plaintive desire to bring the war to an end at almost any price running all through them.

So Congress spent most of its time and strength in discussing the means of getting peace when the war was not yet fought out, and did little or nothing to sustain that war which was flagrant about it. Thirty thousand men at least were needed for any effective movement against New York, and the army was not a third of that number, and was dwindling instead of growing. Washington came to Philadelphia and passed a month there with Congress, urging, reasoning, explaining, beginning now to press for better union and a strong central Government. Then he went back to the camp to continue the urgings and reasonings and stern advice on many subjects by letter. Not until March did Congress even vote additional battalions, and although this was well, voting men was by no means the same thing as getting them. The finances also were in frightful disorder. Many great wars, perhaps most of them, have been fought on irredeemable paper currency, and it is no

doubt true that this was probably the quickest, if not the only, resource of Congress at the beginning. But to fight on paper money alone, to raise no money by taxation, in fact to get no money at all from the people was an impossible scheme. Yet this was precisely what Congress attempted to do, and they had no other supply to look to except foreign loans, which were uncertain and insufficient. So one emission of bills succeeded another, and the Continental money sank rapidly, while speculators and forestallers throve on the disorders of the currency, and the Government, poor though it might be, was robbed and plundered. The popular spirit relaxed its temper, encouraged thereto by the foreign alliances and disheartened by the domestic disorders, as well as by the greed of those who amassed fortunes from the fluctuations of prices and fattened on the public distress. It looked as if the American Revolution, rising victorious on the field of battle, might sink and wither away under the poison of civil disorder and social debility.

Bad as all these things were in their effect upon the American cause and upon the people themselves, the actual personal suffering fell to the lot of the army by whose existence the Revolution was sustained. Officers and men went unpaid for long periods, and when they received their pay it was in a paper currency which depreciated in their hands even before they could spend it or send it to their families. Hence great difficulty in holding the army together, and still greater difficulty in recruiting it. With lack of pay went lack of every provision and munition of war, and, as a consequence, ill-clothed, ill-armed, ill-fed soldiers. In the midst of these grinding cares and trials stood Washington, with the problem of existence always at his door, with the

great duty of success ever present at his side, and with only the patriotism of his men and his own grim courage and tenacity of purpose to support him. Under the pressure of hard facts one plan after another had to be given up. A vigorous offensive campaign which would drive the British from the country was impossible. The next best thing was to keep them shut up where they were, and to hold fast, as had so wisely and steadily been done, to the central position in the valley of the Hudson, at the mouth of the great river whence blows could be struck hard and quickly either in New England or the Middle States, which must never be separated, no matter what happened. So Washington resumed perforce the defensive and watched and waited: to much purpose, as it in due course appeared, for the British seemed unable to make any effective movement, and lay cooped up in New York close to their ships, with their vigilant foe always hovering near. Not until Washington could get an efficient army and the command of the sea would he be able to strike a fatal blow, and no man could tell when those conditions would come to pass. The silent General knew just what he needed, and equally well that he had it not. So he waited, unable to attack and ready to fight. The test of endurance had begun.

The British on their side displayed activity only in spasmodic dashes here and there, of little meaning and petty results. General Matthews, with 2,500 men, went to Virginia, made a burning, pillaging raid, destroyed a certain number of houses and tobacco ships, and came back with his futilities to New York. Tryon, once royal Governor of New York, led another expedition of 2,600 men into Connecticut. Here, as in Vir-

ginia, burning and pillaging and some sharp skirmishes with militia, who managed to leave their marks on the King's troops. Villages, churches, houses, vessels, went up in smoke. A black trail marked the line followed by Tryon's raiders, and then he likewise returned to New York as empty in solid results as Matthews, and with a certain amount of destroyed property and increased hatred from the Americans to his credit.

The worthlessness of these performances and the utter uselessness of such plundering forays were quite apparent to Washington, and, except for the suffering of the people upon whom they fell, troubled him little. But there was another movement of the enemy which awakened his keenest interest, because in it he saw possibilities of real danger. Clinton, after the return of Matthews, had gone up the river and taken possession of Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, driving off the Americans and securing in this way control of King's Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey. Here was something which looked as if it had meaning. Perhaps an idea had come to Clinton, and possibly he was intending to master the Hudson Valley by building a line of formidable posts along the river. Certain it was that he had put a force of five hundred men at Stony Point, and was actively completing and strengthening the works there. If Clinton had any plan of this perilous sort it must be nipped at the start. No British posts must be advanced to the north to endanger the American stronghold at West Point, which dominated and closed the river. So Washington decided to take Stony Point, and, as was his habit, chose the best man for the work, because in a desperate undertaking like this everything depended on

the leader. His choice fell on Anthony Wayne, then a Brigadier-General and one of Washington's favorite officers. Wayne came of fighting stock. His grandfather, a Yorkshireman, nearly a century before had gone to Ireland, where he commanded a company of dragoons under William of Orange at the battle of the Boyne. From Ireland he had immigrated to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and there his grandson was born in 1745. The family was in easy circumstances, and the boy received a good education, became a surveyor, and was trusted in important business by Franklin and other leading men of Philadelphia. He took an eager interest and active part in politics, but when the note of war came the spirit of the old Captain of dragoons who had followed Dutch William blazed up again in the young American. He went at once into the army, and from that time forward he was constantly in the field. On the Northern frontier, in New York and New Jersey, and in the campaign about Philadelphia, Wayne, who had risen rapidly to general's rank, was always in the heat of every action. "Wherever there is fighting there is Wayne, for that is his business," was said of him at the time, and said most truly. He was always fighting with great dash, courage, and success, and extricating himself by his quickness and intrepidity from the dangers into which his reckless daring sometimes led him. "Black Snake" the Indians called him then, and many years later, when he had beaten them under the walls of an English post in very complete and memorable fashion, they named him "Tornado." He was fine-looking, soldierly, a great stickler for handsome dress and perfect equipment, so much so that some of the officers christened him: "Dandy Wayne"; but the men

who loved and followed him called him "Mad Anthony," and the popular name has clung to him in history. Such was the man whom Washington picked out for the perilous task he wanted to have performed. Tradition says that when Washington asked Wayne if he would storm Stony Point, Wayne replied, "I will storm hell if you will plan it." A very honest bit of genuine speech this; quite instructive, too, in its way, and worth the consideration of the modern critic who doubts Washington's military capacity, in which the man who risked his life upon it had entire confidence.

At all events so it fell out. Washington planned and Wayne stormed, carrying out his chief's arrangements to the letter. By this time Stony Point had been strongly fortified, and the approach was difficult. On July 15th, at noon, Wayne and his troops left Sandy Beach and made their way through the mountains by a hard march along gorges and over swamps, until, at eight o'clock in the evening, they were in the rear of the fort and within a mile and a half of the works. Here they rested, and made ready for the assault which was to take place at midnight. Wayne divided his force into two columns—one under Colonel Febiger on the right, the other under Colonel Butler on the left. At the extremity of each wing was a storming party of a hundred to a hundred and fifty men, who had volunteered for the duty and who marched with unloaded muskets, trusting wholly to the bayonet, while at the head of each storming party was a forlorn hope of twenty men. The reserve was composed of Lee's Light Horse, and three hundred men under General Muhlenburg constituted the covering party. Not until the lines

were formed did Wayne tell his men the errand on which they had come. Then, in accordance with Washington's direction, each man fixed a piece of white paper in his cap, and the watchword "The Fort is Ours" was given out. All was quickly done, for every detail had been accurately arranged, and as soon as the columns were formed they moved rapidly forward. Major Murfree and his North Carolinians in the centre were delayed by the tide in crossing the morass, and as they came through they met an outpost. The alarm was given and a heavy fire of grapeshot and musketry opened upon them. On they went without a pause, as if they were the only troops on the field, and every other column and division did the same. Wayne himself led the right wing. As he crossed the abatis a musket-ball struck him on the head, bringing him down and wounding him slightly. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward. The rush of the well-directed columns was irresistible. So swift and steady was the movement that they passed the abatis and went up and over the breastworks without check or hesitation. All was finished in a few minutes. Some heavy firing from the works, a short sharp rush, a clash and push of bayonets in the darkness, and the Americans poured into the fort. They lost 98 men in killed and wounded, the British 94, while practically all the rest of the garrison, to the number of 25 officers and 447 men, were taken prisoners. All the guns and munitions of war, valued at nearly $160,000, fell into the hands of the victors, who, having won their fight in very complete fashion, levelled the works and withdrew. Soon afterward

Clinton again occupied the Point, but only to abandon it finally in the autumn. The plan of taking possession of the Hudson by a series of fortified posts, if seriously intended, had been peremptorily stopped, and a sudden disaster had come to the British. It was a very gallant feat of arms, admirably planned, and bravely, punctually, and accurately performed. The unsteadiness of the Brandywine and of Germantown had disappeared, and the discipline of Valley Forge was very plain here to the eyes of all mankind. The men who had fought behind intrenchments at Bunker Hill had been made into soldiers able to assault works held by the best troops of England. The raw material was good to start with, and someone aided by experience had evidently been at work upon it.

A month later the Americans were still further encouraged by another daring exploit. This time the leader was Major Harry Lee, of the Light Horse, and the attack was made on one of the strongest of the enemy's posts. Paulus Hook, where Jersey City now stands, was a low, sandy spur of land running well out into the river. At that time it was merely the point where the ferry-boat from New York landed, and whence the stage for Philadelphia started. The only buildings were the tavern and stables for the use of the coaches and their passengers, and the house of the guardian of the ferry. But the position was one of great natural military strength, in addition to being the vital point on the direct road to the South. Between the Hook and the main land was a morass, washed and often flooded by the tide, and crossed only by a narrow causeway used by the coaches and easily defended. Taking possession of this point when they first occupied

New York, the British fortified it strongly with block-houses and redoubts, while on the water-side it was within easy reach of the city, and protected by the men-of-war. A more difficult place to reach it would have been hard to conceive, and Washington had grave doubts as to making an attempt to surprise it, although he finally gave a reluctant approval. Lee then had the roads and the surrounding country thoroughly examined, and sent out a scouting party under Captain Allen McLane, who prepared the way. Lee himself started on the morning of August 18th and, marching through the woods, became separated from the Virginia contingent, which led to many subsequent charges and countercharges of little moment now, but very bitter then. Whatever the reasons, certain it is that Lee found himself close to the Hook at midnight with only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that the ordinary garrison regiment and Van Buskirk's Loyal Americans amounted to at least two hundred, but he did not know that Van Buskirk had left the Hook that very night with a hundred and thirty men to attack an American post, and that their places had been taken by Hessians from New York, some of the best of the regular troops. Had he known all, however, it would probably have made but little difference. He was as daring and reckless as Wayne, and the knowledge that he had only a hundred and fifty men did not check or frighten him. He had come to attack, and said that if he could not take the fort, he would at least die in it. So he gave the watchword "Be Firm," and started. It was after three o'clock, the tide was rising and the men struggled across the morass in silence. When they reached the ditch they plunged into the water, and then at last the

garrison heard them and opened fire. But it was too late, and the Americans were too quick. Up they came, out of the ditch and into the works. A few Hessians threw themselves into one block-house; about a dozen of the British were killed and wounded, and five Americans. One hundred and fifty-nine British soldiers surrendered, and with them Lee withdrew at once for relief was already on its way from New York. It was not very easy to retreat with prisoners outnumbering his own force, and Lee had some hard marching and narrow escapes; but by his swiftness and energy he came through successfully, bringing his captives with him. Paulus Hook led to nothing except so far as it cooled the British and strengthened their purpose to stay close in New York, a very desirable feeling for the Americans to cultivate. We may read now the alarm and disgust it caused to the English officers in the letter of General Pattison to Lord Townshend, while the joy on the American side corresponded to the depression on that of their enemies. It was becoming very clear that soldiers capable of storming posts like Stony Point and Paulus Hook lacked only numbers and equipment to be able to face any troops in the open field. A long distance had been traversed from the panic-stricken flight at Kip's Bay to the firm unyielding charge over earthworks and into redoubts of the men who, without question or misgiving, followed "Mad Anthony Wayne" and "Light Horse Harry" in the darkness of those summer nights.

Apart from these two dashing attacks little else was done by the Americans in the campaign, if such it could be called, of 1779. An elaborately prepared expedition against the British post at Castine, on the Penobscot,

went to wreck and ruin. Both troops and ships were ill-commanded. The former landed, but failed to carry the works, and Sir George Collier, arriving with a sixty-four-gun ship and five frigates, destroyed two of the American vessels and compelled the burning of the rest. The troops then took to the woods and made their way home as best they could. It was a dispiriting outcome of an attempt made with high hopes and great effort.

In New York Sullivan led a strong expedition of about 4,000 men against the Six Nations. He fought an action at Newtown with some of these allies of the Crown, whose numbers have been variously estimated at from seven hundred to fifteen hundred men. The Indians were defeated, but drew off after their fashion with apparently slight loss. Sullivan then burned their villages, marched through their country, showed them that the King could not protect them, cooled their zeal and checked the recurring danger of Indian inroads upon the settlements. There was much criticism and heart-burning at the time, and there has been endless discussion since about the merits and demerits of this expedition, an amount of words having been expended upon it quite out of proportion to its importance. There were errors very likely, but it served its purpose, and cleared and protected the western borders of New York, which was all that Washington, who planned it, cared for.

The rest of the fighting in the North did not rise above small raids and petty affairs of outposts and partisan bands. Yet when the campaign closed, desultory as all its operations had been, the solid gain, which we can estimate now far better than could be done at the

time, was all with the Americans. Clinton had been forced to abandon Rhode Island, and all New England was once more in American hands. He had also felt compelled to withdraw from Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, and the Americans had again taken possession of Kings Ferry and thus controlled all the upper country. The British were confined more closely than ever to the city of New York, and Washington still held the great line of the Hudson in an iron grasp, and was master of the New England and Middle States clear from an enemy, firmly united and with free communications open between them. The first stage in the test for endurance had been passed successfully.

Then came the winter, one of unusual severity, with heavy snows and severe frosts. Military operations were out of the question, but the dreary months had to be lived through. It was a sore trial, and all the appeals of the Commander-in-Chief to Congress for aid were vain. The executive part of the Government, such as it was, stood motionless and paralyzed; while the army was unpaid, provisions to feed the men could be gathered only with the utmost difficulty, and nothing effective was done to fill the thinning ranks. Much of the noblest and best work of the Revolution, that work which was most instinct with patient patriotism, was done in these winter camps by the half-starved, unpaid officers and men who formed the American army, and who, by their grim tenacity and stubborn endurance, kept that army in existence and the American Revolution with it. Very hard to bear then, very difficult to realize now, neither picturesque nor soul-stirring, like the battles and sieges which every one knows by heart, this holding the army together, and yet worthy of all

praise and remembrance, for it was by this feat that the Revolution was largely won. In the midst of it all was Washington, facing facts unflinchingly, looking ahead, planning, advising, generally with no result, but sometimes getting a little done when much was impossible. Altogether a very noble and human figure contending against many weaknesses, stupidities, and hindrances of every sort, with a courage and patience which merit the consideration of all subsequent generations.

As Washington foresaw, without recruits and proper support from the drooping Congress, his army dwindled. In May he appears to have had only seven thousand men, a month later less than four thousand, to hold the Middle and Eastern States. Bad news also came from the South that Charleston had surrendered, and at that dark moment Knyphausen, with a powerful force, advanced into New Jersey. The militia turned out promptly. They were seasoned to war by this time, and, although greatly outnumbered, they fought stubbornly and fell back slowly before the British. At Springfield Maxwell made a determined stand, inflicted severe loss on the Hessians, and gave time for Washington to come up and take a position so strong that Knyphausen, although he had twice as many men, did not venture to attack, but on the contrary began to retreat, the Americans following him closely and engaging his rear successfully. This expedition degenerated into a mere plundering raid, was effectively checked and accomplished nothing.

Soon afterward Clinton returned from the success at Charleston. He made a movement into New Jersey to supplement that of Knyphausen, while, at the same time, he sent troops to threaten the American communi-

cations on the Hudson. Washington dealt with the latter diversion, while Greene prepared to give battle at Springfield. But after a heavy cannonade the British withdrew, suffering not a little on the retreat from the American attacks, and crossed over once more to Staten Island. The New Jersey campaign, if anything so serious had been intended, faded away harmlessly. It was the last attempt of the British to do anything of an offensive or important character by military operations in the North, and with the return of Clinton to New York not only their last but their best opportunity ended. When they invaded New Jersey, Washington was at his very weakest, and the public spirit was depressed and shaken by the disasters in the South. Clinton, moreover, outnumbered his opponent four to one, yet he failed to push his advantage home, and Washington stayed the advance of the British with his inferior force and threw them back on New York. The chance thus wasted by the English General could never come again, for a new factor now appeared which made any aggressive action by the British hopeless. Unable to defeat Washington alone, or to shatter his small but determined army, it was clearly out of the question to make any impression upon him when backed by a fine force of French regular troops; and on July 10, 1780, these troops, to the number of 6,000 and led by De Rochambeau, arrived in Newport. Clinton made a show of going to attack them, but it was only a show, and his real effort was concentrated in writing a grumbling letter to the Ministry and in demanding reinforcements. It must be admitted that, ineffective as Clinton was in this instance, he was right in his judgment of the situation. The arrival of a French army made the

cause of England hopeless in the North without large reinforcements and capable commanders, neither of which she was able to furnish.

But although the coming of the French was in reality decisive, at the moment it was fruitful to Washington in nothing but disappointed hopes and frustrated plans. The effect upon the country was to make people believe that with these well-equipped allies the war was really at an end, and that no further effort on their part was needed, an idea which filled Washington with anger and disgust, not merely because it was utterly unfounded, but because to him it seemed entirely ignoble. He had always said and believed that the Revolution must be won by Americans, could be won in no other way, and would not be worth winning in any different fashion. He rejoiced in the coming of the French because he felt that it ought to spur Congress and people alike to renewed exertion, and when, on the contrary, it acted as a sedative and his own army seemed still to diminish instead of to increase, he was filled with mortification and anxiety. His one idea, with this new support of the French open to him, was to fight, and to that end he tried every plan, but all in vain. One difficulty after another appeared. His own army was short of powder and supplies, and the new levies dragged slowly in. Still these were his old familiar enemies, and he could have dealt with them as he always did in some way more or less. But the troubles which arose on the side of the French were new and more serious. The French ships could not get into the harbor of New York, there was sickness in the army, the British threatened Newport, and finally blockaded it, and De Rochambeau would not move

without the second detachment, which was confidently expected, but which, as a matter of fact, was securely shut up by the English fleet at Brest. A very trying time it was to all concerned, but chiefly to the man upon whom the great responsibilities rested, as the summer slipped away, full of trial, irritation, and disappointment, with nothing done and nothing attempted. A long summer it was of appeals to the French and of stern letters to Congress, in which we can read to-day all the bitterness of spirit which filled the man of action who knew just what he wanted to do, who longed to strike, and who was yet bound hand and foot.

From the time when the French landed, Washington had wished to confer with De Rochambeau, for, vigorous as his letters were, he knew well the importance of a personal meeting. Yet he did not dare to leave his army or the great river to which he had clung so desperately for so many weary months, knowing that there he held the enemy by the throat. At last, as summer was passing into autumn, it seemed as if he could go with safety, and on September 18th he left Greene in command and started for Hartford, where he met De Rochambeau on the 20th. He was a man of few holidays, and this little change from the long and dreary anxiety of the army and the camp was pleasant to him. His spirits rose as he rode, and the heartfelt greetings of the people in the towns as he passed to and from Hartford touched and moved him deeply. Pleasant indeed was this little bit of sunshine, coming in the midst of days darkened with care and never-ending, often fruitless toil, and yet it was only the prelude to one of the hardest trials which Washington was called to bear. It seems as if his uneasiness and unwillingness

to leave the army were almost prophetic, but even the most troubled and foreboding fancy could not have pictured the ugly reality which he was suddenly called to meet and face.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., but belonged to the well-known Rhode Island family. Descended from an early Governor of the latter Colony, whose name he bore, he represented one of the oldest and best families in that State. He was well educated, but ran away at the age of fifteen to join the Northern army in the old French war, and then, wearying of his service, he deserted and came home alone through the wilderness, a fit beginning for a life of reckless adventure both in peace and war. From his escapade on the frontier he turned to earn his own living in the modest capacity of an apothecary's clerk. Then he became an apothecary and bookseller himself, made money and abandoned these quiet avocations for the life of a merchant. He carried on commerce with Canada, the West Indies, and Europe, made many voyages on his own ships—something much more congenial to him than standing behind a shop-counter—saw the world, had adventures, and shot a British Captain in a duel for calling him "a d—d Yankee." He was conspicuous for good looks, physical strength and high personal courage. When the news arrived of the fight at Lexington he was in New Haven. To such a temperament the note of war was an irresistible appeal, and he offered to lead the Governor's Guards at once to the scene of action. The General in command thought that regular orders should be awaited, the select-men of the town refused ammunition, and Arnold thereupon threatened to break open the magazines, bore down re-

sistance, got the powder and marched to Cambridge. From that time forward he was in the forefront of the fighting. He was with Allen at Ticonderoga, and captured St. Johns. He returned to Cambridge and obtained command of the expedition to Canada from the East, which was to meet that of Montgomery descending the St. Lawrence from the West. His march across the Maine wilderness was one of the most desperate ever made, but he brought his men through after inconceivable hardships and sufferings and laid siege to Quebec. He headed the assault upon the town in the bitter cold of New Year's eve, and was badly wounded. Still he held on all through the winter, keeping Quebec besieged, was relieved in the spring, and then shared in the retreat of the Americans before the British advance. On Lake Champlain he gathered a fleet of small vessels and fought a fierce and stubborn action with the British. He was defeated by superiority of numbers, but he brought off part of his ships and all his surviving men to Ticonderoga. In this gallant fight, comparatively little known and never fully appreciated, Arnold so crippled his enemy as to prevent the advance of Carleton that year, a potent cause in the delays which brought Burgoyne and the great peril of the Revolution to wreck the following summer. In that decisive campaign he played a brilliant part. At Freeman's Farm he repulsed the attempt to turn the left, and if supported would have won a complete victory. But Gates supported no one, and had no conception of how to win a battle, so that after the fight Arnold gave way to his temper, never of the pleasantest, and an angry quarrel ensued. Arnold was thereupon relieved, but not actually superseded, and remained in the camp.

In the battle of October 7th, without orders, he went upon the field as a volunteer, and in a series of splendid charges broke the British lines and flung them back shattered beyond recovery. Again he was badly wounded in the same leg as at Quebec, and was carried on a litter to Albany, where he had a slow recovery. Congress at last did him the tardy justice of a commission, which gave him his rightful seniority; and as he was still too lame for active service, he was put in command at Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British.

Thus he came to the turning-point of his life. A very brilliant record up to this time was his, none more so in the American army. Great qualities were in this man, a great force either for good or evil, say some of those critics who are wise after the event. But very plain even then to all men were the military talents, the disregard of danger, the readiness for every peril, and a wild dare-devil spirit which shrank from nothing. That spirit had led Benedict Arnold through the Maine woods, over the walls of Quebec, across the decks of the ships at Valcour Bay and into the thick of the British squadrons in the battles in New York. It had endeared him to Washington, who loved above all men a ready, fearless fighter, indifferent to responsibilities and careless of danger. These were the qualities, too, which made him one of the heroes of the army and of the popular imagination. But that same dare-devil temper and reckless spirit which stopped at nothing were quite capable of going as unhesitatingly in one direction as another. We now know that Arnold had neither morals nor convictions, and a man so destitute of honor and conscience, when utterly reckless and

fearless of consequences, is the most dangerous man that can be produced.

Had Arnold never been compelled to leave the field he might have come down to us as one of the bravest and best of our Revolutionary soldiers. He gave up, however, active service to command in a city, where there was abundant opportunity for wrong-doing; and there all the base qualities of a thoroughly sordid and immoral nature, hidden heretofore under a splendid personal courage and the display of real military talents, which had asserted themselves often on the day of battle, came out. In Philadelphia he married Miss Shippen, the handsome daughter of a Tory family, and in this way he came to live among loyalists and hear their talk. Then he spent money lavishly and gambled away his fortune, so that at the end of two years he found himself in sore straits. He had a quarrel with Joseph Reed, President of Pennsylvania, charges were preferred, and a committee of Congress acquitted him. Further accusations were made, but a court-martial again acquitted him on the serious charges; and Washington, in reprimanding him as required by the court, really gave him high praise because he thought Arnold a persecuted man. There is no excuse for Arnold in all this, because Congress had a singular aptness for favoring the inferior and frowning upon the best officers. They treated Morgan and Greene little better than they did Arnold, until events sternly taught them the necessary lesson. That these attacks angered Arnold is not to be questioned; but what really moved him were his own poverty and the conviction that the American Revolution, then in the desperate stress of sullen endurance, had failed. To a man with the rat instinct largely

developed, that was enough. The dare-devil courage, the keen mind, and the cold heart would do the rest.

Washington followed up his laudatory reprimand by offering Arnold the command of one of the wings of the army, which the latter declined, on the ground that his wounds still forbade active service. The real reason was that since early in the spring he had been in communication with the British, writing, under a feigned name, to Major André of Clinton's staff; and in order to make profitable terms for his treachery, it was necessary that he should have something to sell. A division of the Continental army was not salable, and could not be delivered; hence the refusal, and much active effort and intrigue, which finally procured for him the command of West Point. All Arnold's communications with André were under the fit guise of a commercial correspondence, and here at last was a valuable piece of property to barter and sell, for West Point had been selected by Washington as the position where he could best hold the Hudson fast and prevent any advance of the enemy up the valley, either by land or water. The place had been elaborately and strongly fortified, and no less than three thousand men garrisoned the works. It was almost impregnable to attack, its loss would have been a grievous disaster to the American cause, and so the British determined to buy and Arnold to sell it. He took command early in August, and at once attempted to open communications through Beverly Robinson with reference ostensibly to that gentleman's confiscated property. Washington checked this scheme innocently but effectively by deciding that such matters belonged to the civil and not to the military authority.

This plan having failed, Clinton insisted that there must be a personal interview with his agent, and various abortive attempts were made to bring about a meeting. At last, on the night of September 21st, Arnold contrived to have André brought off by Joshua Hett Smith from the sloop-of-war Vulture, which was lying in the river below the Point. The young Englishman was directed not to go within the American lines, not to change his uniform, and to accept no papers; and thus instructed André with a light heart landed at Long Clove, where Arnold met him. The two mounted and rode through Haverstraw to Smith's home, inside the American lines, and André had disobeyed his first order. Then the conspirators went to work. Clinton was to come up the river with ships from Rodney's fleet and surprise West Point on September 25th; Arnold, having scattered his men, was to surrender promptly and then lure Washington to come with reinforcements to destruction. For all this Arnold was to receive as reward a commission as Brigadier-General in the British army and a sum of money. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." These interesting negotiations consumed much time, and the day was well advanced when they ended. While they were still in progress, there was a sound of firing, and the conspirators saw from the window an American battery shell the Vulture and force her to drop down the river. An uncomfortable sight this for André, but Arnold bore it with entire philosophy apparently, and rode off, leaving his guest to get back to New York as best he might. He provided him with passes and also papers, plans of the fort and the like, which André accepted, and violated his second instruction. After Arnold's departure

the day wore slowly away, and André began to think of his escape. Then it appeared that Smith, a very careful person, had no notion of running the risk involved in taking his guest off to the Vulture. So it was agreed that they should go by land, and André then changed his uniform and put on ordinary clothes. He thus broke his third and last instruction, and was now in every respect within the definition of a spy. The two men started at dusk, passed through the American lines, spent the night at a house in the neighborhood, and resumed their march in the early morning. After having proceeded a little way, the careful and innocent Smith parted from his guest, and went back to report to Arnold that all was well, while André rode on cheerfully, feeling that all danger was over. He was in fact crossing the neutral ground, and would soon reach the British lines. Suddenly, out of the bushes came three men, rough-looking fellows, one in a refugee's uniform, who bade the traveller stand. André was in the region of the guerrillas, who belonged to one party or the other in name, and fought steadily for their own hand, so he hastily concluded that these men were "cowboys," partisans of his own side, and ordered them to give way, as he was a British officer. It appeared, however, that the dress of the men had misled him, and that these unwelcome persons were "Skinners," as the American guerrillas were agreeably called. A very unpleasant discovery this to a British officer travelling in disguise from the American lines. So Arnold's pass was produced, but with little effect on these highly irregular combatants. Then bribes were tried, and André thought that if he could have given enough, they would have released him. But in this respect results at least

are on the side of the "Skinners," who were three in number, and named respectively Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. They searched André, found the fatal papers in his boots, and Paulding, being able to read, an accomplishment apparently not shared by his companions, at once with great justice pronounced the prisoner a spy, and said subsequently that after finding the papers ten thousand guineas would not have bought André's freedom. Certain it is that they refused his very handsome offers, took him to Northcastle, and won a secure and very well-earned place in history by their firm and intelligent action.

Colonel Jamieson, to whom they delivered their captive, was either less intelligent or less honest than the rough free lances of the neutral ground. Charity would describe Colonel Jamieson's action as due to dulness, and exact, frank justice as smacking of knavery. History has been guided by charity and not by justice in this respect, but of the utter stupidity of Jamieson's action on the charitable hypothesis there can be no doubt. He ordered that André be taken to Arnold's head-quarters, with a letter from himself explaining the circumstances, and that the papers be sent to Washington. If this amiable arrangement had been carried out all would have gone well, and André would have escaped. But luckily intelligence and honesty had not wholly departed from Northcastle. Major Benjamin Tallmadge, returning from a scout, saw the blunder which had been committed and forced Jamieson to recall André and his escort, although he could not prevent the despatch of the letter to Arnold. Under the guard of Sergeant John Dean and his men, vigilant and incorruptible, André was held fast and taken out of

Jamieson's reach to New Salem. When the young officer saw that the game was up he revealed his name and rank and wrote a letter to Washington, making the same confession. The conspiracy had failed, for the message which was to bring Clinton and the British fleet had been stopped, and one of the conspirators was in the toils.

At West Point, however, none of these things were known. It was the 25th of September, the very day upon which the attack was to be made and the post delivered, and Arnold had no reason to think that all would not come to pass as he had planned. Even such a hardened and reckless man as Arnold may have felt nevertheless a little natural nervousness under these conditions, and if he did, the first event of the day was not likely to console him, for at breakfast appeared Hamilton and McHenry, aides of the Commander-in-Chief. Washington had returned sooner than had been expected, and it was going to be extremely difficult to betray West Point before his very eyes. The General himself had turned off to look at some redoubts, and telling his aides that like all young men they were in love with Mrs. Arnold, had bade them ride on to the Robinson house. So a pleasant party sat down there to breakfast, one of them revolving many things in his mind about which he did not converse. Presently a note was brought to Arnold. He read it with but slight appearance of emotion, said he must go to West Point, and left the room. The note was Jamieson's letter. The plot was discovered, and all that remained was flight. To his wife, who followed him from the room, he told what had happened. She fainted, and Arnold, pausing at the breakfast-room

to say that Mrs. Arnold was ill, rushed from the house, flung himself into his barge, and under pretence of a flag of truce was rowed to the Vulture. The treason had failed, and the traitor had escaped.

Soon afterward, Washington came to the house, had a hasty breakfast, and went over to West Point to visit the works. When he reached the fort, no salute broke the quiet of the morning, no guard turned out to receive him, no commandant was there to greet him. Surprised not to find Arnold, he made the tour of the works, and then returned to the house, to be met, as he came up from the river, by Hamilton with the Jamieson letter. Washington took the blow with the iron self-control of which he alone was capable. To Lafayette and Knox, when he showed them the letter, he merely said, "Whom can we trust now?" for the idea that the conspiracy might be wide-spread was that which first absorbed his mind. But there was no confusion. The orders went thick and fast. Hamilton was sent to try to intercept Arnold, unfortunately too late. To Wade went the message: "Arnold has gone to the enemy. You are in command. Be vigilant." Every precaution was taken, every arrangement made, every danger guarded against. There was really little need of such care, for Arnold had no accomplices. He had meant to have no sharer in the rewards, and he had no partners in his crime. When night came, Washington said to Captain Webster, who commanded the guard, "I believe I can trust you," and the son of that brave New Hampshire soldier in all his brilliant career never won a higher meed of praise. Throughout the night the sentry outside the room of the Commander-in-Chief heard him pacing up and down, the steady

footfall sounding clearly in the still autumn night. Washington had said nothing and done everything at the moment the blow fell, but, when night came and he was alone, he could neither sleep nor rest. It was not alone the imminent peril to his cause which filled his mind, but the thought of the traitor. He had trusted Arnold because he so admired his fighting qualities, he had helped him and stood by him, and the villain had sold his post, tried to wreck the Revolution, and fled to the enemy. It was very hard to bear in silence, but all Washington said afterward was that in his opinion it was a mistake to suppose that Arnold suffered from remorse, because he was incapable of it.

The rest of the story is easily told. André was tried and condemned as a spy. No other verdict was possible. He was hanged, and met his death with the perfect courage of a well-bred and gallant gentleman. Joshua Hett Smith, the cautious and elusive, was also tried, slipped through the fingers of justice, and lived to write, many years after, an account of the conspiracy from his own point of view. Arnold received his reward in money and rank, served in the British army, and left descendants who in England rose to distinction in later days. Thus the treason came to naught. If it had succeeded it would have been a grave disaster, but it would not have changed essentially the course or outcome of the Revolution. It failed, and had no result whatever except upon the two conspirators. There hang about it the mystery and attraction which always attach to dark plottings pregnant with possibilities, but there is really nothing in it but the individual interest which is inseparable from such a fate as that of André,

and such an unusual exhibition of cold and sordid perfidy as that of Arnold.

So the summer ended. No military operations had been attempted, and Clinton had tried in vain to substitute bribery and treachery for a campaign in the field. The French had arrived, but, despite Washington's efforts, all combinations for an active movement had failed. The second stage in the trial of endurance had closed, and both sides retired to winter quarters—Clinton to New York and Washington to New Jersey, where he provided for his men in a line of cantonments. The American army was still in existence, the line of the Hudson was still in Washington's unyielding grasp, and the last scene of the war was about to open.

CHAPTER XIX

YORKTOWN

ANOTHER summer had gone. Another winter was to be faced. It was well for America that Arnold's plot had failed, but nevertheless there was nothing inspiriting in a baffled treason, and there had been no fighting and no victories to help people and army to bear the season of cold, of waiting, and of privation which lay before them. When Washington retreated through the Jerseys, in 1776, it looked as if the end had come; but at least there had been hard fighting, and the end was to be met, if at all, in the open field with arms in hand, and all the chances that war and action and courage could give. Now, four years later, the Revolution seemed to be going down in mere inaction through the utter helplessness of what passed for the central Government. To those who looked beneath the surface the prospect was profoundly disheartening. It was in truth a very dark hour—perhaps the darkest of the whole war. To Washington, keenly alive to the underlying causes of the situation, and laboring for union and better government, even while he bore the entire responsibility of the military operations, the outlook seemed black indeed. No matter how evil the military conditions, no matter how serious the defeats and checks in the field, he never wavered so long as the difficulties could be met by fighting the

enemy on any terms. But this ruinous, heart-breaking waiting, this creeping paralysis and dry rot which were upon the Government, wore upon him and galled him, because he seemed so helpless in dealing with them. We catch a note in his letters at this time never to be found at any other, not even when he declared that, in the event of final British victory, he would cross the mountains to found a new state and begin a fresh struggle in the Western forests. It is not the note of hopeless despair, for he never despaired, but there is a ring of bitterness and of anger in his words very rarely to be heard. In October, 1780, he wrote: "Our present distresses are so great and complicated that it is scarcely within the powers of description to give an adequate idea of them. With regard to our future prospects, unless there is a material change both in our civil and military policy, it will be in vain to contend much longer. We are without money, without provision and forage, except what is taken by impress, without clothing, and shortly shall be, in a manner, without men. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till we can live no longer. The history of this war is a history of temporary devices instead of system, and economy which results from it."

Then follows the often and patiently reiterated advice as to the improvements and changes in government essential if the contest was to be continued. Congress read these letters and, as usual, did little or nothing. They passed a resolution for taxes to be distributed among the States, and that was all. Resolutions advising reluctant and independent States to pay money were well-intentioned things after their kind, but wholly visionary, with no reality, no actual meaning to them.

They were small comfort to the General of the hungry, half-clothed, dwindling army who was dealing with things exactly as they were. Presently what Washington foresaw and dreaded came to pass. A portion of the Pennsylvania line in quarters at Morristown revolted, attacked their officers, and marched to Princeton. Here was something not to be avoided, not to be met by debate and resolutions. It was a hard, ugly fact; it looked Congress angrily in the face, and Congress was not so used to facts as their General. In much anxiety a committee was hastily appointed, with Sullivan at its head, and betook itself to Princeton, together with Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, to meet the mutineers. Washington had started to come himself; but the suspicion born of Arnold's treason woke once more into life, men began to doubt about the other troops, and he decided that he ought to remain where he was and leave the matter with Congress. Reed and the committee promptly yielded to the demands of the mutineers, who thereupon gave up Clinton's emissaries to a deserved execution as spies. This was all very well, but the Congressional method of quelling mutiny soon bore its natural fruit. Part of the New Jersey line followed the evil example set and revolted, expecting to achieve the same results as their fellow-soldiers of Pennsylvania. But Washington, by this time, had had quite enough of the Congressional system; he came to the scene of disorder himself, crushed the mutiny with a strong hand, and that particular danger was over.

The mutiny in reality was but the expression, in rough, inarticulate fashion, of the hatred of wrong, injustice, and suffering inflicted on the army and on the

Revolution by the imbecility of the Government. It said, in a rude, emphatic way, what Washington had been saying over and over again, by word of mouth and countless letters. It declared harshly that the Government of Congress was a failure; that the Confederation which had been formed, and at last agreed to, was no better; that American soldiers were ready to fight, but that they could not carry on war without arms, clothing, money, or recruits. The man with the musket was getting to the point where he meant to be fed, even if others starved—a perilous point for inefficient rulers at all times. Better government was demanded, a government which could act and execute and do something; and Congress replied by futile efforts to obtain for itself power to levy a duty from customs, and had much talk and debate, but no other result. Very clearly the American Revolution was getting into sore straits. After having won in the field it was in imminent danger of going ingloriously to pieces because the thirteen States could not bring forth a government that would govern. It is an unpleasant picture of inefficiency to look back upon, due to local prejudices, State-rights, and an inability to rise to the heights of union and achievement. The worst of it was that nothing could be done. No new and efficient government could be created in time to work. The hard problem was how to win victory before chaos came, with the broken instruments which alone could be had. To young Laurens, going abroad, Washington wrote that our only hope was in financial aid from Europe; without it the next campaign would flicker out and the Revolution die. Money and superiority of sea-power, he cried, were what we must have. To the man who believed that

the Revolution to be worth winning must be won by Americans, this confession must have brought exceeding great bitterness of soul. It casts a flood of light on the darkness and doubt and peril of that unhappy time when the new year of 1781 was just beginning and the American Revolution was dragging and grounding on the shoals of broken finances and a helpless Government.

Fortunately for America, the sole dependence of the Revolution was not upon Congress. Social efficiency, expressed in civil government, had broken down wofully under the long stress of war, waged by weak and incoherent States against a powerful and centralized empire. But when organized society failed, the spirit of individual enterprise, so strong in this new land, stepped in and took up the burden as best it might, very manfully and energetically struggling with a task beyond its powers, but still capable of at least some partial solution. This was what happened now in Philadelphia. Robert Morris, born in England, and coming to this country as a boy, had raised himself from poverty to wealth, and was a rich merchant in the Quaker town. He had given himself to his adopted country, and was a patriotic, energetic man, with strong faith in the American cause, and great confidence in Washington. Congress had undertaken to establish certain executive departments with single heads to take the place of their own committees—a gleam of practical sense in the midst of much vain talk and resolving. In December, 1780, they made Morris Superintendent of Finances, a dreary office where there were demands to be met and constant outgo, with but little or nothing to come in, and no means of imposing taxes or enforcing

their collection. Nevertheless Morris took the office and faced the situation bravely. He at once organized a bank, to which he subscribed largely himself, and this gave the country some intelligent machinery for financial operations. With him in his heavy task was associated Gouverneur Morris, of the old New York family of that name, no relation in blood to Robert, but like him in patriotism and energy, possessed of high and indomitable courage and keen wit, with a good deal of hearty contempt in his soul for the blundering and the ineffective people of this world, of whom at that moment, and in that place, he had examples enough before him. It was Gouverneur Morris who wrote "Finance! Ah, my friend, all that is left of the American Revolution grounds there." In this temper these two men took hold of what by courtesy was called the Treasury of the Confederation. They got some order out of the existing confusion. That in itself was much. But they did even more. By straining their own credit, by the bank, by foreign loans, by one expedient after another they in part effected what the Government ought to have done, and they raised some money. It was a mighty assistance to Washington, and one can imagine the relief it must have been to have men to deal with who were trying, however imperfectly, to get something real done instead of contenting themselves with debates and resolutions, and other well-meant nothings, when the times cried loudly and imperatively for deeds, not words. He was enabled at last, feeble as the relief was, to get something also, in a military way, and it was none too soon, for the war, which had died down to nothing in the North, was beginning to flame up in a new quarter.

When Greene made his great move, and marched South, striking in between the forces under Rawdon and the main army under Cornwallis, he knew very well that one of two things must happen, and this choice, which he forced upon his antagonist, is one of his chief claims to distinction as a soldier. Cornwallis was obliged either to follow Greene, in which case his campaign was confined to the southern extremity of the American Colonies, was an obvious failure, and ceased at once to be formidable, or else he must leave Rawdon to his fate with Greene, and press on toward the North, as he originally intended. Neither course was pleasant, and it was not intended that either should be, but he chose, probably wisely, and as Greene anticipated, the latter alternative. By so doing he left Greene a free hand to redeem the Southern States, but he entered himself upon the populous and rich State of Virginia, which was quite undefended, and which, untouched, had been a strong resource and support to the general cause of the Revolution. It is true that every step of his advance brought him nearer, as Greene well knew, to the main continental army under Washington, but this seemed to Cornwallis a remote danger, if he thought of it at all. He was encouraged by the plaudits and favor of the Ministry, who praised his work in the South, and held him up as the one thoroughly successful general. Clinton, of course, as Cornwallis thought, would hold Washington where he was, the Ministry would back him up, and he would pass from the disagreeable work of failing to catch or defeat Greene, to the agreeable business of sweeping through Virginia, and breaking the Confederation in twain at a vital point.

He was, however, not the first in the new field. Clinton, in his inert way, had already cast his eyes in that direction, and, in 1779, had sent one of his useless expeditions to raid and plunder, and return without results, which was apparently his permanent theory of the way in which a war of conquest should be conducted. The next year he sent Leslie, who was to cut off supplies from the American army in the South, make a strong diversion in this way, and thus co-operate with and help Cornwallis. Unfortunately, the men from across the mountains inconsiderately came over just at that time, fought the battle of King's Mountain, and compelled Leslie to withdraw at once with his fleet and army, and go directly to the support and reinforcement of Cornwallis. Now, again stung into action by the praises which the Ministry heaped on Cornwallis, and spurred by jealousy, he determined to be beforehand with his younger and more successful rival, and sent another of his pet expeditions, strong enough to rob and burn and to defeat small parties of militia, but too weak to conquer or hold the country. This third expedition was entrusted to Arnold, whose treason had in nowise diminished his activity, and who pushed rapidly on into the interior of Virginia. Steuben, left behind by Greene, wisely refused to sacrifice his little force against a very superior enemy, and kept on the south side of the James River, while Arnold pressed rapidly forward to Richmond. His march was practically unimpeded, for Virginia had been generously giving men and supplies to the Southern campaign, and there were no suitable preparations for her own defence. Jefferson, now Governor, on the arrival of the enemy did some violent ridings to and fro, tried, in a

rather hysterical way, to do the work of weeks in a few hours, and quite naturally failed. Arnold, moving fast, offered, with his characteristic mercantile spirit, to spare Richmond if he could be allowed to take off the stores of tobacco. This was refused, and he then burned houses, destroyed all the property he could, and after failing to capture the arms at Westham, returned down the river to Portsmouth. Clinton's third raid was over, with a net result of one unlucky Governor much disturbed, and some houses and tobacco burned; but his zeal, now fired with emulation, was not as usual content with this performance as sufficient for a year's campaign. In March he sent a fresh and strong detachment of two thousand men to Virginia, and a month later, another. The first body was led by General Phillips, who joined Arnold and took command of the combined forces.

Meantime other eyes than those of Clinton had begun to look with interest upon Virginia. To Washington the raiding of Arnold in his native State was particularly odious, and he had moreover an intense desire to capture the traitor, upon whom he was profoundly anxious to execute justice, for he was a firm believer in the law of compensation and had no feeble tenderness about punishing criminals. With this purpose in view he detached Lafayette, with twelve hundred continentals, to go to Virginia in pursuit of Arnold. Lafayette slipped away with his men and got safely and quickly to Annapolis, where he was to be met by the French fleet from Newport and convoyed to Portsmouth. All had gone as Washington had planned it. Arnold, penned up at Portsmouth by the Virginia militia, would have fallen an easy prey to an enemy in

control of both land and sea; but the French fleet fell in with that of the British, under Arbuthnot, off the capes of the Chesapeake, where an action ensued. Both sides claimed the victory, and the result was what is usually described in polite historic phrase as indecisive, but the British won, for the French were obliged to return to Newport and Arbuthnot held the Chesapeake. No convoy therefore for Lafayette and his men; no capturing of traitors this time; all these things quite obvious and no doubt very disappointing and even grievous to the young Frenchman, always eager for fighting and glory. So he turned northward, thinking that he had marched many miles in vain. When, at the head of Elk, however, he was met by orders to return South and act with Greene. Watching Virginia, Washington had detected signs of events which might be crucial in their developments and which called up visions of possible successes so large as to make the capture of an escaped traitor seem trivial indeed.

The despatch of Phillips, at the head of two thousand men, with a probability of more to follow, gave an importance to the situation in Virginia which it had not before possessed. Washington knew Clinton too well to suppose that that gallant gentleman had any comprehensive or far-reaching plan in sending a series of detachments to the Chesapeake, or that there was, in the mind of the British general, any intention beyond that of many other similar expeditions previously projected into space apparently just for luck. But he also knew that these successive detachments meant, as a matter of course, the accumulation of a considerable mass of men in Virginia. Quite clear it was also that Cornwallis, to the southward, was not far from the

Virginia line and was heading northward. Washington had not yet heard of the battle of Guilford, or of the bold movement by which Greene had thrust himself between the two British divisions and was carrying the war to the South. But it was plain to him that the chances all favored the advance of Cornwallis to the North, and his consequent junction with Clinton's detachments. That meant a strong army in Virginia. If Greene was at the heels of Cornwallis, then he must be strengthened. If he was not, then arrangements must be made to reach the latter from the North. An army of the enemy was gathering in Virginia so large as to not merely threaten the country at a central point, but to offer probably an opportunity, if rightly managed, to win a victory as decisive as that of Saratoga. There was a strong indication that the vital point in the war might suddenly shift to Virginia, and preparation therefore must be made so that either he himself or Greene might be in a position to take advantage of it. It was only a chance as yet, but it was a great possibility, and tentative movements must be begun in order to seize the opportunity if it really came. Hence the orders to Lafayette. Hence, later further orders to Wayne to join Lafayette with some of the Pennsylvania line, and later still, much larger and more conclusive undertakings as the possibilities of the winter of 1781 ripened into certainty.

Lafayette was well chosen to do the work immediately in hand, for he was brave, generous, energetic, and quick in movement. By pledging his own credit he obtained shoes and clothes in Baltimore for his troops, and then making a forced march he reached Richmond and took possession of the city. He was

only just in time, a mere twenty-four hours ahead of the enemy, but still he was in time. Phillips and Arnold, marching up the river, had forced Steuben to retreat from Blandford, and pressing on arrived at Richmond too late. Lafayette was there, too strongly posted to be attacked, and the British fell back down the river, ascending again and reoccupying Petersburg on the receipt of news that Cornwallis was coming. On May 13th Phillips died, and Arnold, being in command, undertook to open a correspondence with Lafayette. The young Frenchman refused to have anything to do with him on the unpleasant ground that he was a traitor, which exasperated Arnold, who began to threaten ugly reprisals, when Cornwallis appeared, and having no liking for the betrayer of West Point, sent him back to New York. Thence Arnold went on one more plundering, burning raid into Connecticut, which ended with the capture and destruction of New London and the murder of Colonel Ledyard and seventy-three of his soldiers after they had surrendered. With this appropriate exploit performed by the troops under his command, Arnold disappeared for the rest of his life from the history which he had soiled and blackened, and served in obscurity the king who had bought him.

Cornwallis, rid of Arnold and with seven thousand men now under his command, set himself at once to cut off Lafayette and prevent his junction with Wayne, who, after many delays, was now coming to Virginia, in obedience to Washington's orders. Lafayette, however, had not been brought up in the school of Washington and Greene in vain. Holding his little army well in hand, he moved with such judgment and rapidity that he entirely evaded Cornwallis and effected his

junction successfully with Wayne at a point on the Rapidan. While he was thus escaping, the British general, baffled in his main object, sent out two expeditions, one under Simcoe and one under Tarleton. The first forced Steuben, who thought the main army was upon him, to retire in haste and leave the stores which he was guarding at the Point of Fork to the enemy. The second was intended to capture the State officers of Virginia, who, warned in time, made good their escape. Jefferson had but short notice, only five minutes, tradition says, but enough to get upon his horse and gallop away to the woods and into the hills. Net results of all this again is easily stated, and consisted of some military stores and one runaway Governor. The two expeditions are quite Clintonian in conception, execution, and outcome, and show how far the inert dulness which thought to conquer a continent by raids had come to reign supreme in the British military mind.

While Cornwallis was thus idly beating the air with parties of horse and foot, scattering about the country to capture stores and catch civil officers, Lafayette, strengthened by the contingent under Wayne, marched down against the main British army. By a quick movement he got between Cornwallis and the stores at Richmond, and the former then began to retire down the river with the Americans following him. By the end of June the British were at Williamsburg. Then came an indecisive skirmish between detachments under Simcoe on the one side and Butler, sent out by Lafayette, on the other. As the enemy continued to fall back toward the coast Lafayette determined to give them battle at the crossing of the James and advanced to Green Spring where Wayne attacked with his usual impetuosity, and

also, as was likewise not unusual with him, a little too soon. He supposed that he had only a detachment to deal with, when, as a matter of fact, the main body of the enemy was still on the north side and in his immediate front. Once engaged, however, Wayne faced his difficulties and his very superior foe with his usual dash and daring and charged the British line. Lafayette came gallantly to his support, and between them they checked the enemy and brought their army off in safety from a most perilous situation. The American loss was 118 in killed, wounded, and missing; the British lost in killed and wounded 75. It was a sharp and well-fought action, and despite the mistake at the beginning, the army was handled with skill and courage by the American generals. After the battle Lafayette withdrew to Malvern, destined to a much greater fame and much harder fighting in a then distant future, and there rested his men. Cornwallis, on his side, continued his retreat to the coast, sent out Tarleton on the conventional raid into Bedford County, which had the conventional results in fire and destruction, withdrew to Portsmouth, and thence betook himself, on August 1st, to Yorktown, where, by the 9th, he had all his army assembled about him, and where he began to intrench himself and build strong works of defense.

It was the first week in August when Cornwallis thus took possession of Yorktown and Gloucester. His northern movement had failed. He had left the Carolinas open to Greene and could not return thither. Clinton's jealousy and vacillation had weakened his force, and now had the solid result of preventing his reinforcement. That Cornwallis was uneasy is obvious, although how fully he understood the perils of his own

position cannot now be absolutely determined. But if he himself did not measure accurately his own conditions, there was an opponent far away to the North who perfectly apprehended both the situation and all its possibilities.

To Washington it had been perfectly clear for many months, that within the year now passing into summer a decisive blow must be struck or the Revolution, if it did not go hopelessly to pieces, would certainly fail of complete and true success. The conditions of his problem, from the military point of view, were plain. With the allied French and his own army he must strike the English and destroy one of their principal armies by bringing an overwhelming superiority of numbers to bear at the point of contact. To do this the command of the sea was vitally necessary, if only for a short time, and that command could be had only through the French fleet. As the year 1780 was closing Washington considered carefully a plan for combining with the Spaniards in the seizure of Florida, and thence advancing through Georgia and taking the British forces, against which Greene was operating, in the rear. Rochambeau objected, and the plan is now of interest merely as showing how Washington was scanning the whole country and devising every possible plan to meet the emergency and deal the fatal blow. His time was limited, short even, and he knew it. If the Revolution was to be won, as he wanted to win it, it must be done within the twelvemonth, and he meant that it should be. For this reason every possible scheme was considered, so that no chance should slip by.

The Florida plan came to nothing. Then mutiny reared its head; ugly, threatening, but not without use

in frightening Congress and in leading to some displays of energy. With the mutinies put down, Congress awakened and Robert Morris fighting the financial difficulties, the spring opened a little more brightly in matters domestic. Then in May came news of De Barras with a French squadron at Newport, six hundred more men for De Rochambeau, and, what was far more important, sure tidings of the sailing of a powerful fleet under De Grasse to the West Indies. The factors in Washington's problem were getting nearer, the instruments he must use were coming within reach of his hand. How was it going to be possible to bring them all together and produce the great result?

The first real step was a consultation with De Rochambeau at Wethersfield in Connecticut on May 21st. There it was decided to move on New York if De Grasse would co-operate. There, too, was the plan of moving South against Cornwallis discussed. Hence a claim from De Rochambeau that the Virginia campaign was his idea, and eagerness on the part of the modern antiquarian, to whom any view is distasteful if it is accepted, to prove that the French General thought of Virginia and not Washington. Very idle arguing and conjecturing all this. Washington had been thinking not only of Virginia long before De Rochambeau knew aught about it, but of Florida too, and New York. He was thinking of every place where there was an English army, and of every combination which might result in the complete destruction of one of them. He was wedded to no plan, and to no one place. The point at which he could combine land and sea power was the only point at which he aimed, and those conditions once fulfilled his campaign was made

for him. Naturally he thought first of New York, which he had been watching so long, and where the principal hostile army was posted. Perhaps he could get the fleet there, and then the work would be done. Perhaps he could not, and then Clinton, threatened by the allied forces, would be at least debarred by his presence from helping Cornwallis.

So, on June 18th, the French left Rhode Island and joined Washington. On July 2d an attack was attempted on the forts on the upper end of Manhattan Island and failed. Then followed a reconnoissance in force with a distinct result of alarming Clinton to such an extent that no more men were sent to Virginia, and orders went instead to recall troops already there. It was not in vain, therefore, that the first movement had been made against New York, and the importance of the effect on Clinton soon became manifest, for a great alteration was at hand in the conditions of the campaign. The change came in a note from De Grasse stating that he would enter the Chesapeake with a view to a combination against Cornwallis, as suggested by De Rochambeau. He said his time would be short; that he could not remain long on the coast. The great moment had come, brief, fleeting, to be seized at all hazards. Washington did not hesitate. New York was naturally the object first in his mind, evidently the most important place in America, that which he had hemmed in so long in order to prevent the movement up the Hudson. Clinton and New York were worth more than Cornwallis in a post of no value, but he could not get De Grasse to New York, the fleet was essential and Cornwallis would do.

The probable need of going South had been plain

to Washington's mind some time before the decisive letter had come from De Grasse. On August 2d he had written that the arrival of troops made New York perhaps impracticable, and that it might be necessary to go South, thus preparing Congress for the contingency daily growing into a certainty. After it was known that De Grasse had turned finally to the Chesapeake no time was lost. Then it was that Washington began to move, and that letters went to the New England governors pleading for troops with an earnestness beyond even that which he was wont to use. So too went demands for money to Robert Morris, who manfully did his best, which was but little, but still something. Slender funds, no proper means of transportation, apathetic States, and a central Government almost totally impotent, were harsh conditions for a general obliged to carry troops over three hundred miles to the southward, and very quickly, too, if he was to win his prize. Then, too, in another direction the weakness of human nature seemed likely to wound mortally the great scheme at its most vital point. De Barras, at Boston, with the French squadron assigned regularly to the American station, was an important factor in the situation. But De Barras, the senior in rank, was nettled by his junior, De Grasse, having command of the great fleet fresh from France. His orders gave him an independent command, and he made up his mind to sail away to the northward, and leave De Grasse unassisted. This was something to be prevented at all hazards, and a very skilfully drawn and urgent letter went on signed by both Washington and De Rochambeau. The appeal was successful, De Barras relented, yielded personal feelings to the good of the cause, and sailed shortly

after from Newport with a siege-train and tools, taking a wide sweep to avoid the British.

Thus one great peril was passed. De Barras mollified and secured, Washington turned his whole attention to making a rapid march to the South. His movements about New York, although not carried out to their original conclusion, were by no means wasted. They served admirably to annoy Clinton, fill him with alarm, and cause him not only to withhold reinforcements from Cornwallis, but aided by his personal jealousy they led him to order more troops back from Virginia. Washington thus turned his attack on New York into a feint, and used it as the first step for the real movement on Virginia. So secretly did he do it that even his own army was in the dark, and Clinton was completely deceived. Washington gathered provisions and forage as if for prolonged operations against New York, erected ovens even, and gave a perfect appearance of a protracted campaign. Heath was then left in command of the troops that were to remain and check the British in New York. Then, on August 19th the allied forces started for the South. They began as if about to make an attack on Staten Island, fixed in this way the attention of the enemy, and drew the whole army safely and unopposed across the Hudson and into New Jersey. On September 2d the Americans were marching through Philadelphia, followed soon after by the French, and the deceived Clinton awoke at last to the fact that Washington had slipped by him and was away out of reach and going straight to Yorktown. On September 8th the allied armies were united at the Head of Elk waiting for the fleet.

In due time the fleet came, and with it mastership of the sea, but not without hindrances very happily overcome. The British this time made the mistake, unusual with them in naval campaigns, of not concentrating their fleet and holding control of the sea. Rodney, instead of pursuing De Grasse with his entire force, sent Hood to the North with only fourteen ships to join Admiral Graves at New York. Hood brought the first news of the arrival of De Grasse, and Clinton, convinced at last that the danger was really in Virginia, reluctantly allowed Graves to sail to the South. Missing De Barras, whom they had hoped to intercept, they kept on to the Chesapeake. De Grasse, who was then landing additional troops under St. Simon to go to the aid of Lafayette, although somewhat weakened, stood out as soon as the English appeared, and, on September 5th, gave them battle just as Washington and the allies were hurrying southward from Philadelphia. This action also was called indecisive, but the victory this time was with the French. The English burned one disabled frigate, and in the course of five days sailed back to New York, while the French, returning to Lynn Haven Bay, found De Barras safe with his transports and siege-train. They were masters of the Chesapeake. At the supreme moment the sea-power was in the hands of the allies, and Washington's one essential condition of complete triumph, so prayed and longed for in the weary years gone by, was at last fulfilled. The prize of victory had been won in the indecisive action by England's failure to concentrate her fleet, by Rodney's failure to rise to Nelson's level, and follow and fight the main force of the enemy wherever it went.

The really crucial moment had been passed, but

there were still many trials, many obstacles to be overcome, and one great peril to be put aside and escaped. It was hard work to get transports, but in some fashion Washington gathered them and had assistance from the French fleet. Nowhere else, indeed, did it seem possible to get help, for Congress selected this particular moment, the eve of a great and decisive battle, to consider the question of reducing the army. One stands in silent amazement before such an exhibition of human fatuity, and the student gathers from it an impression of the utterly worn out and unnerved state of the central Government which nothing else could give. The army luckily was not reduced, but a legislative body which at such a time could even contemplate such a step was not likely to be of much help to a fighting soldier struggling manfully in a sea of troubles. Congress did not actually destroy its army in the presence of the foe, and that is all that can be said, and the statement is pitiful enough. The State Governments were little better, but they were not wholly negative; they made some efforts, slow and feeble, but still efforts to aid the General and his army. It is not easy to know just how the result was attained, but in some way or other Washington drove through his entanglements, gathered transports here, there, and everywhere, and especially from De Barras, whom he had himself brought to the Chesapeake, and finally got the allied forces afloat and on the way to Yorktown. Then he turned off with De Rochambeau and went to Mount Vernon to see for a day the well-loved spot, to look out over the broad river after a separation of six years, to recall all that had passed, perhaps to dream for a moment of the final

and complete victory which he saw at last within his grasp.

Whatever his thoughts, he did not linger long. In two days he was again on his way, and on the 17th was on the Ville de Paris congratulating De Grasse on his victory and making plans for the siege. Now at the last moment came a great peril which threatened to wreck everything. Like D'Estaing at Savannah, De Grasse had a sudden cold fit because much alarmed at news of British reinforcements, and began to reflect on the advancing season, the gales coming from the West Indies, and other unpleasant possibilities. So he made up his mind that he could not fight in the bay, and announced firmly that he must depart at once with his fleet and would leave only two ships for the siege. All the hopeful plans began to totter, failure and ruin seemed drawing near. More diplomacy was needed; more of the appeals which had brought De Barras from Boston. So Washington wrote another of his strong letters of remonstrance and argument, and zealously supported by Lafayette, prevailed. "A great mind," wrote Washington to De Grasse, "knows how to make a personal sacrifice to secure an important general good," and the fine compliment had its effect. It may not have been wholly sincere as to the "great mind," but the gratitude it expressed came from the heart of the chief whose plans seemed about to fall in chaos and ruin.

So the last great danger-point was passed and, on September 26th, the troops landed at Williamsburg, and, on the 28th, marched on Yorktown. There they found Cornwallis occupying an intrenched camp outside the town. The next day Washington extended his

lines with the Americans on the right, and Cornwallis, seeing that he was outflanked, withdrew to the town and the inner line of defences. The next day the allies marched in and took possession of the abandoned works. This shut Cornwallis in completely, as on the Gloucester side the neck was occupied by the Virginia militia under Weedon and the French cavalry under the Duc de Lauzun, a typical French noble, a man of camps and courts, of many adventures both in love and war, and altogether a very brilliant figure against the sober background of the American army. Here, when their troops were posted, a sally was attempted by Tarleton and his legion. Lauzun was out one morning with a small force and stopped at a house where, according to his universal habit, he found the hostess a very pretty woman, a fact he had time to note before she told him that Tarleton had just been there and had expressed a strong desire "to shake hands with the French Duke." This was enough for Lauzun, who at once left his pretty woman and riding forward, ran into the English cavalry. Tarleton, true to his word, made for the Duke at once, who was quite ready to receive him, but a lancer riding against Tarleton flung him to the ground and the French seeing their leader in danger, charged briskly and gayly upon the British, who had come up in some confusion, and scattered them in all directions. Tarleton lost his horse but managed to escape himself, and so passed off the American stage leaving a memory of some brilliant feats sullied by many cruelties and the massacre of prisoners.

It was not a very serious attempt, this wild dash of Tarleton, but it was the only sally actually undertaken before affairs were desperate, and served to show how

hopeless the British position had become. Nothing remained, indeed, but to draw the net which had been so skilfully and successfully thrown over Cornwallis. On October 6th the heavy guns arrived, De Grasse consented to stay until November 1st, and the siege was driven forward rapidly. On the same day the first parallel was opened within three hundred yards of the British lines. On the 7th and 8th the French opened fire on the left, and the Americans on the right, and the British were forced back from an outlying redoubt. The fire was continued on the 9th, and the earthworks of the enemy suffered severely. On the 10th more guns and a heavier fire, and some of the British ships were destroyed by the French fleet. On the 11th the second parallel was opened with slight loss and Cornwallis wrote to Clinton that his situation was desperate, that he was losing men fast, and that the enemy were closing in upon him. So the work went on for two days, more heavy firing on one side, crumbling defences and falling men on the other, a brave struggle against fate. On the 14th Washington decided that the two advanced redoubts on the British left were practicable and ordered an assault. The American light infantry under Lafayette were given the redoubt nearest the river, while the other was assigned to the regiments of Auvergne and Deux Ponts and the Grenadiers of Gatinois, all under the Baron de Viomenil. Alexander Hamilton led the main attack for the Americans, while Laurens commanded on the flank. Hamilton dashed forward with his accustomed impetuosity, leading his men, who had unloaded muskets and trusted wholly to the bayonet. On they went over the abatis, over the obstacles and up the parapet,

and in ten minutes they had the redoubt. The Americans lost 42 in killed and wounded, the British, who surrendered as soon as their assailants poured over the parapet, 8 killed.

The French had a more serious task. The redoubt assigned to them contained more men and was more stubbornly defended. They removed the obstructions under fire, moved steadily forward, and after half an hour's hard fighting the redoubt was theirs. Count de Damas, Chevalier de Lameth, and the Count de Deux Ponts were all wounded; it was a well-delivered assault, not without serious loss, and the regiment of Auvergne, for its share in the day's work, recovered from the King its proud title of "Auvergne sans tache."

The redoubts taken in such prompt and brilliant fashion were at once included in the American line, and Cornwallis saw the bitter end coming very near indeed. On the 16th he ordered a sortie under Colonel Abercrombie, which was made with great gallantry, but all in vain. The British forced their way into a redoubt held by the French only to be driven out again with heavy loss. Then Cornwallis moved part of his troops to Gloucester to try to escape by water. The attempt, hopeless in any event, was completely frustrated by a storm, and on the next day the men were brought back. All was over now, and Cornwallis, with his ammunition nearly exhausted, his works shattered, and his army exposed to a destructive fire, offered to surrender. On the 18th the articles were signed. They were the same as those imposed upon the Americans at Charleston when Lincoln surrendered, and were complete. Between 8,000 and 9,000 men constituted the land forces, and these, with their guns,

standards, and military chests, went to the Americans. Four ships, 30 transports, 15 galleys, and some small craft, with between 800 and 900 officers and seamen went to the French. The besiegers had lost 75 killed and 199 wounded; the British 156 killed, 326 wounded, and 70 missing. It was a final and complete result, very characteristic of the man who had planned it. This time all his conditions had been fulfilled and the outcome was inevitable. The British had no chance from the beginning. They were outnumbered and held in an iron grasp, both by land and sea. Theirs was the gallant struggle against fate which brave men make, and they went down before a plan which left nothing to chance and a force which afforded no loophole for escape. Sir Henry Clinton arrived off the Capes on the 24th with a fleet and reinforcements, heard the news and returned to New York, a closing performance very characteristic of English generalship in the American war. He was too late, and he was trying to play the game with an opponent who was never too late and who never forgave or overlooked mistakes made by his enemies. Six years had taught Washington much and Sir Henry Clinton nothing, so the great soldier triumphed over the physically brave gentleman of good family, who, ignorant of the conditions with which he had to deal, had seen his men slaughtered at Bunker Hill, and still despising his opponents, had arrived too late to save a British army from surrender at Yorktown. There is much room for reflection here on the vast advantage possessed by the man of veracious mind and clear intelligence, who looks facts steadily in the face and meets them unflinchingly, be they ugly or fair to see. This was perhaps

the greatest among the many great qualities of George Washington, and in it we may find an explanation of the military career which began in the capture of Boston and closed in the trenches of Yorktown.

So it all ended, and nothing remained but the forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of man on great and small occasions alike. The 19th of October was the day fixed for the performance of these functions so agreeable for one side, so painful to the other. At noon on that day the two redoubts on the left were surrendered, and the Americans marched into one and the French into the other. At one o'clock the redoubts on the Gloucester side were given up. At two the garrison of Yorktown marched out; at three the cavalry and light troops from the Gloucester side. An hour later General O'Hara, in the absence of Lord Cornwallis, who kept his tent on the plea of illness, apologized to Washington for his chief's failure to appear and handed his sword to General Lincoln. Then the British troops, in new uniforms, moving steadily and finely, as if on parade, marched between the French and the American lines, piled their arms, and returned to their camps prisoners of war, to be dispersed and held in different States.

It was all very quietly done after the fashion of the men of English race, and with the good manners of the Frenchman. Yet it was a very memorable scene, full of meaning, not only to the actors, but to the world, and big with a future of which the men ranked there together in the fields of Virginia, their arms gleaming in the autumn sun, little dreamed.

It had been stipulated by the lovers of forms and ceremonies that when the great moment came the bands

of the beaten army should play a British air. So on they marched between the silent ranks of the conquerors, the music sounding to the air well known then of "The World Turned Upside Down." The tune probably expressed very accurately the feelings of the men engaged in the unhappy business of laying down their arms that October afternoon. Their little world had indeed been turned upside down, and they were the helpless prisoners of men of their own race whom they had seen fit to ignore and despise. But that surrender at Yorktown reached far beyond the small circle of those engaged in it. It meant that the American Revolution had come to success. On one side were ranked the men of the soil who had come out victors in the long fight. Over their heads fluttered a new flag which had earned its right to live, and was the emblem of a new nation born into the world. A very great event. But there was a still deeper meaning behind that flag and that nation. They were the outward and visible signs of the momentous fact that an armed people had won their fight, set aside old systems, and resolved to govern themselves. Over against the American line were ranked the ordered troops of Louis XVI. Above them floated the white flag and the lilies of France. They had helped a people in arms to cast out kingly rule, and in a few years they, too, would be themselves a people in arms against all Europe, and against all kings. The lilies would have withered, the white flag would be gone, and in its place the three colors of the American Republic would begin the march which was to end only at Moscow. Very significant was Yorktown to England, for it was the breaking of the British Empire. Very significant to the thirteen little

States thus set forward on the hard road which was to lead them to a nation's place, and to possibilities most momentous to all mankind, for it meant that the new force of democracy had won its first great battle. The movement which had begun at Philadelphia had marched to some purpose. The drum-beat, faintly heard at Concord, was sounding very loudly now to the ears of a still inattentive world upon the plains of Yorktown.

CHAPTER XX

HOW PEACE WAS MADE

THE deeper meanings of Yorktown, shining out very plainly now after more than a century has come and gone, were quite hidden at the moment; but the immediate effects were sufficient even then to fill the minds of men both in the Old World and in the New. The tidings carried by Lauzun, the hard-fighting, amorous Duke, crossed the Atlantic in the surprisingly short time of twenty-two days, and were at Versailles on November 19, 1781, with great rejoicing thereupon in the brilliant Court and among the people. Great satisfaction, too, it all was to Vergennes and to the others who had planned the policy now culminating so gloriously. No doubt any longer that the blow had gone home, and that a very fine revenge had been taken upon the enemy who had wrested Canada from France. The splendid Empire of Great Britain had been broken. This fact Yorktown made clear to all men. Not seen at all, however, in the dust of defeat, was the other even more momentous fact that England would rise stronger than ever from her great disaster, and that the next fortification to crumble under the fire of the Yorktown guns would be the Bastile, symbol of the rule of one man which was to go down before the rule of all men.

From rejoicing Paris the news echoed through

Europe, gratifying various kings and cabinets with the misfortune of a rival power, but giving to their complacent minds no hint of the coming overthrow of sundry well-established thrones and empires—something to be discerned only by those who listened very attentively to the deeper undertones then sounding solemnly among the ominous voices of the time. By November 25th the Paris news was in London, with Clinton's official report following hard upon it. No doubt there, at least, as to its immediate meaning. Lord North, the clever, humorous, good-natured man, seeing the right clearly and pursuing the wrong half-heartedly in obedience to the will of a dull master, threw up his hands and cried, "It is all over." Quite plain to Parliament, also, when they came together two days later, was the message of Yorktown. A troubled address from the throne and the majority for the Government reduced to eighty-seven were the first faint signs of the coming revolt. A fortnight later the majority was down to forty-one on the question of giving up all further attempts to reduce the Colonies. Then came a petition from London praying peace; for London saw her commerce broken and scattered by the American privateers ranging now even to the English Channel, while ruinous rates of insurance weighed heavily upon every cargo sent out by her merchants. The King alone, stupid, obstinate, with all his instincts for being a king and even a despot in angry revolt, declared that he would never assent to the separation of the Colonies. But poor George was beaten even if he had not the wit to know it, and events, relentless and irresistible, pushed him down and passed over him. The effort to revive a personal monarchy in England

had miserably failed. It had been stricken down by the English people in America, as it would have been crushed by the English people at home if the hands of the Americans had not been those nearest to the work.

Rapidly now the supports about the King fell away. Lord George Germain, the heroic, who thought the Americans could not fight, departed from the Cabinet. Carleton succeeded Clinton at New York, and provision was made for nothing but defensive warfare, now reduced to holding New York and a few ports in South Carolina, to which pitiful dimensions the British Empire in America south of the Lakes had at last shrunk. Under these circumstances the decisive stroke in Parliament could not be long delayed, and on February 22d, the birthday of Washington, Conway's motion against continuing the American war failed by only one vote. This was defeat; five days later the same motion had a majority of nineteen and the doom of the Ministry was sealed. A brief season of intrigue followed, the King trying to make terms with Rockingham, who was to come in as the head of the Whigs, and to shut out Fox. But the royal experiment, shot down at Bunker Hill and surrendered at Saratoga and Yorktown, had failed too completely for compromise. No terms could be made. On March 20th Lord North announced that his Ministry was at an end, and Rockingham, shattered in health, undertook the Government and called members of both wings of his party to the Cabinet. One of these factions was headed by Charles Fox, then in the first flush of his splendid eloquence—passionate in his sympathies, earnest in his beliefs, full of noble aspirations and deep emotions.

The chief of the other faction was Lord Shelburne, liberal by cultivation, cool, ambitious, adroit, nicknamed Malagrida by his contemporaries, who thought his political methods Jesuitical. Agreement between two such men was impossible, and antagonism, enhanced by the offices they respectively received, broke out at once. Shelburne was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, which included the Colonies; Fox, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which included all the other belligerents. But if the independence of the Colonies was conceded in advance, then it might perhaps be argued that the negotiations with them passed away from Shelburne and into the hands of Fox. Here, at all events, was a very pretty situation created for the Americans by two Secretaries of State struggling with each other and severally seeking to make peace with them. Rightly handled, the two rivals of the British Cabinet could be used to bid against one another, if there chanced to be a diplomatist opposed to them able to take advantage of the cards thus forced into his hands.

Across the channel, as it happened, there was just the man for the conditions. Benjamin Franklin in Paris, watching every move in the game—as familiar with English politics as any statesman in London, more astute than Shelburne, and as single-minded in his devotion to his country and in his love of freedom as Fox—saw, at a glance, the opportunities opening before him. Divining the future, he began a correspondence with Shelburne, whom he knew well, before the old Ministry had actually fallen or the new one had been formed. With words of genuine desire for peace and of subtile flattery for his correspondent, he opened the negotia-

tions with Shelburne, for he characteristically felt that he could deal better with the cunning politician of cultivated liberality than with the eager and earnest nature of Fox, who would serve best as a check and foil to the man from whom he meant to get the peace he wanted for America. Franklin, as it soon appeared, had made his first step not only shrewdly but correctly, for in response to his letter Shelburne sent Richard Oswald over to Paris to begin the negotiations.

Congress had put the peace negotiations into the hands of Commissioners, Franklin, Jay, Adams, and Laurens. The last, captured on the high seas and now out of the Tower on parole, joined Adams at The Hague, where the latter was just concluding a negotiation successful in loans and recognition, and, being without faith in the readiness of Great Britain to make peace, was in no hurry to move. Jay was in Spain, so Franklin, at the outset, was left alone with all the threads of the tangled web in his own hands. His first step was to take possession of Oswald, Lord Shelburne's envoy, as soon as that gentleman arrived in Paris. With a fine disregard for the differing jurisdictions of the English Secretaries of State, he took Oswald to see Vergennes and started the negotiations with France in this illicit manner. Then he sent Oswald back to London with some notes of a conversation in which he assured Shelburne that Oswald was, of all others, the agent to be employed, which, from Franklin's point of view, was no doubt true. He suggested, with pleasant audacity, that Canada should be ceded to the United States, and said that this cession would assure "a durable peace and a sweet reconciliation." The old philosopher must have allowed himself to

smile as he penned this sentence; but he nevertheless sent Oswald off with it, and then wrote to Jay begging him to come to Paris, and adding, significantly, "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us, in the meantime, mind our own business." Here was a great stroke. Spain was to be shut out from any share in the American negotiations, and Franklin had got rid of one great encumbrance.

Then Oswald came back from London. It appeared that Lord Shelburne did not intend to cede Canada even for "a sweet reconciliation;" but he was ready to grant complete independence, proposed the Penobscot as our Eastern boundary, and demanded security for British dĕbts and for the loyalists. Then appeared on the scene Mr. Thomas Grenville, the representative of Mr. Fox, and the rebel Franklin introduced Mr. Fox's man to the French Minister. But Mr. Grenville came to misfortune at once. His proposition that the independence of America should be granted to France was rejected by both Vergennes and Franklin, and Mr. Grenville found himself in need of fresh instructions. When his new powers came they authorized him to treat only with France, and yet were filled with a discussion of American affairs, so it appeared that these new powers would not do either. Vergennes insisted on the inclusion of France, while Franklin would not tell Mr. Fox's envoy anything about the American case, so that Mr. Grenville felt much chagrined and checked, and of no particular use or effect. Franklin, in fact, meant to keep the negotiations in Oswald's hands, and, although Grenville was valuable as a menace in the background, it was not

intended that he should have any real part in the serious business. Franklin evidently felt that he could get more from Lord Shelburne's necessities than he could from the theories of Fox wherein events favored him, for Lord Rockingham died, Fox went out of office, and Shelburne became prime-minister. Franklin, with a clear field now, and knowing well how frail was Shelburne's tenure of office, proceeded to push his negotiations with Oswald as rapidly as possible. On July 10th he proposed the American conditions of peace. The essential irrevocable articles were full and complete independence, withdrawal of all British troops, the Mississippi as the Western boundary, the Northern and Eastern boundaries as they were before the Quebec Act of 1774, and freedom of fishing off Newfoundland. He refused all provisions for the security of the loyalists or of British debts, and suggested an article for reciprocity of trade. Back went Oswald to London, to return with full powers and an acceptance of all Franklin's terms, the privilege of drying fish in Newfoundland being alone withheld. The treaty was practically made, the great lines upon which it was finally concluded were all agreed, and thus far Franklin had acted alone. He had steered clear of France and thrown Spain over. A few days only were needed and the work would have been perfected; but now his colleagues appeared in Paris, difficulties arose, delays came, and there were serious perils before the end was reached.

First came Jay, quite cured by his experience in Spain of his love for a triple alliance with that country and France, and very suspicious of all that had been done in Paris. He wanted various things—an acknowl-

edgment of independence by Parliament, and then a proclamation under the great seal, either of which if insisted upon might have wrecked the negotiations. But Jay, on being reasoned with, abandoned these demands and insisted only on having Oswald's commission recognize the United States of America, which was wise, but which also brought delay in getting the new commission, and just then all delays were dangerous. Dangerous because Shelburne's days of power were numbered, and still more perilous because it gave time for Spain to come upon the scene, and proceed to intrigue and draw France away from the United States and urge upon the Americans the abandonment of the Mississippi.

Here Jay came out with great force, and his knowledge of Spain and familiarity with Spanish treachery and falsehood stood him in good stead. On no account was the valley of the great river to be given up. Then it appeared that France was meddling with the fisheries; and now Jay turned to England, convinced that it was our interest to cut clear of the continental powers. So it came to pass that a month later he and Franklin were again at work with the newly commissioned Oswald upon the treaty itself. Jay made the draft, and did it well, but it was along the lines of Franklin's first scheme, and, while it added reciprocity of trade and free navigation of the Mississippi, the Americans still stood out on the debts and the loyalists. Over went the treaty to London, once more to come back with another commissioner, Henry Strachey, Oswald being thought too pliant and in need of reinforcement. The new commissioner was to stand out for the debts and loyalists and against drying fish on

Newfoundland, while the Northeastern boundary was still left open.

None of these points, however, was vital, and the treaty seemed again on the verge of completion when John Adams arrived, and, chancing to encounter Oswald and Strachey, let out that he was willing to yield on the loyalists and the debts, thus giving away Franklin's reserve, which he had been holding for a high price at the end. It was not a fortunate bit of frankness, but the negotiations had to go on, and John Adams proved himself a most valuable ally in the struggle now centring over the fisheries and the Maine boundary, where he was especially strong and peculiarly well informed. Anxious days followed, with much talking and proposing and counter-proposing, very intricate to follow out now, and confused still further by another journey of Strachey to London, with the Ministry tottering fast to its fall, and great fear that England, inspirited by Rodney's victory and the defence of Gibraltar, might throw the whole business overboard. A very ticklish, trying time this for all concerned, but Strachey came back, and then there were more anxious debates. The Americans yielded on the loyalists and the debts, but John Adams made an absolute stand for the equal rights of Americans in the fisheries. Thereupon another visit to London was proposed, but Franklin checked this by saying that in that case the claim about the loyalists and the debts would be reopened. Strachey gave way under this threat, and was followed by Fitzherbert, who had charge of the negotiations with Spain and France, and after Laurens had put the black man in by the provision that the British should carry off no slaves, the treaty was signed

on November 30, 1782, subject to the further conclusion of a treaty between France and England.

So the great work was done. There has been much controversy since as to who did it—a controversy, on the whole, rather profitless, although no doubt consoling to the descendants of the eminent men who set their names to the treaty. To each may be given his full share of honor. Jay's stand on the Mississippi was admirable and strong, and he showed great capacity in dealing with the crooked Spanish side of the problem; but he made some unwise proposals, and came very near at one moment to upsetting everything by the delay which he helped to cause.

John Adams was of the highest service—learned, determined, especially versed in the questions of the New England boundary and the fisheries, which he did more than anyone else to save unimpaired to America. But he made a dangerous admission on his arrival about loyalists and British debts, which came very near taking from us the powerful instrument which we then held fast in order to gain better terms in other directions. Nevertheless, after all deductions, both Adams and Jay rendered high and important service to America in this great negotiation, and a service which could not have been spared or dispensed with.

But there was one man about whom no deductions need be made, who guided the delicate and difficult work from the beginning, and who proved himself the great diplomatist of his day. This was Franklin, the maker of the French alliance, the great figure in the diplomacy which did so much to establish and bring to success the American Revolution. Before his colleagues arrived on the scene he had grasped with a sure

hand all the conditions of the task before him. He it was who committed Shelburne to the proposition of independence, played him off against Fox, and captured Oswald, the man into whose hands he determined to force the British case. He it was who shut out Spain and held France at arm's-length.

Thus it came about that before his colleagues came the pieces in the great game were all in position, the campaign all laid out, and the lines drawn and fixed—the very lines upon which, after many weeks more of keen wrangling and argument, the treaty was finally made. In the words of Mr. Henry Adams, upon which it is impossible to improve, "Franklin having overcome this last difficulty" (getting Shelburne to style us the United States of America), "had only to guide his impetuous colleagues and prevent discord from doing harm. How dexterously he profited and caused his country to profit by the very idiosyncrasies of those colleagues with which he had least sympathy; how skilfully he took advantage of accidents and smoothed difficulties away; how subtle and keen his instincts were; how delicate and yet how sure his touch; all this is a story to which Mr. Bancroft has done only partial justice. Sure of England, Franklin calmly ignored Spain, gently threw on his colleagues the responsibility of dispensing with the aid of France, boldly violated his instructions from Congress, and negotiated a triumphant peace."[1] Spain and France marvelled to find themselves left outside. England, in the hands of this master of politics, was led, before she realized it, into giving more than she ever intended. Adams and Jay played Franklin's game with the other powers

[1] *North American Review,* April, 1875, p. 430.

without knowing that they did so, and rested in full belief that they made the peace, while the old philosopher walked out at the end with the treaty in his hands, entirely victorious and quite contented that others should have the glory so long as he had the result.

The American rebels convinced the world that they had statesmen in Congress who could argue their case as ably as any Ministers in Europe. After six long years they had demonstrated that they could fight, and fight hard, and bring forth a great soldier to lead their armies. Now, finally, they had shown that in the field of diplomacy, in a negotiation where a bitter and defeated opponent faced them, and where suspicious allies fast cooling in friendship stood by their side, they could produce diplomatists able to wring from these adverse and perilous conditions a most triumphant peace. All these performances in statecraft, war, and diplomacy came from a people whom England despised and therefore lost, and in this wise furnish forth one of the many impressive lessons which history loves to preserve and men delight to forget.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THE WAR ENDED

GREAT effects came from the news of Yorktown when the tidings spread through Europe. Very different were its immediate results in America, and not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Washington, wholly unmoved in purpose by his great victory, turned from the field, where Cornwallis had surrendered, to do what came next in the work of completing the Revolution. He wanted De Grasse to go with him to Charleston in order to destroy the British there and finish the Southern campaign out of hand. But De Grasse would do no more. He preferred to leave the coast, part from Washington, who had planned another sure victory, and take his way to Rodney and defeat. Having thus failed with the French admiral, Washington sent to Greene all the troops he could spare, and then started north to Philadelphia. Letters had preceded him urging the old advice for better administration and a more permanent army, just as if there had been no Yorktown; and, strange to say, Congress fell in with his wishes, filled the departments, and tried to increase the army. This time the opposition and the feebleness appeared in the States and among the people. Public sentiment was relaxed, and settled down easily to the comfortable belief that Yorktown had decided everything, and that all was

over. The natural result followed in failure to get money or men. Washington believed that Yorktown had probably ended the struggle; but he lived in a world of facts, not probabilities, and he saw many possible and existent perils. The war was not over, peace was not made, and, if England held off and let the war drag on, American exhaustion and indifference might yet prove fatal and undo all that had been done. So when Washington heard that the Commons had asked the King to make peace, he wrote a letter to Congress warning them of danger and urging continued preparation. Again he wrote, pointing out that war was still going on; and even when he knew that negotiations had actually begun, he still sent words of warning and appeals for preparation to continue the war. He produced little effect—the States remained inert, the war smouldered along with petty affairs of outposts, and still peace did not come. Fortunately, the neglect of Washington's sound counsels bore no evil fruit, for England was more deeply hurt than he dared to think, and the treaty was really at hand.

But there was one subject upon which Congress failed to act where they could not be saved by the breaking down of their enemy. This was the treatment of their own army, and here there was no excuse to be made. A fear of standing armies was the avowed explanation of their inaction; but this fear, as they put it into practice, was unintelligent, while the deeper cause was their own feebleness, not untinged with jealousy of the men who had done the fighting. But, whatever the reasons, the fact remained that the soldiers were unpaid; that no provision of any sort was made for them; and that they seemed on the brink of

being dismissed to their homes, in many cases to want and destitution, with no compensation but the memory of their hardships and their victories. Washington was profoundly moved by the attitude and policy of Congress. One of the deepest emotions of his strong nature was love for his soldiers, for those who had fought with him, and with this was coupled his passionate hatred of injustice. His letters to those in authority were not only full of hot indignation, but bitter in their denunciation of a policy which would reduce the army without providing for the men, as they were mustered out. He saw, too, what Congress failed to see, that here were not only injustice and ingratitude, flagrant and even cruel, but a great and menacing danger. It is a perilous business to deal out injustice, suffering, and want to the armed soldier, because the moment is sure to come when the man with the musket says that, if anyone is to be wronged or starved, it shall not be himself. What kings, Parliaments, or Congresses or legislatures refuse unjustly, human nature in the armed man will finally take by force; and to this dangerous frame of mind the American army was fast coming. Congress and the States went cheerfully along, making a few indefinite promises and doing nothing, while the mutterings and murmurs in camp began to grow louder, until at last they found expression in an able and adroitly written address, the work of John Armstrong. The voice of the armed man was rising clearly and distinctly now. It declared the sufferings and sorrows of the soldier and the ingratitude of Congress, and called the army to action and to the use of force. Thus the direct appeal was made. Only one man could keep words from becoming deeds, and Washington came

forward and took control of the whole movement. He censured the address in general orders, and then called, himself, a meeting of the officers. When they had assembled, Washington arose with a manuscript in his hand, and as he took out his glasses he said: "You see, gentlemen, I have grown both blind and gray in your service." Very simple words, very touching, with a pathos which no rhetoric could give, a pathos possible only in a great nature deeply stirred. And then he read his speech—clear, vigorous, elevated in tone, an appeal to the past and to patriotism, an earnest prayer to leave that past unsullied and to show confidence in the Government and the civil power, the whole ending with a promise that the General would obtain justice for the army. Then he withdrew, and to that great leadership all men there yielded, and the meeting passed resolutions and adjourned. At last Congress listened. The proceedings at Newburg penetrated even their indifference, the half-pay was commuted, and with this and land warrants, and with the privilege of taking their arms home with them, the army was fain to be content. It was not much, but it saved the Congress from the reproach of leaving its soldiers destitute and the country from a military revolution; for no less a peril lurked behind the movement which Washington controlled and checked. Underneath the Newburg addresses and the murmurs of the troops there ran a strong undercurrent of well-defined feeling in favor of taking control of the Government. The army was the one organized, efficient force in the country, their comrades in arms were scattered through all the towns and settlements, and they could appeal to the timid and the selfish everywhere in behalf of order and strength as

against the feeble, impotent central government and the confused rule of thirteen States. All that they lacked was a leader, and the great leader was there at their head if he would only consent to serve. Openly, by letter, was the proposition made to Washington, and by him rejected with dignified and stern contempt. Secretly, the same whisper was ever in his ears, and nothing would have been easier for him than to have become a "Saviour of Society." The part is always a fascinating one and very easily converted into a conscientious duty. But Washington would have none of it. He saw this fact clearly, as he saw all facts. He knew what the condition of the times made possible, but the part of military dictator did not appeal to him. He was too great a man in character for that sort of work. It seemed to him that it would be a vulgar and sorry ending to the great task which had been performed, and so the wide-open easy opportunity was never even a temptation. His one desire was to have the Revolution finish as it began, in purity and loftiness of purpose, unstained by any self-seeking, crowned with success, and undisfigured by usurpation. So he held his army in hand, prevented force and violence, stopped all attempts to make him the Cæsar or Cromwell of the new Republic, and longed in his simple fashion very ardently and very anxiously to get back to his farms and gardens at Mount Vernon.

Late in March, 1783, came the news of peace, the danger from the army disappeared, and the fighting was done. Still the General could not go to the beloved home; still Congress kept him employed in the public business, although they neither adopted nor perhaps understood the wide and far-reaching policies which he

then urged upon them. Not until late in the autumn was he able to move his army down the Hudson to the city which he had held so long surrounded. At last, on November 25th, the British departed and Washington marched in at the head of his men. It was the outward and visible sign that the war was over; and as Washington's entrance into Boston meant that New England had been freed from English rule, so his entrance into New York meant that the Thirteen States of North America were in very truth, as Congress seven years before had declared that they were and ought to be, "free and independent."

On December 4th the officers of the army met in Fraunces' tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence, and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came, one by one; and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry, where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away, he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.

One great scene was still to be enacted, when at Annapolis Washington returned his commission to Congress. But let us leave the American Revolution here. Let us close it with this parting at the water's

edge, when the man without whom the Revolution would have failed bade farewell to the officers and men without whom he could not have won. The fighting was done, the Continental Army was dissolved. That noble and gracious figure, standing up alone and bareheaded in the boat which was carrying him southward and away from his army, signified to all the world that the American Revolution had ended in complete victory. Perhaps its greatest triumph was that it had brought forth such a leader of men as the one now returning to his peaceful home at Mount Vernon, and that, thanks to him, whatever mistakes had been made or defeats encountered, the war of the people for a larger liberty closed unsullied by violence and with no stain of military despotism upon its record.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

SO the end had come. The English-speaking people had divided, the British Empire had been broken, the American Revolution had been fought out, and a new nation was born. Here, surely, was a very great event, full of significance and meaning if rightly considered. What, then, did it really mean to the world at large, and especially to the people who had made the fight, and were henceforth to be two nations?

To the world it meant the beginning of the democratic movement, so little understood at the moment, so very plain to all now. It was the coming of a new force into the western world of Europe and America. A people had risen in arms, and, disregarding all traditions and all habits, had set forth the declaration that they were to govern themselves in their own way, and that government was no longer to be the privilege of one man called a king, or of any class of men by mere right of birth. To vindicate this claim they had fought, using the only method by which any people has ever been able to prove its right to anything; and thus the armed people in opposition to the disciplined soldiers of royalty had come into existence and the armed people had won. Great facts these, ominous and por-

tentous even, and yet so curiously little heeded in their deeper meanings at the moment. France thought only that she had crippled England and taken an ample revenge for the past. England knew that she had received a heavy blow, was troubled with uneasy forebodings, suspected that something was not altogether right in her system of administration, and began to stir a little with abortive projects of reform. Europe generally looked on stolidly, felt some satisfaction at England's misfortunes, and regarded the affair as well over, with much benefit to balances of power and other delights of the diplomatic mind. Even America herself thought only that her object had been obtained, that she was free from the control of a power over seas, and set to work to deal with her own concerns in a fashion by no means creditable at the outset. None of them saw the strong, deep current of change which had set in that April morning at Concord, and which had flowed on to Yorktown. It sank out of sight, as rivers sometimes do in the bowels of the earth, so soon as peace was made, and men said contentedly that there was no river after all. Six years went by, and the stream had come to the surface once more, far away from America this time, and France was moving with a deep unrest. Now the current was flowing fiercely and swiftly, with a headlong rapidity which dazed all onlookers. Privileges and orders, customs and Bastiles, went down before it, and presently other things too—men's lives and royal crowns and the heads that wore them. No doubt now of the meaning which had been obscured in America. "The rights of man," "Liberty, equality, fraternity," and other strange new cries were heard on every street-corner; and the old systems,

which had fostered and played with the American Revolution, waked up and said, "This business must be stopped, and this rabble put down." And then, behold, it could not be done—the rabble could not be put down; and the armed people, twenty-five millions strong, flung themselves on Europe, rolled back the royal armies, and carried their victories and their doctrines far beyond the borders of France.

In the armed people democracy had produced a force against which the old systems could not stand. It rushed forward with a fervor, an energy, and a wild faith which nothing could resist. A career was suddenly opened to talents, and from the inn and farm and tannery, from the petty attorney's office, the vineyard, and the shop, sprang up men who, by sheer ability, rose to command armies, govern nations, and fill thrones. Opportunity was no longer confined to those who had birth and rank, to the royal bastard or the Court favorite, and the old system, shattered by this unexpected and painful discovery, went down in ruins. Concentrated in the hands of one man, the new force swept away the wretched princelings who sold their subjects for soldiers, the little tyrants, the corrupt monarchies, and the holy inquisition, still powerful in Spain. To meet the despotism thus engendered, the people of Germany and the people of Spain had to be called forth to join England and Austria and Russia, in order to save the national existence which their kings had been unable to protect. Popular force was met at last by popular force, and when Napoleon ended at Waterloo, Metternichs and Bourbons and Liverpools and other wise persons, who had forgotten a great deal and learned nothing thought that all was over, that nothing

remained but to return to the nice old systems of the previous century, and that everything would again be quiet and comfortable. But it soon appeared that, although a man had been defeated, the force which had made him possible and the movement which had borne him forward had not been defeated at all. The old system did not work well. There were outbreaks and unrest, and a Holy Alliance had to be made; and then an English statesman called in the New World, which had started the whole movement, to redress the balance of the Old, and the entire continental Empire of Spain in the Americas broke off and became democratic, causing great annoyance and perplexity to persons of the Metternich kind. In 1830 another revolution came in France, and the sorry revival of kings by divine right vanished in the days of July among the barricades of Paris. England, meantime, had tried to meet her own unrest by Peterloo and similar performances, and the answer had not proved satisfactory. Something different was clearly needed, and in 1832, with the splendid sense so characteristic of the English people, the Reform Bill was passed, the democratic movement was recognized, a revolution of arms was avoided, and a peaceful revolution consummated. Meanwhile Greece had escaped from Turkey, and the movement of the people to hold or share in the business of governing went steadily forward. There were years when it seemed wholly repressed and hopeless, and then years like 1848, when it rose in its might, crushed everything in its path, and took a long step ahead, with the inevitable reaction afterward, until a fresh wave gathered strength and rolled again a little higher up with the ever-rising tide. Italy broke

away from Austria and gained her national unity; representative systems with more or less power came into being in every European country, except Russia and Turkey; the wretched little tyrants of the petty states of Germany and Italy, the oppressive temporal government of the Pope, have all been swept out of existence, and given place to a larger national life and to a recognition more or less complete of the power and rights of the people. Even to-day, in obedience to the same law, the colonial despotism of Spain has perished from the face of the earth because it was a hideous anachronism.

The democratic movement has gone so far and so fast that it is but little heeded now, and men have become almost entirely oblivious of its existence. Yet it is never still, it is always advancing. It has established itself in Japan, it cannot be disregarded even by the master of the German armies, and before many years it will be felt in Russia. So rapid has been its progress and so complete its victories that men forget what it has accomplished, turn their whole attention to the evils which it has left untouched, and are in some instances ready not merely to criticise it, but to proclaim it a failure. The statesman who declared that gratitude was a lively sense of favors to come uttered not merely a brilliant epigram but a profound philosophic truth, which applies not only to human beings, but to theories of life and to systems of government. When the democratic movement began, and for three-quarters of a century afterward, the men who were fighting for liberty and the rights of man believed, as all genuine reformers must believe, that if this vast change were carried out, if tyranny were

abolished, if votes and a share in the government were given to the people, then all the evils flesh is heir to would surely disappear. The great political reform has been, in large measure, accomplished, and nevertheless many evils yet remain. There are still poverty, suffering, ignorance, injustice, lack of opportunity, crime, and misery in the world in large abundance, and so some men hasten to say that democracy has failed. They forget what democracy has done, and see only what it has left undone. The great political reform in which men believed so passionately, and for which they fought and died and suffered, has come and is still growing and expanding; and yet the earth is not a Utopia, nor have sin and sorrow vanished. It is the old story; the universal remedy was not a panacea after all, and the fact is overlooked that there are no panaceas for human ills, and that the only fair way to judge a great reform or a sweeping social and political movement is by its results, and not by fixing our eyes solely on those evils which it has left untouched and which it is powerless to cure. Tried in this way, by the only just standard, democracy has been a marvellous success—more helpful, more beneficial to the human race than any other political system yet devised by man. To it we owe the freedom of thought, the freedom of conscience, the freedom of speech, which exist to-day in their fulness among the English-speaking people, and more or less completely among all the great nations of western Europe. No longer can men be powerful solely by the accident of birth, or be endowed from the cradle with the right to torture, outrage, and imprison their fellow-beings less fortunately born.

The craving of this present time is for greater equality of opportunity, but it is to the democratic movement that we owe the vast enlargement to all men of the opportunity for happiness and success since 1776. We picture easily to ourselves the tyrannies and oppressions of the Old World which went down in the tempest of the French Revolution, and were so completely effaced that the average man in Europe neither knows nor realizes that they ever existed. But we are prone to think that in America, where government was always easy and light, the change wrought by democracy has been trifling and that we owe it little. Many men see defects and shortcomings in our municipal governments with great clearness, and some of them, while they shake their heads over the democracy which they believe guilty of these faults, are utterly blind to the great fact that democracy made slavery impossible and crushed it out only a generation ago—a deed for humanity which makes all other achievements look small. The same holds true in lesser things. We know, for example, how democracy has softened and reformed the awful criminal code of the England of Pitt and Fox, and wiped out the miseries of the debtors' prisons which Dickens described thirty years later; but we overlook the fact that we ourselves were but little better in these respects. Robert Morris, the patriot who upheld the breaking credit and failing treasury of the confederation in the last days of the Revolution, and gave to the American cause freely from his own purse, passed four years in prison in his old age for the crime of having failed in business. Such a punishment inflicted by the law for such a cause would be impossible

now, and yet this is but an illustration of the vast change effected by democracy in the relations of men one to another. The altruism which is so marked a feature of the century just closing is the outcome of democracy. To the man who shares in the government of his country, or who has political rights, sympathy must be given by his fellows, for in one great relation of life they all stand together. Nothing is more hardening, nothing tends more to cruelty, than the rigid separation of classes; and when all men have certain common political rights and an equality before the law the class-line is shattered, and men cannot consider other men as creatures wholly apart, whose sufferings are a matter of indifference. The great work of democracy has been in widening sympathy, in softening and humanizing laws, customs, and manners. The debt due to it in this way no man can estimate; for no man can now realize, in imagination, the sufferings, oppressions, cruelties, and heartless indifference of society a hundred years ago which democracy has swept away. Democracy is fallible and imperfect, because human nature is so; but it has come, it has brought untold good to mankind, it will bring yet more. It makes for humanity, civilization, and the uplifting of the whole race, and it will in greater and greater measure dominate the world and control governments. No man can stay its resistless march, and under various forms the principle that the people are to have their own governments, good or bad, no matter what the outward dress, and that the last word is with the people, is rising every day to more supreme dominion in the affairs of men. This great movement, which overthrew the world's equilibrium, brought

new forces into being, and changed society and governments, began in America with the Continental Congress and the flash of the guns at Lexington and Concord. It closed its first chapter at Yorktown, and by the treaty of Paris it was acknowledged that a people had won the right to rule themselves. A very momentous conclusion this, and it was the message of the American Revolution to mankind.

To those immediately concerned in and most closely touched by it, the Revolution brought other meanings besides that shared by the world at large, and these, too, merit consideration. Let us inquire briefly what the effect was on the combatants themselves, upon the two divisions of the English-speaking people thus created by war. Hostile statesmen on the Continent were not slow to predict that the severance of her Empire and the loss of her North American colonies meant the downfall of Great Britain. Even in England prophecies were not lacking that the zenith of her fortunes had passed and her decline begun. These forebodings — the offspring of that cheap wisdom which is empty of hope, void of imagination, and sees only the past — were soon set at naught. In the great wars which followed the French Revolution, the indomitable spirit of England raised her to a higher pinnacle of power and splendor than she had ever attained before, and the victories of war were followed by the wonderful career of colonial expansion and growing wealth of which this century has been the witness. Heavy as the loss of the North American Colonies was at the time, the American Revolution, although it divided the Empire of Great

Britain, did not check its growth in other regions and in lands almost unknown to the eighteenth century. One great reason for the marvellous development of England, and for the success which has followed her arms and her commerce ever since the American Revolution, was the fact that by that bitter experience she learned well one great lesson. Never again did England make the mistakes or engage in the blundering policy which lost her all North America south of the Canadian frontier. No other English colonies were ever treated as those of the Atlantic seaboard had been; and the wise colonial policy which has enabled England, while giving to her colonies everywhere the largest liberty, at the same time, to grapple them to her with hooks of steel, was as much the result of the American Revolution as the Peace of Paris. In England's ability to learn this lesson we can see the secret of her wonderful success, and can contrast it with the history of Spain, whose barbarous colonial policy has cost her an empire and taught her nothing in the process.

But although England learned this lesson and profited by it with results which have surpassed the most unbounded hopes of her statesmen and people, there was another lesson which she utterly failed to heed. She learned how to deal with her other colonies, and with those still greater ones which she was destined to win, but she learned nothing as to the proper way to treat the people whom she had driven into revolt and lost, and who differed in no essential respect from English-speaking people elsewhere. Toward them she maintained the same attitude which had driven them into rebellion, and which now could

only alienate them still further. The Americans, on their side, after the war feeling had subsided, were only too ready to renew with the mother-country the closest and most friendly relations. It is easier to cut political bonds than it is to sever the ties of blood and speech, and, above all, habits of daily life and intercourse, which, impalpable as they are, outlast constitutions and governments. Every habit of thought and of business, every natural prejudice and interest, still bound the Americans to England. Had she so willed she could in a few years have had the growing trade, the expanding markets, and the political sympathy of America as completely in every practical way as if the States had remained her colonies. And it was all so simple. An evident desire to cultivate good relations with the United States, kind words, a declared policy of not interfering with the Western movement from the Atlantic States, a little generosity, and England would have made America her friend and kept her as her ally in the troublous years which were to follow. Instead of this, a course of conduct was adopted which seemed like a settled policy of injuring America in every possible way, of retarding her growth and alienating her people. Our early representatives in London were flouted and treated with rudeness and disdain. Everything possible was done to interfere with and break up our West Indian commerce, and Lord Dorchester openly incited the Indian tribes to attack our Western settlements, with a view to preventing their advance—a piece of savagery it is now difficult to conceive, and which America found it hard to forgive. Under the pressure of the struggle with France, England finally consented to make a

treaty, and drove with Jay a hard bargain from our necessities. Then came the second period of Napoleonic wars. The most ordinary sense would seem to have dictated a policy which would have made the Americans, who were at that time the great seafaring people among the neutral nations, the ally of England in the desperate conflict in which she was engaged. Even Jefferson, as we now know, with all his reputed and apparent hostility to England, tried to bring about close relations between the two countries. But England pursued a steady course of hostility. There was no injury or wrong which she failed to do us; no insult was spared us by her public men. English brutality surpassed even the cynical outrages heaped upon us by Napoleon, and brought at last the War of 1812, a righteous war of resistance and one bringing most valuable results to the United States. "The fir frigates, with a bit of bunting at the top," at which Canning had jeered in the House of Commons, whipped England's frigates in eleven actions out of thirteen, while Perry and McDonough crushed her flotillas on the lakes. British troops burned Washington, but Jackson, with six thousand men, routed ten thousand of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans—an ample compensation. Ill-conducted as the war by land was on the American side, our naval victories and the fact that we had fought won us our place among nations, and relieved us finally from the insults and the attacks to which we had before been subjected.

England suffered in her naval prestige, gained absolutely nothing by conquest, was forced to respect our flag on the seas, and had embittered feeling between the two kindred countries. The utter fatuity of such

a policy, fraught as it was with such results, seems sufficiently obvious now, and it quite equalled in stupidity that which brought the Revolution and cost England her colonies.

Nevertheless, for a time, the War of 1812 improved our mutual relations. Americans were pleased by their successes on sea and by the victory of New Orleans, while England both felt and manifested a respect for a people who had fought so hard against her. The result was seen in a better understanding and in the Monroe Doctrine, which was stimulated by Canning's "calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old," although he soon abandoned and denounced the American policy of Adams and Monroe. So easy was it for the two nations to come together when the older country did not put obstacles in the way. But the fair prospect was soon overclouded. The English traveller and author came in as the century advanced, to widen the breach between the two countries more effectively, perhaps, than the statesmen had done. We had already enjoyed a taste of this criticism in the writings of Mr. Thomas Moore, who came to the United States at the beginning of the century and mourned over our decay, in verses of trifling poetical merit and great smoothness of rhyme and metre. But thirty years later there arose a swarm of writers, of whom Mrs. Trollope and Dickens were, perhaps, the most conspicuous, who gratified their own feelings and met their home market with descriptions of the United States and its people which left nothing offensive unsaid. Our hospitality to our critics was no protection to us, and a sense of ingratitude added poison to the smart of wounded vanity. We were a young nation,

beginning to grow very rapidly, engaged in the hard, rough work of subduing a continent. We had all the faults and shortcomings of a new and quickly growing community; and no doubt a great deal of what our critics said was perfectly true, which may have sharpened the sting. But the faults were largely superficial, and the nation was engaged in a great work and was sound at the core. This fact our English critics had not the generosity to admit, and their refusal to do so galled our pride.

We had one great defect of youth, as a matter of course. We were weakly and abnormally sensitive to outside and adverse criticism. Attacks or satire which no one would notice now except to laugh at them, which, for the most part, would not be heard of at all to-day, in the first half of the century cut us to the quick. That they should have done so was, no doubt, foolish and youthful; but that does not affect the question of whether it was wise in England through her newspapers, her authors, and her magazines to treat the United States systematically, so far as one could see, in a manner which, as Mr. Justice Maule said to Sir Richard Bethell, "would have been an insult from God Almighty to a black beetle." Was it worth while to take so much pains to convert into enemies a great and growing people who spoke the same tongue, had the same aspirations, and were naturally inclined to be friends with the old home which their ancestors had left so many years before?

There was one criticism, however, which the English made, and which they had the right, even the duty, to make without mercy, and they did it unsparingly. No denunciation could be too severe of English-speak-

ing people who in the nineteenth century boasted of their own freedom and maintained human slavery. To this righteous criticism of the United States there could be no answer, and there was none. But the years went by and brought, in due time, the inevitable conflict between slavery and freedom. The North was fighting for Union, but its victory meant the downfall of slavery. The loyal North therefore turned confidently for support to England, which had denounced American slavery, and found the sympathy of her Government and ruling classes given wholly to the slave-holding South. Never was there a more painful, a more awful surprise. England went far enough in adverse action to fill the North with bitterness, and not far enough to leave the South with anything but a sense of betrayal and the anger of the vanquished against a false friend. At last the Union emerged triumphant from its great life and death struggle. In those four dark years our youth had gone; and we came out not only with a conviction of our own strength, but with an utter indifference to foreign opinion, which was as right and wholesome as our former sensitiveness had been foolish and unwise. None the less, the memories of England's conduct in our hour of need rankled deeply—and we regarded Mr. Gladstone's wise and statesmanlike policy of arbitration as merely extorted by the respect which military power and success always produce.

Again the years went by, and the old animosities had begun to quiet down when the seal controversy arose, and America was utterly unable to understand why England should insist on a course of action which has resulted and could only result in the destruction

of those valuable herds. Her action throughout this unlucky question seemed as if dictated by mere malice. Then came Venezuela, and a few plain, rough words from Mr. Cleveland brought a just settlement of a question very momentous in its meanings to the United States, which twenty years of civil remonstrance and argument had failed to obtain. England, careless of the past, wondered at the sudden burst of hostility in the United States; while Americans were brought to believe that we could get neither justice nor civility from England, except by harsh words and by going even to the verge of war. It was not a very encouraging sight, this spectacle then presented by the two great English-speaking nations. Such a frame of mind, such an attitude, was something to wonder at, not to praise. Be it remembered, also, that the Americans are not ungrateful and have never been slow to recognize their friends in England. They have never forgotten that the Queen and Prince Albert, John Bright and Richard Cobden, and the workingmen of England were their friends and stood by them in the Civil War. They recall, not without a touch of pride, that the friends of America in England include not only those of the dark days of 1861, but the great names of Chatham and Burke, of Fox and Camden, even when revolution tore the Empire asunder. But the friends of America thus far have never been the Government or the Ministry, or the mass of the ruling classes in England.

Less than a year ago I should have stopped at this point, with words of regret that the lesson of the American Revolution, so far as the United States was concerned, had not yet been learned by England, and

the expression of the earnest hope that this mastery of its meaning might not be much further delayed. Now it is no longer possible to stop here. Events have shown that the lesson of the Revolution has at last been learned, and that all that has just been said as to the ease with which the friendship of the United States could be obtained by England is more than justified. It could not well be otherwise, when right methods were pursued, for friendship between the two nations is natural, not only by the common speech, hopes, beliefs, and ideals, but by the much stronger ties of real interest, while enmity is unnatural and can be created only by effort.

The United States went to war with Spain. It is now easily seen that the conflict was inevitable. "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Spanish colonial despotism and the free government of the United States could not exist longer side by side. The conflict, which had been going on for a century, was as inexorable as that between freedom and slavery. The war happened to come now instead of later, that is all. Once engaged in war the United States neither desired nor needed aid from anyone: But nations as well as men like sympathy. From the people of Europe we met with neutrality, but also with criticism, attack, and with every manifestation of dislike in greater or less degree, and from Germany, with a thinly veiled mousing hostility which did not become overt, because, like the poor cat in the adage, it let "I dare not wait upon I would." From the English-speaking people everywhere came, on the other hand, spontaneous, heartfelt sympathy, and Eng-

land's Government showed that the sympathy of the people was represented in her rulers. That was all that was needed, all that was ever needed. No matter what the reason, the fact was there. The lesson of the American Revolution was plain at last, and the attitude of sympathy, the policy which would have prevented that Revolution, finally was given to the great nation that has sprung from the Colonies which Washington led to independence. How America has responded to the sympathy of England all men know, better perhaps in the United States than anywhere else. Community of sympathy and interest will make a friendship between the nations far stronger than any treaties can create. The artificial barriers are down, and all right-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic must earnestly strive to prove that it is not a facile optimism which now believes that the friendship so long postponed and so full of promise for humanity and civilization must long endure. The millions who speak the English tongue in all parts of the earth must surely see now that, once united in friendship, it can be said, even as Shakespeare said three hundred years ago:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them.

To the victorious Americans the Revolution meant, at first, simply that they had freed their country from English rule, and henceforth were to govern themselves. With the close of the war it seemed to them that all was completed, and that they had nothing to do but go on in the old way with their State governments. Washington and Hamilton and others who

thought deeply and were charged with heavy responsibility saw very plainly that there must be a better central Government, or else America would degenerate into thirteen jarring and warring States, and the American Revolution would prove a more dire failure in its triumphant outcome than any defeat in battle could have brought. The earnest words of Washington fell on deaf ears, even while war was in progress; and when the pressure of war was withdrawn the feeble confederation dropped to pieces, disorder broke out in various quarters, new states began to spring up, and disintegration spread and became threatening. The American people had won in fight the right and opportunity to govern themselves, and the great question which now confronted them was whether they were able and fit to do it. It was soon apparent that the Revolution had for them not merely the message that they had freed themselves from England, but far deeper meanings. They had proved that they could fight. Could they also prove that they were worthy of the victory they had won, and that they had the right to live as a people? Could they make a nation, or were they incapable of that great achievement, and able only to go jarring on to nothingness, a wrangling collection of petty republics? Here was a task far heavier, infinitely more difficult, than that of armed revolution. They had shown that they were a fighting people, as was to have been expected. Could they also show that they were likewise a great people capable of building up a nation, capable of construction, with the ruling, conquering, imperial instinct of their race still vital and strong within them? The answer the American people gave to these questions of life

and death, which all the peoples of the earth have to answer rightly or perish, is the history of the United States. They dragged themselves out of the disintegration and chaos of the confederation and formed the Constitution of the United States. It was hard work, there were many narrow escapes, much bitter opposition, but the great step was taken and the instrument adopted which made a nation possible. The struggle then began in earnest, and lasted for three-quarters of a century, between the forces of separatism, which meant at bottom a return to chaos and to that disorder which is hateful to gods and men, and the forces of union, which meant order, strength, and power. It was a long and doubtful conflict. The Constitution was tried in its infancy by the Whiskey Rebellion, a little later it was threatened by Virginia and Kentucky, a little later still by New England, then by South Carolina and nullification; and yet through all and under all the national spirit was growing, and the Constitution was changing from a noble experiment into the charter of a nation. At last the supreme test came. Freedom and slavery, two hostile social and economic systems, were struggling for domination. They could not live side by side. One must go, and in their irrepressible conflict they brought civil war. It was the final trial. In the terrible ordeal of battle the national principle prevailed, and it was shown that democracy, though slow to enter upon war, could fight with relentless determination for a complete victory.

The Civil War ended the struggle between the principle of separatism and that of union and undivided empire. The national principle henceforth was to have unquestioned sway. But during all the seventy-

five years of strife between the contending principles, another great movement had been going forward, which was itself indeed a child of the national spirit and the outcome of the instinct of a governing race. We began to widen our borders and annex territory, and we carried on this appropriation of land upon a scale which, during the same period, has been surpassed by England alone. Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase in disregard of all suggestions of constitutional objections, thus more than doubling the national domain, and carrying our possessions to regions more remote and inaccessible to us then than any point on the earth's surface is to-day. Monroe took the Floridas. Then came Texas, then the great accessions of the Mexican War, and we had an empire in our hands stretching from ocean to ocean. After the Civil War the American people turned all their energy to subduing and occupying the vast territory which they had bought with their money or conquered by their sword. It was an enormous task, and absorbed the strength and enterprise of the people for thirty years. Finally the work was done, the frontiers advancing from the East and the West disappeared and melted together; even Alaska, the only large acquisition after the Civil War, was opened to settlement and to the in-rush of the miner and lumberman. The less than three millions of the Revolution had grown to be over seventy millions, masters of a continent, rich beyond all the early dreams of wealth, with unlimited revenues, and still untamed in hope and energy. They had built up an industrial system which had far outrun all that Hamilton ever dared to imagine, and held at home the greatest market in the

world. Such a nation could not be developed in this way and yet be kept fettered in its interests and activities by its own boundaries. Sooner or later it was bound to return to the ocean which it had abandoned temporarily for the easier opportunities of its own land. Sooner or later it was sure to become a world-power, for it had grown too powerful, too rich; it had too many interests, it desired too many openings for its enterprise, to remain shut up even by the ocean borders of a continent. How and when this change would come no man could tell. Great movements which have long been ripening and making ready always start suddenly into active life at the last, and men look at them with wild surmise and think they are new when they are in reality very old. So the inevitable has happened, and the Spanish war has awakened the people of the United States to the fact that they have risen to be a world-power, henceforth to be reckoned with among the very few great nations of the earth. The questions of the acquisition here and there of territory upon which markets rest or defence depends are details. The great fact is the abandonment of isolation, and this can neither be escaped nor denied. There is no inconsistency here with the past. It is the logical result of our development as a nation. Our foreign policy has always been wise and simple. Washington laid down the proposition that we should not meddle in the affairs of Europe, and, with France in his mind, warned us against entangling alliances. Monroe added the corollary that Europe should not be permitted to make any new acquisitions of territory in the Americas. To both doctrines we have held firmly, and that of Monroe we have extended and en-

forced, and shall always enforce it, now more than ever before. But neither Washington nor Monroe sought to limit us either in our own hemisphere or in parts of the world other than Europe. They were wise men with wise policies, but they could not read our unknown future nor deal with problems far beyond their ken. They marked the line so far as they could foresee the course then, and were too sagacious to lay down rules and limitations about the unknowable, such as the doubting and timid of a later generation would fain attribute to them. Isolation in the United States has been a habit, not a policy. It has been bred by circumstances and by them justified. When the circumstances change, the habit perforce changes too, and new policies are born to suit new conditions.

The American people have made mistakes, as all people do who make anything. They have had their errors, failures, and shortcomings, and they have many grave problems to solve, many evils to mitigate, many difficulties to conquer. But after all deductions are made, the American democracy has achieved a marvellous success, moral and intellectual, as well as material. It has lifted up humanity; it has raised the standard of life; it has added to the well-being, freedom, and happiness of the average man; it has made strongly for justice, civilization, liberty, and peace. It has proved worthy of its heritage. Now, having made a great nation, it has become a world-power, because it is too great and powerful to be aught else. A great self-governing nation and a world-power; such has come to be the result and the meaning of the Revolution of 1776 to Americans and to mankind.

APPENDIX

I

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In Congress, July 4, 1776

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long-established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design

to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

2. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operations till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

3. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

4. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

5. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

6. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasions from without, and convulsions within.

7. He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

8. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

9. He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

10. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out their substance.

11. He has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

12. He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

13. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation;

14. For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

15. For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

16. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

17. For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

18. For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of a trial by jury;

19. For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences;

20. For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

21. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments;

22. For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

23. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

24. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

25. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign

mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

26. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

27. He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right out to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved, and that as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude

peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

II

THE PARIS TREATY

Definitive Treaty of Peace Between the United States of America and His Britannic Majesty. Concluded at Paris, September 3, 1783

In the name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity.

It having pleased the Divine Providence to dispose the hearts of the most serene and most potent Prince, George the Third, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, Arch-Treasurer and Prince Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, &ca., and of the United States of America, to forget all past misunderstandings and differences that have unhappily interrupted the good correspondence and friendship which they mutually wish to restore; and to establish such a beneficial and satisfactory intercourse between the two countries, upon the ground of reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience, as may promote and secure to both perpetual peace and harmony: And having for this desirable end already laid the foundation of peace and reconciliation, by the provisional articles, signed at Paris, on the 30th of Nov'r, 1782, by the commissioners empowered on each part, which articles were agreed to be inserted in and to constitute the treaty of peace proposed to be concluded between the Crown of Great Britain and the said United States, but which treaty was not to be concluded until terms of peace should be agreed upon between Great Britain and France, and His Britannic Majesty should be ready to conclude such treaty accordingly; and the treaty between Great Britain and France having since been concluded, His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, in order to carry into full effect the

provisional articles above mentioned, according to the tenor thereof, have constituted and appointed, that is to say, His Britannic Majesty on his part, David Hartley, esqr., member of the Parliament of Great Britain; and the said United States on their part, John Adams, esqr., late a commissioner of the United States of America at the Court of Versailles, late Delegate in Congress from the State of Massachusetts, and chief justice of the said State, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the said United States to their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Netherlands; Benjamin Franklin, esq're, late Delegate in Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, president of the convention of the said State, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America at the Court of Versailles; John Jay, esq're, late president of Congress, and chief justice of the State of New York, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the said United States at the Court of Madrid, to be the Plenipotentiaries for the concluding and signing the present definitive treaty; who, after having reciprocally communicated their respective full powers, have agreed upon and confirmed the following articles:

ARTICLE I.

His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz. New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, to be free, sovereign and independent States; that he treats with them as such, and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the Government, proprietary and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof.

ARTICLE II.

And that all disputes which might arise in future, on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are, and shall be their boundaries, viz.: From the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of Saint Croix River to the High-

lands; along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the northwestern-most head of Connecticut River; thence down along the middle of that river, to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude; from thence, by a line due west on said latitude, until it strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraquy; thence along the middle of said river into Lake Ontario, through the middle of said lake until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and Lake Erie; thence along the middle of said communication into Lake Erie, through the middle of said lake until it arrives at the water communication between that lake and Lake Huron; thence along the middle of said water communication into the Lake Huron; thence through the middle of said lake to the water communication between that lake and Lake Superior; thence through Lake Superior northward of the Isles Royal and Phelipeaux, to the Long Lake; thence through the middle of said Long Lake, and the water communication between it and the Lake of the Woods, to the said Lake of the Woods; thence through the said lake to the most northwestern point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the river Mississippi; thence by a line to be drawn along the middle of the said river Mississippi until it shall intersect the northernmost part of the thirty-first degree of north latitude. South, by a line to be drawn due east from the determination of the line last mentioned, in the latitude of thirty-one degrees north of the Equator, to the middle of the river Apalachicola or Catahouche; thence along the middle thereof to its junction with the Flint River; thence straight to the head of St. Mary's River; and thence down along the middle of St. Mary's River to the Atlantic Ocean. East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid Highlands, which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic Ocean from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence; comprehending all islands within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries between Nova Scotia on the one part, and East Florida on the other, shall respectively touch the Bay of

Fundy and the Atlantic Ocean; excepting such islands as now are or heretofore have been, within the limits of the said province of Nova Scotia.

ARTICLE III.

It is agreed that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested the right to take fish of every kind on the Grand Bank, and on all the other banks of Newfoundland; also in the Gulph of Saint Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish. And also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that island) and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled; but so soon as the same or either of them shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement, without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground.

ARTICLE IV.

It is agreed that creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value in sterling money, of all bona fide debts heretofore contracted.

ARTICLE V.

It is agreed that the Congress shall earnestly recommend it to the legislatures of the respective States, to provide for the restitution of all estates, rights, and properties which have been confiscated, belonging to real British subjects, and also of the estates, rights, and properties of persons resident in districts in the possession of His Majesty's arms, and who have not borne arms against the said United States. And that persons of any other description shall have free liberty to go to any part or parts

of any of the thirteen United States, and therein to remain twelve months, unmolested in their endeavours to obtain the restitution of such of their estates, rights, and properties as may have been confiscated; and that Congress shall also earnestly recommend to the several States a reconsideration and revision of all acts or laws regarding the premises, so as to render the said laws or acts perfectly consistent, not only with justice and equity, but with that spirit of conciliation which, on the return of the blessings of peace, should universally prevail. And that Congress shall also earnestly recommend to the several States, that the estates, rights, and properties of such last mentioned persons, shall be restored to them, they refunding to any persons who may now be in possession, the bona fide price (where any has been given) which such persons may have paid on purchasing any of the said lands, rights, or properties, since the confiscation. And it is agreed, that all persons who have any interest in confiscated lands, either by debts, marriage settlements, or otherwise, shall meet with no lawful impediment in the prosecution of their just rights.

ARTICLE VI.

That there shall be no future confiscations made, nor any prosecutions commenc'd against any person or persons for, or by reason of the part which he or they may have taken in the present war; and that no person shall, on that account, suffer any future loss or damage either in his person, liberty, or property; and that those who may be in confinement on such charges, at the time of the ratification of the treaty in America, shall be immediately set at liberty and the prosecutions so commenced be discontinued.

ARTICLE VII.

There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between His Britannic Majesty and the said States, and between the subjects of the one and the citizens of the other, wherefore all hostilities, both by sea and land, shall from henceforth cease: All prisoners on both sides shall be set at liberty, and His Britannic Majesty shall, with all convenient speed, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any negroes or other property of the American inhabitants, withdraw all his armies, garrisons, and

fleets from the said United States, and from every port, place, and harbour within the same; leaving in all fortifications the American artillery that may be therein: And shall also order and cause all archives, records, deeds, and papers, belonging to any of the said States, or their citizens, which, in the course of the war, may have fallen into the hands of the officers, to be forthwith restored and deliver'd to the proper States and persons to whom they belong.

ARTICLE VIII.

The navigation of the river Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall for ever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain, and the citizens of the United States.

ARTICLE IX.

In case it should so happen that any place or territory belonging to Great Britain or to the United States, should have been conquer'd by the arms of either from the other, before the arrival of the said provisional articles in America, it is agreed, that the same shall be restored without difficulty, and without requiring any compensation.

ARTICLE X.

The solemn ratifications of the present treaty, expedited in good and due form, shall be exchanged between the contracting parties, in the space of six months, or sooner if possible, to be computed from the day of the signature of the present treaty. In witness whereof, we the undersigned, their Ministers Plenipotentiary, have in their name and in virtue of our full powers, signed with our hands the present definitive treaty, and caused the seals of our arms to be affixed thereto.

Done at Paris, this third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three.

D. Hartley. (L. S.)
John Adams. (L. S.)
B. Franklin. (L. S.)
John Jay. (L. S.)

III

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS ON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION

ANNAPOLIS, 23 December, 1783.

Mr. President,

The great events, on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen, who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, Sir, to recommend in particular those, who have continued

in service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

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